





ÆSOP'S FABLES,
With their Moralls in Verse.
And in Prose Grammatically
translated.

Illustrated with Pictures and
Emblems.

Together with the History of his
Life, newly and exactly
translated out of the
Originall Greek.

Go and learn of the Ant.



Printed by R. D. Printer to the University
of Cambridge:

For Francis Eglesfeild, and are to be sold at the Mary
gold in Pauls Church-yard,
M D C L.

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To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,

AFTER so many Editions of this *Phrygian Fabulist*, thou mayest perhaps think it altogether superfluous to send forth another; it is not my purpose to flatter thee into a good conceit of what I have done, by prefixing *Editio ultima ceteris emendatior*, but I will leave it to thy impartiall ingenuity to judge. As touching the *Fables*, knowing their usefulness to younger *Tyros*, I have endeavoured (as much as might be) after a Grammaticall translation; every one knowes the laws of poetry, and therefore will friendly excuse me in the free use of my innocent liberty: In translating the *Life of Æsop*, I have not been so pedanticall as to tye my self to the *Greek* copy *Verbatim*, yet with all fidelity I have endeavoured to give it to the life: I confesse the sight of a late Edition a little moved my pen, (when I saw the Authors life rim'd into prose) to vindicate the same

by trying how he liv'd in plain English :
Certainly the tard that did it was born so :
The next time he rides post , onely let him
blow his horn , and he shall have the way.
Reader if thou hast any skill in Physiogno-
my , his head stands to be seen upon a post
or pedestall at the portall of his Book, if
Aesop was alive I question whether he
could make a *Mercurie* of it, or no. Com-
pare our fidelity , and let thy own judge-
ment be the Umpier, *Vale.*

Reader, Note, that where divers *Fables* are
oft repeated in the Latine , the first Trans-
lation onely thereof is here Englished, *viz.*
Where it is first rendred in the Latine :
Through all the other we have followed the
order of the common Latine Copy.

THE

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ÆSOPS Fables.

FAB. I.

The Dunghill-Cock; and precious Stone,



A Cock (the dung-bill scraping chanc'd to spie
Among the Dirt, a precious Jewell lie;
Which he (disdaining) cries, What profit can
This yield to me? if, happily, a Man
Knowing the virtue) had this Jewell found,
Would make his heart with present joy abound;
But in my eye one Barley-corn is more
Then all the Jewels on the Indian shore,

The Morall.

The precious Stone described here, implies
High-prised Arts and their rich Mysteries:
The Cock, a sordid Nature, whose desire
(Like the dull Swine, that wallow in the mire)
Doth greater joy in earthly pleasures find,
Than the endowments of a virtuous Mind,

B

As

THe Cock whilst he scratched in a dunghill, found a precious stone : saying, what do I find so bright a thing ? If a Jeweller had found it, none should have been more jocund then he, because he knew the price of it. But, indeed, it is uselesse to me, neither do I much value it. Yea truly, I had rather have a grain of barley, then all Jewells.

Morall. Understand by the Jewellers and wisdom. By the Cock, a foolish man and voluptuous. Neither do fools love liberall arts, seeing they know not the use of them : nor a voluptuous man, whom pleasure onely delights.

F A B. 2.

The Wolf and Lambe.



A Thirsty Lambe walks to the Rivers side,
Where she is by a ravenous Wolf espide,
Whose currish nature (still on mischief bent)
Thus picks a quarrell with the innocent
And harmlesse Beast : What villain mov'd thee thus
Just in our presence (as in scorn of us)

ÆSOP'S Fables.

ere we could drink to foul the Christall Spring
 The Lambe affrighted at his menacing,
 Deprid, great Sir, the cause of my offence
 Was through my ignorance, not insolence;
 Nor did I know, that you were present here:
 At which the Wolf gins more to domintere,
 And answers, slave thou ly'st; have not I seen
 How ready thou, and all thy friends have been,
 To crosse us still? for which (without delay)
 Thy blood for all those former wrongs shall pay.

The Morall.

*So Great men oftentimes ore-sway with might
 The Poore, against respect of Law or right.*

A Wolf drinking at the head of the fountain, saw the
 Lambe as farre off below drinking. He runneth and
 hideth the Lambe, for that he troubled the fountain.
 The Lambe, trembled, besought him that he would
 spare him being innocent. That he could not, nor
 would trouble the drink of the Wolf, seeing he drank
 there beneath. The Wolf on the other side thus saith:
 saying, Thou church robber, thou doest nothing: thou
 wayes doest me mischief: thy father, mother, all thy
 odious stock is constantly against me. Thou shalt smart
 by me to day.

Morall. It is an old saying: that it is an easie matter
 find a staffe to beat a dogge. A mighty man if he list
 hurt easily takes occasion. He hath offended sundry
 who cannot oppose.

The Eagle, the Frog, and the Mouse.



THe Frog and Mouse at variance did stand,
 Who should be King, and rule the Marshy land;
 And therefore to decide this fatall jarre,
 They undertake a long and doubtfull Warre:
 The crafty Mouse in ambush closely lies,
 That she th' unwary Frog might so surprise:
 The Frog suspects the Plot, and therefore she
 To open combat dares her enemy;
 Not willing to prolong the warre; agreed
 Both parties meet; each brandishing a Reed
 In stead of Spears; While at each others fight
 Their courage makes them eager on the fight:
 Which scarce begun, the Kite comes flying by,
 (To both of them a fatall enemy)

And, stooping, quickly parts the Warriours fray,
 Making both Mouse and Frog become her prey.

The Morall.

*So factious men inflamed with desire
 Of bearing rule, imprudently aspire
 Beyond their reach, and foolishly contend;
 But hasten their own ruine in the end.*

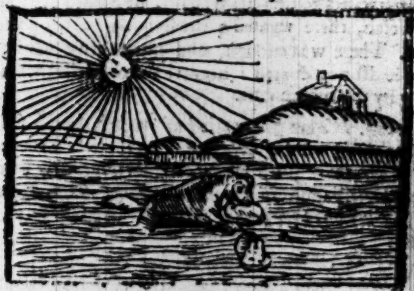
ÆSOP'S Fables.

THe Mousc waged warre with the Frog. The contention was concerning the Empire of the fen. The battell was fierce and doubtfull. The crafty Mousc lurking under the weeds, sets upon the Frogge treacherously. The Frogge being better in strength, and more able in valour and leaping, challengeth his enemy in the open field: each of them had a spear of a bul-rush. Which battel being seen farre off, the Kite maketh hast unto them; and whilst neither of them taketh heed to themselves, for the earnestnesse of the battell, the Kite snatcheth away, and teareth in pieces both the Combatants.

Morall. In like manner it happeneth to *factions citizens*, who being inflamed with a desire of rule, whilst they contend amongst themselves to be made *Magistrates*, to put their estates, and also their life very oft in danger.

F A B. 4.

The Dog and the piece of Flesh.



BY chance a hungry Dog had robb'd the Por,
 Or from the Cook a piece of Flesh had got;
 Wherewith he nimbly crosse a River flies,
 To shun pursuit of following enemies,

But as he past, within the waters clear,
 The fleshie shadow did to him appear;
 Who not content, but covetous of all,
 Dives for that too; and lets the substance fall:
 So both being lost, when he could neither find,
 He cries, Fool thank thy over-greedy mind.

The Morall.

*Be not too covetous: increase thy store,
 But what thou undertak'st consult before;
 Lest Fortune may thy undertakings crosse,
 And thou buy future hopes, with present losse.*

A Dog swimming over a river, carried a piece of
 Flesh in his mouth. The Sunne shining, as it fell
 out, the shadow of the flesh shined in the waters: which
 seen he greedily catching at it, lost that which was in
 his jaws. Therefore being amazed with the losse both
 of the thing, and also of his hope, first, he was astonish-
 ed, afterwards getting heart again, he barked out thus:
 O wretch, there wanted a moderation to thy greediness.
 There was enough, and more then enough, if
 thou hadst not doated: now thou hast lesse then no-
 thing by thy foolishnesse.

Morall. *We are put in mind of modesty by this fable,
 we are put in mind of wisdom, that there be a modera-
 tion in our desire; lest we lose certain things for uncer-
 tain, Surely, Sannio in Terence speaks cunningly. I, quoth
 he, will not buy hope at that rate.*

ÆSOP'S Fables.

FAB. 5.

The Lion and other Beasts.



A Gen'rall day for hunting being decreed
 Amongst the Beasts, they mutually agreed
 (The sports being ended) equall share should fall
 Of what they slew to recompence them all :
 So out they go to hunt the tender Hart,
 Who slain, each Beast according to desert
 Expects his share: to whom the *Lion* thus
 First speaks, you know my friends that unto us
 Belongs one part by right of dignitie ;
 The second too pertaineth unto me,
 And that my strength doth above yours excell ;
 The third is also mine, you know it well
 For in pursuit I took the greatest pain ;
 The fourth part now there onely doth remain.
 Which as a gift from all your loves I take,
 And for your kindnesse, recompence will make :
 So all the Beasts depart, nor durst they shew
 An angry look, although deluded so.

The Morall.

*As here the Lion (right pretending) claims
 The others due : so for unlawfull gains
 (Injustice oft prevailing) poore men stand
 Aloof whilest others do possesse their Land;
 Not daring seek their own; so much the fear (bear.
 Of Greatnes awes them, though great wrongs they*

THE Lion had made a covenant with a sheep and with certain other beasts, that there should be a generall hunting. They go to hunt, a Hart is taken. They divide him. Every one beginneth to take up their severall parts as it was agreed, the Lion roared out: Saying, one part is mine, because I am the worthiest. Also another part is mine, because I most excell in strength. Furthermore, I challenge a third part, because I have sweat more in catching the Hart. And lastly unlesse you will grant me a fourth part, farewell friendship. His fellows hearing this, do depart empty and still, not being so bold as to mutter against the Lion.

Morall. Faithfulness hath been ever rare, it is more rare now a dayes, but it is and hath been alwayes most rare amongst potent men. wherefore it is better that you live with your equall. For he that liveth with a potent man, must necessarily depart oft-times from his own right. You shall have equall dealings with your equals.

F A B. 6.

The Wolf and the Crane.

Hunger sore bit the *Wolf*; which he to ease,
 Roving for prey, upon a *Lamb* did seize;
 And it devoured: but through too much hast
 Of Feeding, crosse his ravenous throat stuck fast
 One of the ribs, which so the *Wolf* did pain,
 That he to many often did complain;
 But none would lend him help: at length he goes
 And to the *Crane* his griefs sad causes shows;
 Entreating her to use her best of skill,
 And down his throat, by thrusting her long bill
 To draw the bone that did afflict him so;
 For which she should not unrewarded go;
 But have her full content: the easie *Crane*
 (Won with fair words, and hope of future gain)
 Effects the Cure, and then demands her pay:
 To whom th' ingratefull *Wolf* did scoffing say,
 What pay fond fool canst thou expect of me?
 Is't not enough that thou escapest free,
 Not hurt at all, when I with little strife
 Had power but now to take away thy life?

The Morall.

*Such men too many in this World we see,
Who (sauning) stoop to all, while Povertie
Curbs their proud thoughts : but if to wealth they rise
(Numindfull of their old Calumnies)
They re-assume their insolence and pride,
And scorn them most, who most their want suppl'd.*

THE Wolf devouring a Sheep, by chance the bones stuck in his throat. He goeth about, desireth help, but no man helpeth him. All say, that he had got a just reward of his greedinesse. At length he induceth a Crane by many flatteries, and more promises, that her long neck being thrust into his throat, she would pluck out the bone which stuck in it. But she asking her reward, he mocked at her. Thou fool, quoth he, go thy way: Hast thou not enough that thou livest? Thou owest me thy life. If it had pleased me, it was in my power to bite off thy neck.

Morall. It is a common saying, that is lost which thou doest to an ungratefull man.

The Countrey-man and the Snake.



IN depth of Winter, (numb'd with cold) a Snake,
 Seeming half dead upon the ground did lie,
 On which a Husbandman did pity take,
 As he by chance that way was passing by;
 So bears her home, then layes her by the fire,
 The heat whereof did soon the cold expell;
 That suddenly the Snake began respire;
 And (feeling strength) with her old venom swell:
 But quite forgetfull of the good receiv'd,
 Or what the man to save her life had done,
 Whereof she almost lately was bereav'd)
 To throw abroad her poyson she begun,
 And hissing flies at him with all her might;
 Which he perceiving, fetcheth weapons straight,
 Replying, Villain, dost thou thus requite
 My kindnesse, and my love pursue with hate?
 For this ingratitude thy life shall pay,
 And what I sav'd, I now will take away.

The Morall.

So oftentimes we (by experience) see
Those prove our greatest enemies whom we
Do most befriend; and those to whom we show
Most love, to us most mischievous do grow.

Neglecting not alone the thanks they owe;
But (had they power) would work our overthrow.

THE Countrey man brought home a snake, found in
the snow almost dead with cold. He laid him to the
fire. The Snake receiving strength, and poyson from
the heat, and afterwards not induring the flame, infe-
sted all the cottage with hissing. The countrey man
runneth unto him and snatching up a stake, expostulat-
eth the wrong with him with words and blows, whe-
ther he would thus requite him? Whether he went about
to take away life from him, who gave him his life?

Morall. It cometh to passe sometimes, that they will do
you hurt to whom you have done good, and that they will
deserve ill of you, of whom you have deserved well.

F A B. 8.

The Bore and the Ass.



WHile the dull Ass the sturdy Bore derides,
The Bore, whose passion sounder reason guides,
Replies

Replies, dull villain, that the world may see
How much I slight thy scoffes, although from me
Thou just revenge deserv'st, jest on thy fill,
Thy basenesse guards thee, and withholds my will.

The Morall.

*Do not inrag'd at all aspersions grow;
Lest false untruths like verities may show.*

WHilest the sluggish Ass mocked the Bore, he being wroth, gnashed his teeth, saying; O thou most slothfull Ass, truly thou hast deserved ill, but although thou hast been worthy of punishment, yet I am unworthy to be revenged of thee. Mock on; thou mayest safely, for thou art out of danger for thy sluggishnesse.

Morall. Let us do our endeavour, that when we bear or suffer things unbecoming us, we speak not, nor do things unworthy of us: for evill men and desperate, for most part do rejoyce, if any good man do resist them. They value it much, that they should be accounted worthy to be revenged of. Let us imitate horses and great beasts, which passe little barking currs.

F A B. 9.

The City-Mouse, and Countrey-Mouse.

THe *City-Mouse* that many dayes had spent
 Within her native soil, on travell bent,
 The *Countreys* sweet varieties to see,
 Is by a *Countrey-Mouse* met happily ;
 Who entertains her with the choicest fare
 Her Larder could afford, nor did she spare
 For any cost, which the delightfull field
 To welcome unexpected guests could yield :
 Yet this pleas d not the *City-Mouse* ; the meat
 Seemed too course for her nice chaps to eat ;
 And therefore she intreats the *Countrey-Mouse*
 To walk with her, and view her *City* house,
 To see what entertainment she could give ;
 And how deliciously she still did live :
 So both agree, and to the *City* come ;
 Which entred, they approach a spacious room :
 And after welcome given a dainty feast
 The *City-Mouse* provideth for her guest :
 Both seat themselves and heartily do feed :
 But midst their junkets with unwelcome speed

They

They hear the turning of a key, whose fear
 Enjoyns them quickly to forsake their chear,
 And shift into a hole, from whence they see
 One of the household servants hastily
 Enter the room (the which unusuall sight
 Doth much the trembling *Countrey-Mouse* affright)
 But he not staying long; the *City Dame*
 Returneth to the Banket whence she came;
 And calls her friend, offering a choycer bit
 To her, then any she had tasted yet:
 But fear had spoild her stomach, so that she
 (Glad to depart) replyeth, If this be
 The sauce you have unto your *City* fare,
 Give me my own, (though course) 'tis vould of care:
 Such fears perplex not us, nor griefs molest
 Our homely roofs; we undisturbed rest,
 Though course our fare; when dangers more then
 Attend the dainty Junkets which you eat. (great

The Morall.

*The poore mans happie life is here exprest,
 While he content with his estate remains,
 Above the rich, although of wealth possess;
 For care to get, or fear to lose his gains,
 Doth so perplex his troubled mind, that he
 Scarce lives a day or houre contentedly.*

IT pleased a *City-Mouse* to walk into the *Countrey*.
 A *Countrey-Mouse* saw him, inviteth him, prepara-
 tion is made, they go to supper. The *Countrey-Mouse*
 fetcheth forth whatsoever he had laid up for winter, and
 bringeth out all his provision, that he might satisfie the
 daintinesse of so great a guest: notwithstanding, the *City*
Mouse frowning, condemneth the scarcity of the *Countrey*;
 & then highly extolls the plenty of the *City*. Re-
 turning home, he leadeth the *Countrey-mouse* with him
 into

into the Citie, that he might make good in deed that which he had in words boasted of. They go to the banquet which the City-mouse had gloriously prepared. As they were at the banquet, the noise of a key is heard of them in the lock. They begin to tremble, and running, fled away. The Countrey-mouse both unacquainted, and ignorant of the place, had much ado to save himself. The servant departing, the City-mouse returneth unto the table, calleth the Countrey-mouse. He scarcely having put away his fear, creepeth out: And asketh the City-mouse drinking unto him, whether this danger be often. He answered that it was daily, and it ought to be slighted. Then said the Countrey-mouse, is it daily? verily, your dainties savour more of gall then of hony. I, in truth, had rather have my scarcity with security, then this plenty with such anxiety.

Morall. Riches have indeed a shew of pleasure, but if you look within them they have danger and bitterness. There was one Eutrapelus, who when he would hurt his enemies most of all, made them rich, saying that he would revenge himself of them, for that they should receive with their riches a great bundle of cares.

The Eagle and the Daw.



THe Eagle finds a Cockle, and with pains
 Labours for what the fastned shell restrains ;
 Which the sly Daw beholding with deceit,
 Pretends t'instruct the Eagle, how to get
 The fish with greater ease ; and bids her flie
 Aloft, and with the Cockle mount the skie ;
 Then let it fall against some rock, that so
 The shell might open with the sudden blow :
 Which done, the Daw that subt'ly watcht her prey
 snatches the meat, and nimbly flies away ;
 Leaving the cheated Eagle all alone,
 Her sad mishap and folly to bemoane.

The Morall.

Do not beliefe in every one repose ;
 For seeming friends prove oft the greatest foes ;
 In fairest Meadows dangerous Adders lie,
 And most deceit is clad with flattery :
 Which in deluding Counsellors is shewn,
 Not for thy gain, but profits of their own.

AN Eagle having gotten a cockle, could not pluck out the fish by force, or by art. A Crow coming unto her gives her counsell. She perswadeth her to soar aloft, and to cast down the cockle from an high, upon the stones: For that it would so come to passe that the shell would be broken. The Crow tarrieth upon the ground, that she may wait for the fall. The Eagle throweth it down, the shell is broken the fish is snatch- ed away by the Crow, the Eagle being mocked grieveth.

Morall. Do not give credit to every one, and take heed that you look into the counsell which you shall receive of others. For many being consulted with, do not give counsell for them who ask counsell of them, but have an eye to themselves.

F A B. 11.

The Crow and the Fox.

THE Crow had got a prey, and with it flies
To feed upon a Tree, which *Vulpes* eyes,
And fain would gull her of it; wherefore he
To work his plot, thus greets her craftily;

Hail!

Hail Mistris hail, Fames untruths now I sing,
 And to your Worship Joyfull tidings bring :
 Fame stiles thee black as Soot, but I have found
 Her rumours false, in whitenesse you abound
 Beyond the Snow, or lillies of the field :
 For which the joyfull Crow seems thanks to yield,
 Clapping her wings ; but as she strove to speak,
 The bait she had, dropt from her empty beak :
 Which the Fox nimble catching, leaves the Crow
 To learn more wit when she is flatter'd so.

The Morall.

*Affect not empty Titles, nor the light
 And windy praises of the Parasite ;
 For they for their own ends do most applaud ;
 Which being obtain'd they slight whom they defraud*

A Crow having gotten a prey, maketh a noise in the boughs of a tree. A Fox-cub seeth him jerting, runneth unto him. The Fox doth very kindly salute the Crow. I have heard (quoth she) very often that fame is a lier, now I find it in very deed. For as by chance I passe by this way, spying you in a tree, I come running unto you, blaming the report : For the same is, that you are blacker then pitch, and I see that you are more white then snow. Truly in my judgement you surpass the Swans, and are fairer then the white ivy. If so be that as you excell in plumes you so excell also in voice, in truth, I will call you the Queen of all the birds. The Crow being allured by this pretty flatterie, prepares himself to sing. But the Cheese falleth out of his bill as he was preparing to sing, which being snatched up, the Fox-cub laugheth heartily. Then at length it shames the miserable Crow, and irketh him of himself, and the losse of the thing being mixed with shame, it grieveth him.

Morall.

Morall. Some are so greedy of praise, that they love a flatterer with their own reproch and losse. Such silly men are made a prey to parasites. If so be that you will avoid boasting, you may easily shun that pestiferous sort of flatterers. If you will be Thraso you shall never want Gnatho.

F A B. 12.

The Lion and other Beasts.



THe *Lion* weak and old, that erst was strong,
 And too unjustly meaner *Beasts* did wrong;
 Now for his tyranny doth pay; the *Bore*
 With his sharp tusks his aged sides doth gore;
 The *Bull* assaults him with his horns: the base
 And sordid *Ass* with undeserv'd disgrace
 Spurns at him too, the which perplexed more
 The noble Beast, then all the blows before:
 Who thus cries out: Lost have injur'd them,
 And justly merit they should me condemn:
 But the dull *Ass*, whom I esteem'd my friend
 Forsakes me too: unhappy I to lend

Affection

Affection to his baseness, and to move
The wrath of such as would more faithfull prove.

The Morall.

If Fortune raise thee to a high degree
Of bearing rule, let not thy actions be
Too much severe; but such, as Justice may
Command the Vulgar truly to obey;
Lest fortune change, and thou (of friends forlorn)
Become to thy Inferiours a scorn.

A Lion, which had made very many his enemies by his cruelty in his youth, paid for it in his age. The beasts recompence him like for like, The Bore setteth on him with his tush, the Bul with his horns. Especially, the young Assc desiring to abolish utterly the old name of sluggishness, layeth at him lustily with words, and with his heels. Then the Lion sighing deeply said, these whom I have hurt in times past, hurt me now again, and deservedly. But they whom I have sometimes done good unto, do not now do me good again, yea, even they hurt me without cause. I was a fool that made so many to be my enemies, but more foolish that trusted false friends.

Morall. Be not lift up in prosperity, be not fierce. For if fortune shall change her face, they whom you have hurt will avenge themselves. And see that you make a difference amongst your friends. For there are certain that are not your friends, but of your table and estate, which estate in very deed so soon as ever it shall be changed they also will be changed: it shall go very well with you, if they be not enemies. Ovid complaineth justly:

Lo, I sometimes was compassed about with no small company of friends.

Whitest the wind blowed prosperously to my sails.

But after that the fierce seas began to swell with the tempestuous wind.

I am left in the midst of the waters, my ship being all torn.

The Ass and the little Dog.



THe strong-Back'd *Ass*, whose labour to his Lord
 Commodity and profit did afford,
 Perceiving oft the little *Dog*, (whose use
 No profit to his Master could produce,
 But kept for pleasure onely) sport and play,
 And fawning on his master, every day
 Fed well, and liv'd at ease, while he with pain
 Still wrought, and yet could no such love obtain,
 Grows envious, and resolves the like to try :
 So leaping on his Master lovingly ;
 He paws at him with his fore feet, then layes
 His nose close to his lips, and loudly brayes :
 Frisking about in such a rustick sort,
 As a rude *Ass* could do to show him sport.
 Whereat the Master much affrighted, cries
 For help: his servant to him quickly hies :
 Who saw how bold the sordid *Ass* did grow,
 Requies his pastime with a cruell blow,
 Thrashing him well, till he with grief repents,
 And quite forsaketh such fond merriments.

The Morall.

'Twould seem a thing preposterous to see
A Buffon plac'd i' th' seat of dignitie,
As much ridiculous it is for one
To meddle with anothers function.
And they but trifle time who think they can
Reach th' apprehension of another man:
For let them strive till death, none can partake
Of all Arts, Nature doth the Artist make.

WHilst the dog flattered his master and the family, both the master and the family make much of the dog. The asse seeing that, groaneth very deeply. It began to ike him of his condition: he thinks it unequally ordered, that the dog should be welcome to all, and be fed from his masters table, and also attain that by idleness and play, and contrarily, himself to carry pack-saddles, be beaten with a whip never to be idle, and yet to be hatefull to all. If these things be gotten by flattery, he determineth to follow that art which is so profitable. Therefore at a certain time his master returning home, he about to try the matter, runs forth to meet him, leaps upon him, beats him with his hoofs. His master crying out, the servants ran unto him, and the foolish asse, which thought himself civil, is beaten with a cudgill.

Morall. *All of us cannot do all things, as Virgil saith in his Bucolicks, neither do all things become all men. Let every one desire that, let him try that which he is able. For we know that which is spoken more significantly in Greeke, An asse to the harp: So also Boetius, An asse put to the harp. Nature resisting, our labour is in vaine. You shall neither do nor say any thing, if Minerva be unwilling, munitse Horace.*

The Lion and the Mouse.



Opprest with heat a *Lion* in the shade
 For his repose his wearied limbs had laid,
 And fell asleep; 'bout whom a troop of poore
 And little mice, that never durst before
 Approach his presence, merry pastimes make,
 Till with their sports the angry Beast they wake,
 Whose fury forc'd them all to fly, but one;
 Which not so nimble as the rest alone
 Is left behind, and by the *Lion* caught,
 Whereat amaz'd, the silly *Mouse* besought
 The noble *Lion* vengeance not to show
 For this her first offence, but let her go;
 The *Lion* soon consenteth, since the blood
 Of one so base could do him little good.
 And so the *Mouse* departs; but ere the day
 Was fully spent; the *Lion* seeking prey,
 And traversing the Forrest, chanc'd to be
 Entrapped in a net unwarily,
 So struggles to get loose, but prov'd too weak
 With all his strength th' intangling net to break.

Where-

Wherefore for help a hideous noise he makes,
 And with his roaring all the Forrest shakes ;
 Which when the Mouse now heard, she runs with speed,
 Remembring how the Lion once her freed ;
 And though but weak, by gnawing of the net,
 The stronger Lion did at freedom set.
 So thanks on both sides giv'n, they part agen,
 The Mouse t'her hole, the Lion to his Den.

The Morall.

*Though smiling Fortune seem a while to blesse,
 And raise thee to the highth of happinesse,
 Insult not ore the weak, lest Fortune may
 Divers her smiles, and thy estate decay,
 And thou as much in need of others stand,
 As they of thee, when thou didst them command.*

The Lion being weary with heat and with running,
 rested under the shadow upon green leaves: a flock
 Mice ran over his back, he awaking catched one of
 company. The captive beseecheth him, crieth that
 was not worthy that the Lion should be angry at
 n. He berhinking himself that there was no praise
 the death of such a silly little beast, lets go the ca-
 ve. And not very long after, as the Lion by accident
 anes through the chase, he falls into snares, sore he
 y, get forth he cannot. The Mouse heareth the Li-
 roaring pistriffully, knoweth his voice, creepeth into the
 es, seeketh the knots of the snares, findeth them be-
 sought, gnaweth them being found, the Lion esca-
 th out of the nets.

Morall. This fable perswadeth clemency to men of
 ver. For as humane things are unstable, so mighty
 n themselves sometimes need the help of the baser.
 erefore a wise man although he may, will be afraid
 hurt any man whosoever. But he that feareth not to
 hurt

hurs anster, doth exceeding foolishly. *Why so? Because although, trusting in his own power he feareth no man; it will peradventure come to passe afterward, that he may fear. For it is evident that it hath hapned to famous and great kings, that they have either needed the favour of base men, or feared their anger.*

F A B. 15.

The young Kite, and his Mother.



THe young Kite sick, intreats his Mother pray,
And for his health upon the Gods to call;
But she replyeth, Sonne, thou every day
Didst in thy health into deboistnesse fall:
And thinkest thou the Gods will comfort lend
To thee, whom thou so highly didst offend?

The Morall.

*In thy best dayes, let not too haughty pride
Puffe up thy thoughts; so causing a neglect
Of God, whose laws should be thy chiefest guide;
Lest he whose pow'r can raise and wrash deject,
When in thy need his aid thou dost implore,
As much scorn thee, as thou didst him before.*

A Kite lay sick in his bed, at the point of death. He intreats his mother to go and beseech the gods. His mother answered, that there was no help to be hoped for from the gods, whose holy things and altars he had so oft violated with his rapines.

Morall. It becometh us to reverence the gods. For they help the godly, are against the ungodly, being neglected in prosperity they will not hear us in our misery. Wherefore be mindfull of them in prosperity, that they may be present, being called upon in our adversitie.

F A B. 16.

The Swallow, and other Birds.



THe painfull Husband-man his ground doth sow
 With fatall Hempseed; him the Swallow spies,
 And knowing what great danger thence would grow,
 To all the Birds, with hast away she flies;
 And counsels them, that they with speed repair
 (And ere the seed too deep a root did take,)
 To spoil and pick it up with greatest care,
 Lest if thereof the Fowler nets should make,

It prove the ruine of them all, and they
 With losse of life repent their fond delay.
 But the dull Birds, void both of care and fears,
 Slight her advice, untill the cursed grain
 Sprouts forth, and green upon the ground appears:
 Whereat the wiser *Swallow* once again
 More earnestly perswades them not to lose
 So fit occasion; but while yet they may
 Prevent a suture ill, their strength to use,
 And not to let the time quite slip away :
 Untill the *Hemp* grown fully ripe, at last
 All hope to ruine such a foe be past.
 Yet still the Birds her counsell do neglect,
 For which the *Swallow* quite forsakes the field,
 And as they her, so she doth them reject,
 And her safe nest amongst the houses build,
 Where she at quiet rests, when houely cares,
 And fear of death the others do perplex,
 While the fly Fowler with his hempen snares
 And crafty gins each minute doth them vex :
 So that nor day nor night they truly can
 Assure their safety, if espi'd by Man.

The Morall.

*Thus they who slight good Counsell, headlong run
 On mischief, and repent when th' hurt is done.*

AS soon as the flax began to be sown, the *Swallow*
 perswadeth the little Birds to hinder the Towing,
 telling often, that there was a conspiracy against them.
 They laugh at her, calling the *Swallow* a foolish pro-
 phet. The flax now growing up and waxing green, she
 admonisheth them again to pluck up that which was
 sown. They laugh at her again. The flax waxeth ripe,
 she exhorts them to destroy the standing flax. When
 they would not hear her advising, no not then indeed,

The Swallow leaving the company of the Birds, gets unto her self the friendship of man, enters a league with him, dwels together with him, cheareth him with singing. Nets and snares are made of the flax for the rest of the birds.

Morall. Many neither know to provide well for themselves, nor will heare him who adviseth them well. But when they are in dangers and losses, then at length they begin to be wise, and to condemn their own sluggishnesse. Now are they wise enough. This and that say they, ought to have been done. But it is better to be Prometheus then Epimetheus. These were brethren. The names are Greek. One of them took counsell before the thing to be done, the other after the thing : which the interpretation of their names declareth.

F A B. 17.

Jupiter and the Frogs.



THE Frogs desire a King ; and for that end
To Jupiter their earnest prayers bend ;

Jove smiles to see their folly, and denies
 Their suit at first; but tyred with their cries
 He 'mongst them throws a Log; whose heavy fall
 With terrour so amaz'd the *Frogs*, that all
 Crouch down for fear, and with amazement stand
 In readinesse to obey their Kings command,
 Till waiting long, when they at last perceiv'd
 'Twas nothing but a senselesse Log, bereav'd
 Of life and motion, all the *Frogs* bestride
 His lumpish back, and their mild King deride,
 Desiring *Jove* to give them one, that may
 With awfull pow'r the Marish Empire sway,
 And not a live little Block. *Jove* therefore sends
 The *Crane* to them, which italking proudly berids
 His mind to tyranny, devouring still
 The *Frogs* to please his appetite and will.
 Weary whereof, the *Frogs* repine again:
 But *Jove* will hear them now no more complain:
 The *Crane* must govern still; since (not content)
 They murmur'd at a peacefull Government.

The Morall.

How good so ere the King we daily see
Subjects repine; and if he peacefull be,
They count him dull; if much severe, they cry
And murmur hourly gainst his tyranny.

WHen the nation of the *Frogs* was free, they besought *Jupiter* to give them a King. *Jupiter* laughed at the requests of the *Frogs*. They notwithstanding, were instant again and again, untill they enforced him. He casts them down a beam. That vast weight shakes the water with a great noise. The *frogs* being terrified, are silent. They adore their king. They come neater by little and little; at length casting away fear, they leap upon him, and down again from him.

The

The sluggish King is made a scorn and a contempt. They importune *Jupiter* again, they beseech him to give them a king, which may be valerous; *Jupiter* gives them a Stork. He walking through the fen very stoutly, devoureth what Frogs soever he meeteth with. The Frogs then complained in vain of the cruelty of this King; *Jupiter* heareth them not. For they as yet complain even at this day. For the Stork going to rest at evening, they coming forth of their dens, do secretly murmur with a hoarse croking, but they sing to the deaf. For *Jupiter* will have it so, that they which prayed against a mild king, should now suffer an unmercifull one.

Morall. It is wont to fall out to the common people even as to the Frogs. Who if they have a king somewhat more mild, they charge him to be sluggish and cowardly, and wish that at length they may have a man. And contrarily if at any time they get a valiant king, they condemn his cruelty, and commend the clemency of the former, whether for that we alwaies mislike our present estate; or because it is a true word, That new things are better then old.

The Doves and Sparrow-hawk.

D'ssention grown betwixt the *Doves* and *Kite*,
 The *Doves* too weak with such a foe to fight,
 The *Sparrow-hawk* to be their King Elect,
 Hoping she would their innocence protect,
 And quell th' insulting *Kite*; but she possest
 Of rule, with greater cruelty oppress
 The harmlesse *Doves*, who now with sorrow rue
 Their hasty choice; since to their losse they knew,
 'Twas safer with the *Kite* at warre to be,
 Than to endure the *Sparr-hawks* tyranny.

The Morall.

*Change seldome brings a better, ev'ry one
 Should therefore rest content, and covet none.*

THe *Doves* on a time made warre with the *Kite*:
 whom that they might conquer, they chose the
Hawk for their king. He being made their king, play-
 eth the adversary not the king. He plucketh and teareth
 them in pieces, no lesse greedily then the *Kite*. The *Pi-
 geons*

geons repent of their enterprife, thinking it had been better for them to endure the Warres of the Kite, then the tyranny of the hawk:

Morall. Let it grieve no man too much of his own condition: for (as Horace saith) nothing is every way happy. I indeed would not wish my lot to be changed, so that it be tolerable. Many having gotten a new condition have wished the old again. That is the nature almost of us all, that it repents us of our present condition.

F A B. 19.

The Thief and Dog.



A Thief with a fellonius intent
 By night to rob a house in secret went ;
 A Dog spies him; but the crafty knave,
 To please the Curre and his discov'ry save ;
 (Lest he should bark too loud) offers him bread
 Which the good Dog refusing, answered ;
 Villain, thou giv'st a morsell, but wouldst do
 A greater harm, should I but suffer you.

The Morall.

*Beware to whom you trust, or faith impose,
Lest for a little gain you greater lose.*

A Thief on a time reaching bread to a dog, that he would hold his peace, the dog answered I know thy deceits. Thou givest me bread that I should leave off barking. But I hate thy gift : for if I shall take thy bread, thou wilt carry all things out of these houses.

Morall. Beware you let not go a great benefit for a small. Take heed you trust not every man. For there are men who by deceit will not onely speak curteously, but also deal kindly.

F A B. 20.

The Wolf and Sow.



THe Sow had litter'd ; when the wolf to her
With seeming care his service did prefer,
To guard her Pigs, lest danger perchance might
(The Sow b'ing absent, on her young ones light.
But the wise Sow replies, she needed none
To guard her Young, her self could do't alone :

Knowing

Knowing his absence safer farre would be
To her and them, then the *wolf's* Company.

The Morall.

*It is not safe to trust or credit all;
Lest some (pretending love) pursue thy fall.*

THe Sow was about to bring forth pigges. The Wolf promiseth that he will be the keeper of her young. The Sow answered, that she had no need of the courtesie of the Wolf: If he would be accounted religious, if he desire to do an acceptable thing, let him go further off. For the love of the Wolf did not stand in his presence, but in his absence.

Morall. *All things are not to be believed of all Men will proffer their pains, not for the love of thee, but of themselves: seeking their own profit not mine.*

FAB. 21.

The birth of the Mountains.



TWas rumour'd that a Mountain big, should be
Deliver'd of a monstrous Prodigie;

Men

Men easie to believe, and glad to know
 Whereto th'event of this report should grow
 In troops flock thither : So the time drew nigh
 Of this long look'd for strange delivery;
 And from the Hills vast womb skips forth a Mouse,
 To the Spectatours so ridiculous,
 That (seeing they deluded were) retire,
 And laugh at what before they did admire.

The Morall.

*Great boasters here are shewn, deluding some
 With vaunting words; but when to proof they come,
 And men expect like actions, they appear
 So vain, they merit nothing but a jeer.*

ONce there was a report that the mountains would
 bring forth. Men come and stand round about,
 expecting some monster, not without fear. At length
 the mountains bring forth, a mouse cometh out. Then
 all the spectatours did almost die with laughter.

Morall. Horace toucheth this fable. The mountains
 are in travell, a ridiculous Mouse will be bred. But be
 notish boasting. For braggers they professe and boast of
 great things, but scarce perform small. Wherefore those
 Throes are justly a matter of jest and scorn. This fa-
 ble doth also forbid vain fears. For the fear of the dan-
 ger is for the most part greater then the danger it self:
 yea, it is many times ridiculous which we fear.

The old Dog despised by his Master.



A Hound grown weak with age, not able now
 To keep the chase, and such like pastime show
 As in his youth he did (yet willing still
 Equall to his power to please his Masters will)
 The Game being started follows ; and at length
 Fastens ; but wanting his accustomed strength,
 Lets go his hold, and loseth quite his Game,
 Not able longer to pursue the same :
 Which when the Huntsman sees, he angry grows
 And beats the half-lame Dog with many blows ;
 Yet all would not prevail ; the Hound no more
 Could gain the ground which he had lost before ,
 But panting falleth down ; for which the Man
 With fury threatens the poore Curie again
 That he should lose his life, since now unfit
 For use, he longer did not merit it.
 The Dog replies, Sir if you gratefull were,
 You ought remember still the faithfull care,

And

And service of my youth; and not when age
 Hath weakned me, with undeserved rage
 Hasten my death; but as for profit then;
 So do for love and cherish me agen;

The Morall.

*So we behold too often in this vain
 And wretched world for the desire of gain
 Old Servants shaken off, although their care
 To enrich their Masters their undoing were.*

THe Master hastens on the hound, which was now grown old. He calls on him in vain. His feet are slow, he maketh not haste. He had caught a wild beast, the wild beast slips out of his teeth. His master chides him with strokes and words. The dog answered that he ought of right to be pardoned; that now he was grown old, but that he had been stout when he was young. But as I see, quoth he, nothing pleaseth without commodity. You loved me being young; you hate me now become old. You loved me bringing in preys, you hate me now slow and toothlesse. But if you were thankfull, whom you loved in times past, being young, for your benefit sake, you would love now, being old, for the cause of his profitable youth.

Morall. The dog said well; For as Ovid saith; Nothing is loved but that which brings profit. Behold, take away from a greedy mind the hope of gain, no body will be sought for. There is no remembrance of a past commodity, and the favour of a future, not great; the chiefest thankfulness is for a present benefit. Indeed it is a shame to be spoken, but if we confesse only the truth, The common sort doth approve friendship by their profit.

F A B. 23.

[The Hares and the Storm.



A Frighted with the noise of sudden storms,
 The light-foot *Hares* forsake their open forms
 And to the Woods retire ; but there the noise
 Doth more increase, for the winds lowder voice
 Roar'd 'mongst the trees ; from thence again they fly
 Seeking a place of more security :
 But farre they had not gone, when in their flight
 A pale their journey stoppt, which so did fright
 The trembling *Hares*, that all amaz'd they sit ;
 At length one finds a breach, and thinks it fit
 Through that to runne, and make no longer stay ;
 But this plot fail'd them too, for in their way
 As they should passe, a standing Pool they spie
 Wherein a multitude of Frogs did ly,
 As they supposed, drown'd ; and therefore fear
 Commands them further not their course to steer :
 So they consult what now is best to do :
 Backward they dare not, forward cannot go :
 Lest while they shun the *Storms* the present waves
 If they should enter, might become their graves.

Amidst

Amidst this gen' rall fear up started one
 (More solid then the rest in judgement grown,
 By age and long experience) who thus said,
 Stand not amazed Friends, nor be dismayd,
 Though Storms at first affrighted us, yet they
 Cannot still last, or yet admit they may,
 Our warm and furlin'd Coats can well withhold
 The strongest Storms, and shield us 'gainst the cold,
 Yet those are weak supporters to the Mind;
 That best withstands the power of the wind;
 And if our selves with patience we can arm,
 We soon shall see the fury of this Storm
 Wait its own strength: she scarily this had said,
 But the enraged Tempest was allaid.

The Morall.

*Man like the Hares, with adverse trouble crost,
 Must not at first despair as he had lost
 All hope of future help; but stedfast stand
 (Arm'd with the shield of Patience) 'gainst the band
 Of the Worlds greatest tempests, which once past,
 He shall arrive: eternall rest at last.*

THe Woods roaring with an unaccustomed whirl-
 wind, the trembling Hares begin to fly away ha-
 rily. But as they were flying, when as there was a fen
 in their way, they stood doubtfull, incompass'd with
 dangers on both sides. And which was a provocation
 of greater fear, they see frogs drowned in the fen. Then
 one of the hares wiser and more eloquent then the rest,
 said, why do we so vainly fear? we have need of cou-
 rage: we have indeed nimbleness of body, but we
 want courage. This danger of the whirl wind is not
 to be runne from, but to be contemned.

*Morall. In every thing there is need of courage. Vir-
 tue without confidence, lieth under foot, for confidence is
 the captain and queen of virtue.*

F A B. 24.

FAB. 24.

The Wolf and young Kid.

THe Goat goes out into the field to feed,
 Leaving at home her young and tender Kid ;
 Commanding her that she should open the dore
 To none till her return : the Wolf that bore
 No good intent, in ambush lies hard by,
 And hears their talk, who therefore presently
 Knocks at the dore, and fains a Goat-like voice,
 But the young Kid replies, friend cease your noise
 Here is no entrance ; for your fained note,
 Tells me you are a Wolf, and not a Goat.

The Morall.

*Do as thy Parents bid, and be not led,
 Astray by Counsell of each foolish head.*

WHen on a time, a Goat was to go to feed, she
 shut up her Kid at home charging him to open
 to no body, untill her self should return. The Wolf
 which had heard that as farre off, after the departure
 of his damme, knocks at the doors, counterfeits the
 Goats

Goats voice, commanding the doors to be opened. The Kid perceiving the deceit, saith, I will not open them: for although thy voice imitates the Goats, yet indeed I see a Wolf through the chinks.

Morall. For children to obey their parents, is beneficial to themselves, and is becometh a young man to give care to an old.

F A B. 25.

The Hart and the Sheep.



THe Hart pretends the Sheep did ow a debt
 Long due to him, and now demandeth it,
 Before the Wolf: the Sheep durst not deny
 Though guiltlesse when her greatest foe was by,
 But freely it confest, and so a day
 Appointed was when she the same should pay:
 Which drawing nigh, the Hart demands his due;
 To whom the Sheep replies, My friend to you
 I nothing ow, once I confest for fear,
 But now deny. The Wolf's not present here.

The Morall.

*Extortion so oft-times doth wrong the poore
 And force them pay what they nere ow d before.*

A Hart accuseth a sheep before a Wolf, crying out that she did ow him a bushell of wheat. But the sheep indeed was ignorant of the debt. Yet nevertheless, by reason of the Wolfs presence, promiseth that she would pay it. A day is appointed for payment; it comes. The Hart warns the sheep of it. She denieth it. For what she had promised, she excuses it done for fear, and the presence of the Wolf: and that a forc'd promise ought not to be kept.

Mor. The sense of the law is, It is lawfull to drive back force by force. From this small fable a certain new one may arise. That it is lawfull to retell craft by cunning.

F A B. 26.

The Countrey-man and Snake



A Countrey-man once kept a Snake, which he Had foster'd long till one day furiously He struck the same; for which the injur'd Snake Flies to the Wood, and did his house forsake: The being gone, the man at length grew poore, Yet could no reason call to mind therefore,

Unlesse

Unless the absence of the Snake; since he
 Without desert abus'd her wrongfully:
 He therefore, nimble to the Thicket flies
 To seek her out, whom he at last espies:
 And seeming greatly for his wrong to mourn;
 Asks pardon first, then begs she would return,
 And live with him again, the Snake replies,
 Although the wound were cur'd, his injuries
 Were not forgot; nor would she venture more,
 To live where she had found such wrong before.

The Morall.

*The memory of undeserved wrong
 Sticks deep, and dwelleth in remembrance long,
 Offer then none to any, lest when they
 Cannot revenge, a higher Power may.*

A Certain Countrey-man had fostered up a Snake.
 And on a time being angry, strikes the Beast with
 his hatchet. He escapeth not without a wound. After-
 wards the Countrey-man falling into want, supposed
 that mishap befell him; for the injury done to the Snake.
 Therefore he humbly requesteth the Snake that he
 would come back. He saith that he did forgive him, but
 that he would not return: and that he could not be safe
 with the Countrey-man, who had such a great hatchet
 at home. That the mark of the wound was gone, yet
 the remembrance thereof still remained.

Morall. *It is not safe to give credit to him the second
 time, who hath once violated his faith. Indeed to forgive
 an injury, is truly a point of mercy. But to beware to a
 mans self, is both besfitting, and a point of wisdom.*

F A B. 27.

The Fox and Stork.

He Fox to Supper did the Stork invite,
 The Stork accepts his kindnesse, and at night
 Meets with her promise to partake her share
 (As she supposed) of most dainty fare;
 But the sly Fox deceitfully provides
 Nothing but liquid stuffe, which spreading glides
 All thin about the Table; so that she
 Could nothing eat, while the Fox hastily
 Licks it all up: the Stork but little shows
 of outward anger, and away she goes
 Hungry as when she came. But many dayes
 Were not out-worn, when she again repayes
 The Fox with like deceit, invites him home,
 To dine with her, the Fox doth kindly come,
 Where she provides a vessell made of glasse,
 Fill'd full of liquour too, whence nought could passe,
 To feed the hungry Fox: besides the neck
 Too narrow for his head; when her long beak
 Sucks it all out; Yet kindly she intreats
 Her neighbour Fox to tast of such course meats

As she prepar'd; but he poore hungry Curra
 Seeing himself requited well by her,
 For his old craft; with shame departs away
 To his own home, his hunger to allay.

The Morall.

*An ancient Proverb sayes, 'tis no deceit,
 Deceivers to delude, as here we see
 The Stork instructed by the Foxes wit,
 Retorts upon him his own knaverie.*

A Fox cub invited a Stork to Supper. She pour-
 eth out the food upon the Table: which being li-
 quid (the Stork in vain attempting with her bill,) the
 cub licketh up. The poore bird goeth her way deluded,
 is both shamed and agrieved of the injury. A few dayes
 after she returneth, inviteth the cub. There was set a
 glasse-vessell full of meat; which vessell sith it was of
 a narrow neck, the Fox might behold the meat, and al-
 so be hungry; taste she could not, but the Stork easily
 sucked up all with her bill.

Morall. Laughier deserves laughier, jest deserves
 jest, deceit deserves deceit, and fraud deserves fraud.

The Wolf and painted Head.

W^{IT}hin a Painters shop a Wolf espies

The figure of a mans Head carv'd in wood,
Which viewing well, on all sides cast his eyes,
But when he saw, and rightly understood
It was not what it seem'd in outward show,
O head most fairly fram'd cries with disdain,
That man should so much skill on thee bestow,
Yet neither sense nor Art in thee remain.

The Morall.

*Externall shape and beauty of the face,
Decks not a Man ; but the internall grace.*

A Wolf oft turneth about a mans head found in car-
vers shop, wonders at it, thinking (that which in-
deed it was) that it had no sense O fair head, saith he,
here is in thee much art, but no sense.

Morall. *Outward beauty is acceptable, if the inward
be present. But if we must want one of them, it
is*

is better to want the outward then the inward ; for, that without this doth sometime bring hatred, that a fool is so much more odious by how much he is beautifull.

F A B. 29.

The Jay and Peacock.



THe Jay her self with Peacocks plumes adorns,
And fair in her own fancie, proudly scorns
Her fellow Javes ; and doth associate
Her self amongst the Peacocks ; but their state
Brooking no such deceit, when they perceiv'd
Her foolish pride, they quickly her bereav'd
Of these gay feathers, with disgrace expell
Her from their presence quire, again to dwell
Amongst her equals, who with scoffes deride
Her borrow'd shape, and too ambitious pride.

The Morall.

*Ambitious unthrifis so, that vainly spend
Their wealth, & 'bove themselves aspire, it's end,
When they no longer can their pride maintain,
Prove beggers, reaping nothing but disdain.*

A Chough adorned himself with the feathers of a Peacock. Then seeming to himself very brave, scorning his own kind, he betook himself to the company of the peacocks. They at length understanding the deceit, stript the silly bird of his colours, and whipped him. *Horace* in his first book of *Epistles* relates this little fable of a jackdaw. He saith, that on a time, a jackdaw being decked with feathers which she had gathered together, which had fallen from other birds, but afterwards when each bird had taken away her own feather, she became ridiculous. Lest if perhaps the flock of birds shall come to fetch again their own feathers, the jackdaw cause laughter, being stript of her stolen colours.

Morall. This fable reproveth them, who carry themselves more loftily then is fitting: who live with them who are both wealthier and more noble. Whereby they are oft-times become poore and a scorn. Well doth *Juvenal* say, This sentence descended from heaven, γνῶσε σᾶντις, that is, Know thy self.

D

FAB. 30.



THe boasting *Fly* upbraids the painfull *Ant*,
 That she ignoble was, and much did want
 The dainry fare whereon *Flies* daily feed,
 While in the Courts of Kings their lives they lead,
 Sucking the self same liquour, feeding too
 On the same meat, as Princes us'd to do :
 But she poore *Emmet* on the ground did creep,
 And her base dwelling but in Molehills keep,
 Feeding on roots ; and thinnest Water made
 Her choicest drink. But th' *Emmet* answering, said,
 Fond braggard, cease thy boasting, though our fare
 Be not so rich as yours, yet know we share
 Nothing but what we rightly call our own,
 And truly labour for ; whereas you none
 Possesse at all, but what you get by stealth,
 And secretly purloin from others wealth,
 For which y' are scorn'd of all, and scarce can move
 One minute safe : we purchase all mens love,
 And by our painfull industry do give
 Instruction to other Creatures how to live ;

Storing for Winter, you perchance a day
 May richly feed, and all the Summer play
 And hunt about, but if one nipping Frost
 Present it self, your pleasures all are lost,
 Not able to withstand the smallest cold,
 Nor yet for want of Food your lives to hold
 One little Winter; while in midst of heat,
 We gather sustenance with pain and sweat,
 That by our gath'nings we may live at ease
 When you for want of due relief de cease.

The Morall.

*The Gallants riot and his vain expence
 Is here exprest, the Plough-mans providence:
 Where, while one wastes, the other gathers wealth,
 And though obscurely, lives in perfect health.*

A Fly contended with an Ant, bragging that she was noble, the other ignoble, that she did lie, the Ant creep, that she was conversant in kings houses: That the other did lie hid in holes, gnaw corn, and drink water: she boasted that she fared sumptuously, and yet notwithstanding, obtained these things by idleness. On the contrary, the Ant gloried that she was not ignoble, but content with her own degree, that the fly was a vagrant, she her self constant in a place, and that grain and running water did sauce as well to the Ant, as pasties and wine to the Fly, and that she obtained these things not by slothfull idleness, but by diligent labour. Furthermore, that the Ant was merry and safe, beloved of all, and to conclude, a pattern of labour: that the Fly was doubtfull, alwayes in perill, troublesome to all, hated of all; and finally, a pattern of slothfulness. That the Ant being mindfull of winter did lay up provisions aforehand. That the Fly did live for a day, either to be continually hungry, or certainly to die in winter.

Morall. He that goes on to speak what he will, shall hear what he will not. The Fly if she had spoken well, had heard well. But I assent to the Ant. For a mean life with safety, seemeth to be more desireable, then a glorious life with danger.

F A B. 31.

The Ox and the Toad.



THe Toad beholds the Oxes comely stature,
 And envying to see so large a Creature,
 How he in greatnesse did her farre excell,
 Collecteth all her venome, 'gins to swell,
 And questions of her Daughter standing by,
 Whether the Ox or she seems in her eye
 The fairer now? the Daughter answered straight,
 Good mother cease your swelling, lest too late
 Your folly you repent, and burst; for strive
 Till death, you can to no such height arrive:
 Yet nerthelesse the Toad attempts again;
 The third time too, untill with extreme pain
 The poyson bursteth through her tender skin,
 Not able longer now to keep it in.

The

The Morall,

*Nature all gifts bestoweth upon none;
Some wise we see, some fair, some crooked grown,
Wherewith all should content them, and not be
Envious at anothers quality.*

A Toad being ambitious to match an Ox, stretch-
ed out her self. Her young one exhorted his dam
to desist from her enterprize, for that a Toad was no-
thing to an Ox. She swelled the second time, her young
one cryeth out Mother, although you burst, you will
never overcome the Ox. And when she had swelled the
third time, she burst.

Morall: Every one hath his own gift. This man sur-
passeth in beauty, another in strength; one in wealth, ano-
ther in friends. It becometh every man to be content
with his own. Another man is able of body, thou in wit.
Wherefore let every one consider himself and let him nei-
ther envy his superiour, which is miserable, nor desire to
contend with him, which is a point of folly.

F A B. 32.

The Lion and the Horse.



Hungry, yet weak with age, A *Lions* mind
 Is to devoure a lusty *Horse* inclin'd ;
 Yet durst not scise on him, by open strength,
 And therefore with himself thus plots at length
To insinuate with him, and by some fly way,
 The *Horse* into his power to betray ;
 The *Lion* therefore feigns himself to be
 Skilfull i'th' Art of learn'd Chirurgery,
 Boasting what wondrous Cures he had done :
 But th' *Horse* perceives his craft; and making mone,
 Replies, Grave Sir, none hath more need of you,
 Nor more desires your help, then now I do ;
 For leaping yesterday the hedge, a prick
 Strook in my Hoof, and there so fast doth stick,
 That I by no means can pluck out the same,
 But fear if it should fester, 'twould me lame ;
 Your kind assistance therefore, Sir, I beg :
 The *Lion* wills him show to him his leg,
 Which lifting up, the *Lion* comes to view
 The place, close looking the *Horse* backward threw
 His

His hardned hoof, and on the forehead strook
 The *Lion*, that he fell'd him, then betook
 Himself to nimblest speed, and posts away;
 Leaving the *Lion*; who sore wounded lay,
 Strugling for life; which he recovering said,
 Thus for my folly I am well apayd. ;

The Morall.

*He is the fearfullst foe, who by presence
 Of love, seeks to undermine pure Innocence .
 And merits most revenge : when open foes
 May easily be withstood with open blows.*

A *Lion* came to devour a horse; but wanting strength by reason of his age, he began to think on some cunning: he professeth himself a physician; delays the Horse with a long circumstance of words. The Horse opposeth, and craft to craft, he feigneth that he had lately pricked his foot in a thorny place, beseebeth that the physician looking into it, would pull out the thorn. The *Lion* consenteth. But the Horse with all the force he could, smites the *Lion* with his beel, and forthwith betakes himself to his feet. The *Lion* with much ado coming to himself again at length (for he was almost killed with the blow) saith, I bear away a just reward for my folly, and he is rightly escaped away. For he hath revenged deceit with deceit.

Morall. *Dissembling is worthy of hatred, and to be caught with dissembling. An enemy is not to be feared which openly shews himself an enemy. But he that pretends good will, when as he is an enemy, he onely is indeed to be feared, and most worthy of hatred.*



A Stately Horse, with Trappings richly deckt,
 Champing the foaming bit, meets in his way
 A loaden Ass, whom he thus proudly checkt,
 Villain, how dar'st thou thus our journey stay?
 Quickly give place, and stop not my career
 Lest with my feet I force thee; if thou stand
 In this presumption long: the Ass for fear
 Though loaden sore, obeyeth his command,
 And lets him passe; the Horse runs swiftly on,
 Needing no spur; the courage of his mind
 Hurry'd him forward; farre he had not gone,
 But burst a gut, and became broken wind;
 Wh ch when his Master saw, and that his Horse
 Wanted that swiftnesse as before he had,
 Deems him not able to maine in the course,
 And fit for nothing but a Carriers pad;
 He therefore sells him unto one, that straight
 Loads his proud back with Hampers; whom the Ass
 Meeting again out of his stately gate,
 Thus scoffingly derideth as they passe:

Alack

Alack my friend, wher's now thy golden bir,
 Thy stately Saddle, what's become of all
 Thy rich attire, or how hereft of it?
 Didst thou into contempt thus basely fall?

The Morall.

*Many in prosp'rous state are puffed so,
 They scarce themselves or their own beings know,
 'Till adverse Fortune turning her crosse wheel,
 They headlong to their own destruction reel
 And onely this to their sad fate can say,
 I once was rich, now fallen to decay.*

A Horse trimmed up with trappings, and a saddle, ran along the high way with a very great neying. But by chance a loaden Ass hindred him as he was running. The horse fuming with anger, and fiercely chewing his foaming bridle: What, quoth he, thou dull, slothfull Ass, dost thou hinder the horse? Give way, I say, or I will trample thee under my feet. The Ass contrarily not daring to bray, gives place quietly. But as the Horse was swiftly flying forward, and straining on his pace his groin burst. Then being unfit for race and shew, he is stript of his rich harnesse, and then is sold to a car-man. Afterwards the Ass seeth him coming with a carre, and saith unto him: Hoe good sir, what brave furniture is there? where is your gilded saddle, your studded girts? where is your glittering bridle? O friend it must needs so happen to you being so proud.

Morall. Most men are puffed up in prosperity, being neither mindfull of themselves nor of modesty. But because they grow proud in prosperity, they fall into adversity. I would advise them to be wary who seem to themselves to be happy. For if the wheel of fortune shall be turned about, they will find it a most miserable kind of

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adversity, to have been in prosperity. That evil also is added unto the heap of their misfortune, that they shall be despised of those, whom they themselves have despised, and those will laugh them to scorn, whom they themselves have laughed at.

FAB. 34.

The Birds and Beasts.



Betwixt the wing'd Inhabitants of th' Air
 And fourfoot Beasts, fierce warres incensed were.
 The fight was fierce and doubtfull, but the strong
 And active Beasts, seem'd the best warriours long:
 For which the *Bat* forsakes her winged crew,
 And treach'rously into their army flew;
 But when the *Birds* the *Eagle* chosen had
 To lead their host, and him their Sov'rain made,
 The *Birds* orethrew the *Beasts*; so now the *Bat*
 Would fain again unto the *Birds* retreat:
 But not admitted, they her guilty find
 Of highest Treason, and her straight confin'd
 From their Dominions, charging her no more,
 On ains of death by day in Air to fore;

But

But lurking from the sight of them, by night,
When others go to rest, begin her flight.

The Morall.

No faithfull subject ought for refuge fly
From his own Countrey, to an Enemy.
For who his Native soil leaves in distresse,
Ought ever to be barr'd her happinesse.

THe Birds had a fight with the foure-footed Beasts.
There was hope on both sides, fear on both sides,
and danger on both sides. But the Bat deserting his fel-
lows, falls off to the enemy. The Birds overcome, the
Eagle being Generall and leader. And they condemn
the runnegado Bat that she should never return unto the
Birds, that she should never fly in the day time. This is
the reason that the Bat never flyeth but by night.

Morall. He that denieth to be partaker of adversity
and danger with his fellows, shall be without prosperi-
ty and safety with them.

The Wolf and Fox.



Gluttred with over feeding in his den,
 The *Wolf* takes his repose, whose presence when
 The *Fox* long miff, he straight suspects that he
 Had some provision gather'd secretly,
 Which kept him in : desirous of a share :
 For which he straight doth to the *wolf* repair,
 And with fair language greets him; asking why
 So long they wanted his good Company.
 The *Wolf* likes not his coming, and complains
 A sore disease his absence now constrains,
 Wishing the *Fox* his friendly prayers to send,
 To fove for him, that his disease may end.
 So the deluded *Fox* departs, much griev'd
 That he in expectation was deceiv'd,
 And changing grief to open malice, flies
 To call the Shepherd, shewing him where lies
 The lurking *Wolf*. The Shepherd plac'd his Net,
 And kil'd the *Wolf*, which done, the *Fox* did get
 Possession of his house and prey ; but there
 He long time staid not safe ; for in that snare

Which

Which caught the *Wolf*, the *Fox* entangled lay,
And for his treachery his life did pay.

The Morall.

*Sicilian Tyrants never yet could find
A greater Torment, then an envious mind,
Which gnaws the heart until it self deprive
It self of joy, to see another thrive.*

A *Wolf*, when he had sufficient booty lived in idleness. The *Fox*-cub cometh unto him, inquireth of him the cause of his retiredness. The *Wolf* perceived that there was a plot laid for his victuals, dissembleth sickness to be the cause, desires the *Fox* to go to pray unto the gods for him. She grieving that her deceit succeeded not better, goeth unto a *Shepherd*, acquaints him that the den of the *Wolf* was open, and that the enemy being secure, might easily be overthrown unawares. The *Shepherd* falls upon the *Wolf*, slayeth him. The *Fox* enjoys both the den and the prey. But she had but a short comfort of her wickedness, for not long after the same *Shepherd* taketh her.

Morall. Envy is a filthy thing, and sometimes destructive even to the ambour himself. Horace in his first book of *Epistles*,

An envious man pineeth away at the prosperous estate of another.

The Sicilian tyrants invented not a greater torment then envy.

F A B. 36.

Of the Stag.



THe glorious Sun displays his beams
 Upon the fair and glist'ring streams,
 Whither the *Hart* repairs to drink,
 And standing on the Rivers brink,
 Grows proud to see the spreading horns
 Which his most stately brow adorn :
 But looking further, when he spies
 His little feet and slender thighs,
 Dismay'd he stands that they should be
 Supporters of such Majesty ;
 While musing thus, at length he hears,
 The noise of Hounds, when struck with fears,
 Away he posts, and takes the Wood,
 Where he suppos'd most safety stood :
 But in his flight his ragged Horns
 Still fastning 'mongst the thickest thorns,
 Withheld his swiftnesse, so that he
 Became a prey t' his enemy,
 Who thus complains before his death,
 Why boaster with unhallowed breath,

Edidit

Didst thou commend thy branchers so
Which now do prove thy overthrow:
And thy swift feet more proudly scorn;
Which, hadst thou kept the Plains, had born
Thee swifter then the whistling wind,
And thy pursuers left behind.

The Morall.

*So usefull things too often we reject,
Because not fair in show; but still respect
The Worlds gay vanities, which rather bring
Destruction on us, then a good bestow.*

A Stag beholding himself in a clear fountain, commends the high and branching horns of his forehead, but condemns the smalnesse of his shanks. By chance, while he thus museth, and judgeth himself, in comes the hunter. The Stag flieth more swiftly then darts, and the Eastwind, driving the storms. The dogs pursue him fleeing. But as he entered into a very thick wood; his horns were hampered in the boughs, and then at length he commended his legs, and condemned his horns, which caused him to be a prey unto the dogs.

Morall. We seek things to be shunned, and we shun things to be desired. Those things please which hurt us, and those things displease which do us good. We desire blessednesse, before we know where it is. We seek the excellency of wealth; and the highnesse of honours: we think blessednesse to be placed in these things, in which, notwithstanding, there is much labour and pain. That our lyrick Poet signifieth notably.

The lofty pine tree is more often shaken with the winds, and the high towers fall down with the greater ruine.

Lightning also smiteth the greatest mountains.

F A B. 37.

The Viper and the File.

A Viper finds a hardned File and gnaws
 The same for anger 'twixt her poy's'nous jaws;
 To whom the smiling File replies; fond Asse,
 What dost attempt? thou maist devour Brasse
 With farre more ease then me; for Strongest Steel
 Yields to my strength, if it my hardnelle feel.

The Morall.

*Contend not rashly, lest overcome with strength,
 it holly the harm redound to thee at length.*

A Viper finding a File in a shop, began to gnaw it.
 The File smiled, saying, What fool? what dost
 thou? Thou mayest wear out thy teeth, before thou
 canst waste me, which am wont to bite upon the hard-
 nesse of brasse.

Morall. *Again and again see with whom thou hast
 any thing to do. If you wbet your teeth against the more
 hardy, you shall not hurt him, but your self.*

F A B. 38.

F A B. 38.

The Wolves and the Sheep.



WE often have by long experience seen
 What hate betwixt the *Wolves* and *Sheep* hath
 But now a League is made; and pledges are (been
 On both sides given, lest a future war
 Unjustly might arise, the silly *Sheep*
 Deliv'ed up their *Dogs* were went to keep
 Their *Confines* safe; the *Wolves* with willing heart
 Unto the *Sheep* do with their young ones part.
 So the *Sheep* walk to Pasture quietly;
 Who absent, the young *Wolves* straight howl and cry,
 Wanting their Dams to suckle them; which noise,
 When the *Wolves* heard, knowing their young ones voice
 They the unguarded *Sheep* at Pasture take,
 And them a prey to their injustice make.

The Morall.

When thou a League concludest with thy foe,
 Consult what pledges from thy parts may go,
 Lest weakened by their absence, thy base foe,
 Make that pretence to work thy overthrow.

On

ON a time there was a league between the Wolves and Lambs, with whom by nature there is discord; hostages were given on both sides. The Wolves gave their young ones, the sheep a band of dogs. The sheep being quiet and feeding, the young wolves howl for desire of their dams. Then the wolves rushing in, cried out, complaining that they had broken fidelity and the league, and tare in pieces the sheep, being left destitute of the guard of the dogges.

Morall. It is a folly if in a truce you deliver your guard to the enemy. For he that was an enemy, hath not yet perhaps left off to be an enemy: yea perchance he will take occasion, that he may set upon you being destitute of help.

F A B. 39.

The Wood and the Clown.

WHen Trees had speech, 'tis said in time of yore
A Countrey-man demanded from their store,
That they to him would one small Shrub afford,
To make his Ax a belve, The Trees accord:

But

But he no sooner fitted had the same,
 When back again unto the Wood he came,
 And lopt down all the Trees; who mournfull cry,
 And weep for their too soon facility,
 That they by granting his desire had wonne,
 Their own sad ruine and destruction.

The Morall.

*Beware to whom thou giv'st, for some there be,
 That with most ill requite a courtesie.*

AT the time the trees spake, a countrey-man came
 unto a wood, desiring that he might take a helve for
 his hatchet. The wood consenteth. The countrey-man
 having fitted his hatchet, began to cut down the trees.
 Then and indeed too late it repented the wood of her
 easinesse to yield. It grieved her that her self was the
 cause of her own ruine,

*Morall. Beware of whom you deserve well. There
 have been many, who have abused a benefit received, to
 the destruction of the author.*

The Belly and Members.

THe hands and feet the *Belly* did accuse
 Of sloth, and now to feed it do refuse,
 Bidding her labour too, else she no more
 Should that devour, which they did labour for;
 The *Belly* intreats earnestly, but they
 The more deny; and her Complaints gain say.
 Untill through want of food she 'gins to faint,
 While all the members sustenance do want;
 Which hands and feet perceiving, and how breath
 Began to fail, for fear of hasty death,
 Their folly they repent, and now would fain
 Recover strength, and fall to work again.
 But 'tis too late, for being at first deny'd.
 The whole decay can never be supply'd.
 Since the Chief member dying, hands and all,
 Supportlesse must in the same ruine fall.

The Morall.

Look what estate we in our body see,
 The same concordance must in Kingdome be;
Friends

*Friends must their friends support, and all unite,
T'uphold the chief, Lest while tis good they slight,
If in the State a dissolution grow
They pluck on them a gen'ral overthrow.*

ON a time the foot and hand accused the Belly, that their gains were devoured by it living idle. They command that either it labour; or that it desire not to be nourished. It entreatheth once, and again: yet notwithstanding, the hands deny nourishment. The belly being emptied by hunger, when all the joynts began to fail, then at length the hands would be officious; but that too late. For the belly being weak, through lack of use, refuseth meat: so whilst all the members envy the Belly, they perish with the perishing Belly.

Morall. Even as it is in the society of the members, so it is in humane society. One member needs another: a friend needeth a friend, wherefore we must use mutual offices, and mutual works. Neither riches, nor the top of preferment can sufficiently defend a man. The only and chief strength, is the friendship of many.



A Tayl lesse Ape intreats the Fox, whose tail
 Bushy and great upon the ground did trail,
 To lend her part, since he some well might spare,
 Having too much, and not his store impair;
 Friend, quoth the Fox, content thy self; for were
 My tail twice bigger, thou getst not a hair,
 Among the dirt my tail should rather slide,
 Then the least scruple cover thy backside.

The Morall.

*Too many Misers so, e're to the poore
 They'l give a doit, will let them starve at door.*

THE Ape prayeth the Fox, that she would give her a
 part of her tail, to cover her buttocks: for that,
 that was a burthen to her, which would be of use and
 honour to her self. She answereth that she had nothing
 too much, and that she had rather have the ground
 swept with her tail, then the buttocks of the Ape should
 be covered.

Morall.

Morall. There are who need, there are others who have too much, yet notwithstanding, it is not the manner of the rich, to make happy the needy, with their superfluity.

F A B. 43.

Of the Deer and the Oxen.



A Hunted Deer an open Barn esp'd,
 And in he ranne, in hope himself to hide,
 Praying the Oxen that their crib might be
 A covert for him in's extremitie.
 Free leave they grant, but safety they deny;
 For that their Owner or his Hind would spie
 His branched head: the Deer with thanks repays
 Their kindnesse, and full confidently stays
 His safety with their secrecy; with this
 Enters the Hind, who finding nought amisse
 Departs, the Deer unseen; whereat right glad
 As if the worst were past, held nothing bad
 To whom a grave wise Ox replies—
 To be secure, when there's most cause of fear,

This

This Hind's a Mole, our Owner's full of eyes.
 Soon after this, their Owner comes and pries
 In every place and corner to correct,
 His servant's carelesse, his Hind's neglect.
 Feeling the crib, to learn what store of hay
 Was stuf't therein, his hand be chanc'd to lay
 On the Deer's head; then bids his men appear
 To shut the doors, and so they take the Deer.

The Morall.

*The Deer implies, what poore shifts fearfull men
 Distracted trust to, still the first in ven;
 The Oxen bonest natures do expresse,
 Willing to succour any in distresse:
 The Hind the usuall neglect implies
 Of servants: and the Husbandman that pries
 And oversees each corner, points unto
 What each good thriving Husband-man should do.*

THe Deer flying from the hunter, betook himself
 into an Ox-house; he prayeth the Oxen that he
 might hide himself in the crib. The Oxen tell him,
 that it cannot be safe; for that the master and servants
 would be present anon; he saith, that he should be safe;
 so that they would not betray him. The servant entereth
 in, seeth him not, being hid in the hay, goeth out. The
 Deer began to be proud, and to fear nothing now. Then
 one of the Oxen, being grave both in age and counsel,
 saith, It was an easie thing to deceive him which is a
 mole, but that thou shouldest be hid from the master,
 who is as quick-sighted as Argus, this is the work, this
 is the labour. By and by after, the master entereth in:
 who that he may correct the oversight of his servant,
 viewing all things with his eyes, and groping the crib
 with his hand, layeth hold of the horns of the Deer
 under the hay; he cries out unto his servants, they run
 unto him, shut in the beast and take him.

Morall.

Morall. In adverse and perilous cases safe shelters are hard to be found; neither because fortune doth still pursue men in misery, as it hath begun, or else because they being hindered by fear, and void of counsell, do betray themselves through want of wit.

F A B. 43.

The Lion and the Fox.



A Royal Brute through age unapt to take
A prey abroad, his den a trap doth make,
Feigns himself sick; and when the small beasts come
On single visits he devour'd the same.
The wily Fox excepted, most Beasts went
As bound in dutie; Then the Lion sent
An embassy to Reynard to request
A visit of him; since he lov'd him best
(And therefore long'd to see him) there's no dread
Of violence, for he was now even dead
With pain, and could not if he would offend,
Nor would he, though he could, so dear a friend,
Whom he desires to see without delay.
Reynard sends word... that he to Jove will pray

For his Lord's health, though he to see him dare
Not come, the foot-steps of these beasts appear.

His will to warinesse; since all do go
Towards the den, but few or none come fro.

The Morall.

*Whereon you ground your confidence beware;
Seeing fair words are often but a snare.*

A Lion was sick, the beasts visited him, the Fox alone neglecting his duty. The Lion sends an embassage unto her, with a letter, admonishing her to come. That the presence of her would be most acceptable to him being sick. Neither should there be any danger wherefore the Fox should fear. For first of all the Lion was indeed most friendly to the Fox, and therefore desired to have speech with her. And furthermore, that he was sick, and kept his bed, that although he would do that which ought not to be done, yet he could not hurt. The Fox writeth back, that she wisheth that the Lion may recover his health, and that she would pray for that to the gods, but yet that she would not come to see him. That she was terrified with the footsteps; which indeed sith they were all towards the Lions den, and none turning back, that it was a signe that many beasts had entered in, but that none had come forth.

Horace; I will tell that, which once the wary Fox answered the sick Lion, because the footsteps terrifie me. All of them looking towards thee, none back again.

Morall. Take heed how you trust words, unlesse you take good heed. You shall oft have words onely given you. We are made a conjecture both of words and deeds, and by the you are to judge of the other.

FAB. 44.

The Fox and Weasell.



A Fox with fasting long, thinne, lean and poore,
 Seeks entrance at a Farmers Garner doore;
 But being lockt, at length he views a place
 Broke in the Wall, which he might easily passe,
 And in he goes, where meeting his desire,
 He stuffs his guts so full, that to retire
 When he attempted, he could find no way,
 His big swoln belly did his passage stay.
 Whom thus the *Weasel* Counsell, if from thence
 He would depart, he must have patience
 Untill his paunch as empty grow, and thin,
 As 'twas at first when he there entred in.

The Morall.

*This Fable shows, how glad, and void of care,
 Many with mean estates contented are;
 But stuff'd with wealth, what troubles of the mind
 And anxious fears rich Misers daily find.*

THe Fox being slender with lack of meat, by chance crept into a corn-chamber through a narrow chink. In which when she had been well fed, and afterward trying to go forth again, her belly being over full, hindered her. The Weasel farre off seeing her struggling, at length admonisheth her, that if she desire to get out, that she return to the hole slender, at which she entered in when she was empty.

Morall. You may see many to be merry and chearfull in a mean estate, void of cares without any troubles of mind. But if these shall become rich, you shall see them to go carefull and never to look merrily, but full of care, and overwhelmed with troubles of mind. Horace in his first book Epist. 7. sets out this fable thus,

By chance a gaunt Fox had crept through a narrow chink into a corn-chamber, and being fed, assayed in vain to go forth again when her belly was full.

To whom a Weasel as farre off, said, if thou wilt go thence, make thy self empty, through the narrow cranny, which thou wentest in as when thou wast empty.

FAB. 45.

The Stag and Horse.



THe Stag and Horse a single combat fight;
 The Horse repulst, is driv'n to open flight;
 Wherefore to get his honour lost again,
 He humbly supplicates the help of man;
 Who mounted on his back with spear and shield,
 His presence makes the *Hart* forsake the field,
 And fly again: so he that was before
 Vanquish'd, is now become a conquerour;
 Yet not quite free; but as a subject still
 To Man, Man rides and rules him at his will.

The Morall.

*As here the Horse suppress his mightiest foe,
 Yet still a subject stands; So those that grow
 To great estates; from anxious cares not free,
 Live in an everlasting slavery.*

B. 45. **T**He Horse made warre with the Stag. But being a
 length driven forth of the pastures, he craves the
 help of man. Returns with the man, goeth into the
 field,

field, so he that was conquered before, now is made the conquerour. But yet nevertheless, the enemy being overcome and brought under, the conquerour himself must needs serve the man. He bears the horseman on his back, and the bridle in his mouth.

Morall Many strive against povertie, which being overcome by good fortune and industry, they oft times lose their libertie. For being indeed Lords and conquerours of poverty, they begin to serve riches, are forced with the whips of covetousnesse, and are checked with the bridles of niggardlinesse. neither yet do they keep any mean in seeking; neither yet indeed dare they use the good which they have gotten, for a just punishment of their covetousnesse. Horace saith concerning this matter, in his first book, Epistle 10.

The Stag being too hard for the horse in fight, drove him from the common pasture, untill the horse being too weak in that long fight,

Implored the help of man, and taketh bridle.

So after that the violent conquerour departed from the enemy,

He throweth not the horseman from his back, nor the bridle from his mouth.

So the foolish man that feared poverty, loseth liberty, which is better then gold, and shall carry his master.

And he shall be a slave for ever, who will not be content to use a little.

FAB 46.
Of two Young-men.

Two crafty Knaves (well vers'd in flight of hand)
 Into a Cooks shop went, where they demand
 What price meat bears, but while the busie Cook
 Forc'd to the fire on his roast so look,
 One snatch'd a piece of meat, the which, (to save
 His future oath) unto his mate he gave,
 Who had a cloak his knavery to hide,
 The Cook returning to his chapmen sp'd
 Some meat was gone, then ask'd them, who 'twas took
 His meat away that hung on such a hook.
 The Thief raps out an oath, that he had none
 Of the Cooks meat, if any piece were gone;
 And the Receiver dares as boldly swear,
 He thence took none, if any such there were;
 Then quoth the Cook, the Thief I cannot learn,
 But that God knows, by whom ye both have sworn.

The Morall.

All secret thoughts are open to God's eyes
 And he that sees in secret, will requite.

TWO young men pretend to buy meat at the Cooks ; whilest the Cook was otherwayes busie, the one filches meat out of the basket, giveth it to his fellow to hide under his garment: The Cook, so soon as he saw that a piece of meat was stoln from him, began to accuse both of them of theft. He that had taken it away swears by *Jupiter*, that he had none of it : and he that had it, forswears it likewise, that he took away none of it. To whom the Cook saith : to me indeed the thief is now unknown ; but he by whom you sware, he looked on him, he knows him.

Morall. If we have committed any sinne, men do not presently know it ; but God seeth all things, who sitteth upon the heavens, and seeth into the bottomlesse deeps : which if men would consider, they would sinne more sparingly, and more warily.

F A B. A7.

The Dog and the Butcher.



A Sly Curre in the Shambles had descri'd
A busie Butcher turn his head aside

From

From his Stalls end, whereon a Calves-pluck lay,
 Off plucks he it, and therewith ranne away;
 By this, the Butcher turn'd his head again,
 And sees him runne, but since he cannot gain
 His Pluck, he plucks up a good heart, and sayes,
 Well? thou fly *Curre*, for this time go thy wayes,
 But henceforth I will watch you, that you shall (shall)
 Snatch no more Calves-plucks from my once rob'd

The Morall.

*Till they receive some dammage many men
 Are carelesse soe; but wise and carefull then.*

WHEN on a time a Dog had stoln a piece of flesh
 from a Butcher in the shambles, he presently be-
 took himself to his feet as fast as he could. The Butcher
 being troubled for the losse of the thing, at first held
 his peace. By and by recollecting his mind, he thus cryed
 to him as farre off: O thou thievish *Curre*, go thy way;
 thou maist go scot-free: For now thou art safe by rea-
 son of thy swiftnesse; but hereafter thou shalt be looked
 unto more narrowly.

Morall. This Fable sheweth, that for the most part all
 men do become then at length more wary, after they have
 received a losse.

The Dog and the Sheep.



A Dog the harmlesse Sheep arraigns,
 Pretending she from him detains
 A loaf of bread (by bond long due.)
 So censure each way doubtfull flew,
 Till witnesses produced are
 On the Dogs part; too potent farre
 For th' injur'd Sheep; whose innocence,
 (Arm'd with an unstain'd Conscience)
 Proof sufficient as she thought,
 No other testate with her brought:
 When as the Vulture, Wolf, and Kite,
 The Sonnes of Murder, Rapine, Spite,
 And enemies t' an honest cause,
 (Too many such abuse the Laws)
 With execrable oathes averre,
 The debt firm to the Dog from her.
 Fair Justice then, whose clearest eye
 Through ev'ry corner cannot prie,
 Of perjur'd souls, enforced stands,
 With equall and impartall hands,

The rigour of the Law to lay
Upon the Sheep; who must obey
Though wrong'd; and subject to her foe,
Ev'n as he pleaseth, suffer so:
Who, sooner was not sentence past,
But he with more then cruell haste,
(His malice grown to ripenessse) slew
The silly beatt, to feast the Crew
That like to him in bloud delight,
No present friend to aid her right.

The Morall.

*The worst of hate and envy here is shewn,
When in that height of wealth the rich are grown,
That they by bribing of false witnessse can
O'rethrow the poore, though honest-dealing, man;
And him not only into prison lay,
But often take both life and goods away.*

A Dog sueth a sheep, crying out that she did ow him
a loaf, which she had borrowed, she denied it; the
Kite, the Wolf, and the Vulture are called in for wit-
nesses. They affirm the matter. The sheep is condemn-
ed, being condemned the dog snatcheth, and tearth her
in pieces.

Morall. That very many men are undone by false wit-
nesses, both every one knoweth, and also this little fable
most excellently sheweth.

The Lamb and the Wolf.



A Hungry roving *Wolf* met somewhat late
 A *Lamb*, that had a *He-Goat* for his mate.
 The *Wolf* feigns loving Counsell, asking why
 The *Lamb* had left his *Damme*, to accompany
 The rank *He-Goat*; advises him return
 To his *dammes* sweeter udder, which doth burn
 Surcharg'd with milk, that when the *Lamb* should leave
 His Guardian, he of life might him bereave.
 The *Lamb* replies, my *Damme* bad me attend
 My Guard'an; and not elsewhere to intend,
 'Tis better to obey my *Damme*, then be
 Seduc'd to death, by your feign'd love to me.

The Morall.

*Be not too light of credit, many feign
 Good will to others, for their proper gain.*

THe *Wolf* meets a *Lamb* accompanying a *He-Goat*;
 asketh him, why (his *Damme* being left) he should
 rather follow the rank-smelling *Goat*; and perswadeth
 him

him that he would return to the suckes of his Damme, swelling with milk: hoping, that so it would come to passe, that being led away he might kill him. But quoth the Lamb, O Wolf, my Damme committed me to this Goat: To him the chief charge of preserving me is given, I must obey my Damme rather than thee, who desirest to seduce me by those words, being led aside presently to tear me in pieces.

Morall. Trust not all men, for many, while they seem willingly to do others a pleasure, in the mean time provide for themselves.

FAB. 90.

CUPID and the young Man.



Cupid it seems had struck a young mans love,
As tow'rds a Cat he did affection move,
So strong; that the young Man to Venus flies,
And on his knees unto the Goddesse cries,
To hear his suit; and suddenly estrange
The Cats rough form, and her to Virgin change.
Venus consents, and to the young Mans eye
The Cat was Metamorphos'd presently:

So

So time appointed for their wedding was,
 And all that day in joy and mirth did passe:
 To bed they go: but long they staid not there,
 When, like kind lovers as they sporting were,
 The Bride espies a *Mause*, leaps from her bed,
 And, as when *Cat* she was accustomed,
 Pursues the *Vermine*, and forsaketh quite
 All rights of love, or conjugall delight:

For which the Goddesse, angry, in disdain
 Transforms her to her ancient shape again.

The Morall.

*The Fable shews how hardly wicked men
 Their natures leave, and not return agen;
 And that although their states may alter, they
 Retain ill manners to their dying day.*

WHen as a certain young man did take delight in
 loving a *Cat*, He wearied *Venus* with his sup-
 plications, that she would transform the *Cat* into a wo-
 man. *Venus* pitied him, and heard his suit. There is
 a *Metamorphosis*, which wonderfully pleaseth the do-
 ing amorous young-man: for she was altogether fair,
 and very pretty. At length they go to their bed-cham-
 ber, they laugh and sport: And not long after, the
 Goddesse being very desirous to try whether the *Cat*
 had with her body changed her manners, sends in a
 mouse through the eusens. Thereupon there falls out
 forthwith a matter worthy of laughter and sport. The
 little beast was no sooner seen, but the woman pursues.
Venus being wroth with the woman, changes her face
 into a *Cat*, she changes her hands into feet, her arms
 into legs, and a tail is added to her changed body.

Morall, *They that run beyond sea, change the air but
 not their mind.*

*It is too hard a thing to leave customes, although you
 drive away nature with a pitchfork it will return again.*

FAB. 31.
Of an Husband-man and his Sonnes;

A Certain Man had many Sonnes, which he
 Perceiving very often disagree,
 Ströve to compose them, to which end commands
 A bunch of rods, bound up with Oſier bands
 Should unto him be brought, which being done,
 In order he presents it to each Sonne,
 Bidding them trie their strength to break the ſame,
 The Lads aſſay by turns, but all in vain;
 The Father doth unbind the bunch, and reach
 Each Sonne a rod, which ſoon are broke by each,
 So, Lads quoth he? if thus in love you cloſe
 You'll thrive, if not, you periſh by your foer.

The Morall.

*Weak things grow ſtrong by unitie, and love:
 By diſcord ſtrong things weak, and weaker prove.*

THe Husbandman had many ſonnes, and they diſ-
 agreed among themſelves, whom the father labour-
 ing to reconcile, putting a bundle of wands before
 them, commanded every one of them to break the bun-
 dle

dle which was bound with a little short string. Their tender age could do little. Their father unties the bundle, and gives to every one a wand, which, when every one according to his strength easily broke, O quoth the father, my sonnes, while you agree together, you are invincible. But if you will needs fall out one with another, and stirre civill discord, you will at length be a prey to your enemies.

Morall. This fable shews, small matters increase by peace, but great things decay through discord.

F A B. 52.

The Country-man and the Horse.



AN over-loaden Ass upon the way,
A lighter-burd'ned Horse, doth humbly pray,
To ease him of some fardels which he bore,
Then adds this motive, that he is so sore,
And weary, he (without some present aid)
Must yield his life, his strength is so decay'd,
The Horse refuseth help, the poore Ass straight
Falls dead, oppress'd with his sore-loading waight ;

The

ÆSOP'S Fables.

The Owner forthwith loads the Horse with all
That the Ass bore, his burthen hide and all;
Wherewith he griev'd, said he was justly us'd;
That to relieve th' oppressed Ass refus'd.

The Morall.

*Help and relieve poore men oppress'd, and vexs,
For ought you know, your turn may be the next.*

The Countrey-man leads forth an empty horse, and
the Ass hard loaden into the way. The Ass being
weary, intreats the horse, if he wisht him well, that he
would ease him of his burthen. The horse denies to do
it. At length the Ass being overloaden with his bur-
den, lies down and dies. The master layes all the bur-
den and also the hide of the dead Ass upon the horses
back, with which when he was weight down; alas
for me, quoth he, deservedly I am now thus tormented,
who refused to help the poore loaden Ass.

Morall. We are advised in this fable, to succour our
distressed friends. Our birib, saith Plato, challenges
part of us, part of us our countrey, our friends a part.



The Morall.

*Avoid debaish society, lest the shame
Of noted vice thy better deeds defame.*

THe Collier invites the Fuller to dwell with him in the same house. It is not, my good friend, saith the Fuller, either profitable or to my mind, for I greatly fear, lest that the things which I scour clean thou makest as black as a cole.

Morall. We are advised in this fable, to converse with unblameable men. We are admonished to decline the company of wicked men as the plague it self. Fellowship and commerce, saith Campanus, doth seduce men and drive into their manners; and just so every one becomes as they with whom he consorts.

F A B. 54.

The Fowler and Stock-Dove.



A Fowler aiming at a Stock-Dove fate
Nestling upon a tree, 'twas his Fate,
To tread upon an Adder, underneath
The leaves, whose sting gives to the Fowler death,
He now expiring, makes this grievous mone,
Ah me ! poore wretch, through haste I loose my own,
Seeking

Seeking anothers life, my heartstrings feel,
I aim'd not with my eye, but with my heel.

The Morall.

*Oft-times we bear the evil we contrive
For other men, ill thoughts so justly thrive.*

THe Fowler goes a birding: spies asfarre off the Stock-
Dove building in an high tree: he hastens to him,
and devises plots against him: by chance he treads up-
on a Snake. The Snake bites him: he being on the sudden
affrighted with the mischief; wretch that I am, quoth
he, while I lay wait for another, I my self am undone.

Morall. *This fable shews that sometimes they are cir-
cumvented with their own devises, who plot new designs.*

F A B. 55.

Of the Trumpeter.



A Captive Trumpeter requests the Foe,
To spare an Innocent, and let him go,
Urging, that he the life of no man sought,
He still unarmed was, nor ever fought,
Slave said the foe, thou di'st for greater ill
That unprovok'd, sets others us to kill.

The

The Morall.

*Those men most guilty are, whose dire commands ;
And evill counsell, kill with others hands.*

A Certain trumpeter is taken by his enemies, is brought before them : he begins to tremble, desires that being innocent they will spare him. Professing that he bearing no arms but a single trumpet, neither would nor could kill any man. They on the other side, thunder at him with fierce language, and blows. Thou pleadest nothing thou villain, thou art most obnoxious, and here forthwith shalt be tortured, that seeing thou (according to thy own confession) art unskillfull in military matters: But with that thy trumpet doest stirre up, and provoke the courage of others.

Morall. Some men are grievously peccant, who prone enough to mischief assent to tyrants in unjust actions. Why doest thou doubt ? Hast thou forgotten that thou wert a commander ? Is it not lawfull for thee to do what thou wilt ? Thou art above the Laws. The name of Law-breaker cannot be imputed to thee, who hast a sovereignty over the Laws themselves. Thy subjects enjoy nothing but what is thine. Thou canst both save and destroy. It is in thy hands to augment in wealth and dignity whomsoever thou pleasest. Where thou pleasest, thou hast power to take away. Some either condemn or commend others. Thou canst do nothing but what which is most honest.

The Wolf and the Dog.



Ere full broad day, a *Wolf* and *Dog* do meet
 Within a wood, each kindly other greet;
 The *Wolf* ask'd how the *Dog* so smooth and fair
 Became, he answers his Lords love and care,
 Who from his trencher feeds him, and oft strokes
 His fauning sides, the like do all the folks,
 The *Wolf* this hearing, for such blisse doth long,
 Thinks, happy he, could he to such belong.
 A place is promis'd, if he will but serve,
 And somewhat from his wonted fiercenesse swerve.
 Agreed, to town they march; by this, broad day,
 The *Dog*'s gal'd neck, doth to the *Wolf* display;
 Whose reason ask'd, my fiercenesse, quoth the *Dog*,
 Incit'led me unto a weighty clog,
 I being curst alike to friends, and foes,
 My master honour'd me with many blows,
 Giving me charge, no living thing to bite,
 But Wolves, and Thieves, who rob both day, and night;
 Thus was I tam'd, yet still about I bear
 This mark of innate curstnesse ev'ry where.

The *Wolf* this hearing, said, I will not buy
Your masters friendship, with my liberty.

Then bids the *Dogge* farewell, go serve thy friends;
For my hard fare, my freedom makes amends.

The Morall.

*Great mens acquaintance, and their danty cheer
Exchang'd for liberty, are bought too dear.*

THE *Wolf* by accident meets the *Dog* in the wood before day; he salutes, and welcomes him, finally asks him; how it comes to passe he is so spruce: to whom he replied: it is my masters care that does it: when I fawn upon my master he makes much of me, I am fed from my masters sumptuous table, I never sleep in the open air, it is unspeakable, how acceptable I am to the whole family. Verily (saith the *Wolf*) thou art most happy (O dog!) who hast got so bountifull and courteous a master, O that I might dwell with him, I should esteem no creature alive more fortunate. The *Dog* perceiving the *Wolf* extreme desirous of a new condition, promises to bring it about, that he should be a retainer to his master, if so be he would abate somewhat of his former fiercenesse; and would be content to become a servant. It is determined; and it was the pleasure of the *Wolf* to walk about the village: they passe on their journey with most pleasant discourse. A little after, when it was break of day, the *Wolf* seeing the dogs neck to be worn; what is the meaning of it, O *Dog*, (saith the *Wolf*) that I see all thy neck without hair: It was my wont (saith the *Dog*) being something fell to bark at, and sometimes to bite both friends and foes. My master taking that ill, gave me many a blow, forbidding me to set upon any besides the Thief and the *Wolf*: and so by cudgelling I am subdued and become more tame, and this is the badge of my native cruelty. Which
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the Wolf hearing, I will not, quoth he, purchase the favour of your master at so dear a rate, farewell therefore. (O Dog) with that thy servitude; I think my liberty much better.

Morall. It is a more desireable thing to be master of a mean cottage, and to live upon brown bread, then to live in fear and danger, though in a Kings palace, and to enjoy the most costly fare: for liberty lives not in the court, where it becomes a captive, and there's no complaining of wrong.

F A B. 57.

Of the Husband-man and the Dogs.



AN Husband-man besieg'd with frost and snow,
To market for provision could not go;
In this distresse full many dayes he past,
Winter still lasting he was forc'd at last
To kill his Sheep and Goats, and they being spent
His Oxen too to give his guts content:
This his Dogs seeing, ranne for life away:
Not daring, till the beeves were eaten, stay

Though

Though they should share the bones : for if he kill
His Steers, say they, who us'd his ground to till
His Sheep that cloath'd him, will our master spare
Our lives, who uselesse and devouring are.

The Morall.

*Ill-nursh'd men make all their servants slaves,
With whom the best no better fare then knaves.*

THE Husbandman when he had wintred certain days
in the country, he began to be in want: he slaugh-
ters the sheep, and afterward the kids, and last of all he
slayes the oxen, that he might have wherewithall to
support his thin body, almost consumed with want, The
Dogs seeing that, resolve to provide for their own safe-
ty by running away, thinking with themselves that there
was no living long, when the master spared not the ox-
en, which are so usefull for all country employment.

Morall, Be wary into what family thou sellest thy
self for gain: some masters are most intemperate, for many
as present are grown to that madnesse, that by misfor-
tune, mischief, and detriments they wilfully kill their
servants.

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F A B. 8.

The Lion and Fox.



THe Fox that never in his life before
 Had seen a Lion, nor what aw he bore
 In his dread countenance; at first dismay'd,
 Durst not approach him, ev'n to death afraid.
 The second time he meets him; whose fierce sight
 The trembling Fox did in some measure fright,
 But not so much as first: But when that he
 The third time met him, his timidity
 Quite shaken off, the Fox was grown so bold,
 That he durst conf'rence with the Lion hold.

The Morall.

*So custome makes men fearlesse, and what were
 Dreadfull before, become familiar,*

THe Fox, which saw the usuall fiercenesse of the
 Lion, frequently viewing that kind of creature,
 trembled at him, and shunn'd him: whereas now the
 third time she met the Lion, the Fox was so farre from
 fearing any thing, that she confidently went to him and
 saluted him.

F

Morall.

ÆSOP'S Fables.

Morall. Custom makes us all more ventrons, even with those whom before-time we scarcely durst look upon.

F A B. 19.

Of the Fox and the Eagle.



A Brooding Eagle for her Eaglets stole
 A young Fox-cub, that strayed from his hole;
 The Bitch-Fox hearing her distress'd cub crie,
 Forth of her hole came running hastily,
 Praying the Eagle she would let him go;
 Which when the mounting Eagle would not do,
 The Damme a fire-brand takes and vows that she
 Will burn the nest, with that she climbs the tree,
 Which when the Eagle sees, let me alone,
 She sayes, and I will render thee thine own.

The Morall.

Wrong not the poor, for thine own welſar's ſake,
 There's none ſo mean but due revenge may take.

The Foxes whelps ranne abroad, which being taken
 by the Eagle, implore the help of their Damme.

she runnes to succour, and intreats the Eagle to let go the captivated whelps. The Eagle, having gotten her prey flies to her young ones. The Fox, taking a fire-brand, follows her, as if she would burn up her thresholds: whereas now she climbed up the tree. She (the Fox) said, now defend thy self and thy young ones, if thou canst. The Eagle trembling whilest she dreaded burning, saith, spare me I pray thee and my young ones, and what ever I have I will give thee.

Morall. By the Eagle understand such men who are of a powerfull and hardy courage; by the Fox understand poor men, whom wealthily ones study to oppress with calumnies and reproches: But sometime even the wise have their fel, and most impudent have sometimes a power to wrong an injury received.

F A B. 60.

Of the Husband-man and Stork.



A Farmer pitcht a net for Cranes and Geese,
That fed his new-sown seed; but among these
A Stork caught likewise, humbly doth implore
For life; since she was never there before.

She a poor *Stork* (that doth her parents feed,
And succour, when distressed with age or need)
No *Goose* or *Crane* is; therefore freed may be,
If not for pittie, for her pittie.

The Farmer says, that though nor *Goose* nor *Crane*
You be, you die, since you with such are tane.

The Morall.

*Hence pliant youth, and natures, may descry,
And Shunne the danger of ill company.*

THE *Cranes* and *Goose* eating up the sowed corn, the
country-man spreads his net: the *Cranes* are
caught, likewise the *Goose*, as also the *Stork*. She begs
pardon, proclaiming her innocency, and withall pro-
fessing that she was neither the *Crane* nor the *Goose*,
but the best of all birds, because she us'd to be dutifull
to her parents, even when they were worn with old age:
The husbandman answers, none of these I regard. See-
ing I have taken thee with offenders, with them shalt
thou also die.

Morall, He that commits a fault, and he that adjoins
himself to wicked companions, shall suffer like punish-
ment with them.

F A B. 61.

The Cat and the Cock.



A Cat upon the Cock layes violent hands,
 With full intent that watchfull Bird to kill :
 Of whom the Cock before his death demands
 Why so unjustly she his bloud would spill ?
 The Cat replies ; Villain, when Men should rest,
 And undisturbed in their houses lie,
 Thy nightly crowings their sound sleeps molest,
 Which to prevent, thou instantly shalt die.
 Alasse, quoth Chaunticleer, my voice affrights
 Not any ; but more helps then damnifies ;
 By that men know the wasting of the nights,
 And with the early morning when to rise.
 Admit, quoth Pusse, I grant thee this excuse,
 Yet greater crimes then that hang o'r thy head ;
 Thy kindred thou incestuously dost use,
 Not sparing those are nearest, but dost tread
 With equall lust thy Sisters, and ev'n Her
 Who hatch'd and gave thee being : Does not then
 This merit death ? No, answers Chaunticleer,
 Nature confines not us as she doth men,

Wholly to one. Tush, quoth the Cat, I see
 Y' are frequent in your babling, when you please,
 Whose empty sound can nothing profit me,
 Nor to my eager appetite give ease;
 Your life I cover, and 'tis that alone,
 Without excuse, which I must seize upon.

The Morall.

*So great men crush the poore, and make their will
 The only cause of their oppression still.*

THe Cat came to eat the Cock, and having not
 ground enough of injury, began to accuse the Cock,
 say that he was a clamorous bird, that with his shrill
 voice he awoke men sleeping in the night: he pleads
 himself innocent, whereas he stir'd up men to their la-
 bour. The Cat in the mean while thunders at him,
 saying, thou varlet, nothing thou dost, thou hast to do
 with thy mother, neither dost thou contain thy self
 from thy sister: when the Cock endeavoured to clear
 himself in that: Neither shall this avail, quoth the
 Cat, still fuming, I will forthwith tear thee assunder.

Morall. *It is an old saying, saith William Gaud-
 us, it's an easie matter to find a cudgell to beat a
 dog: a wicked man right or wrong will ruine thee.*

F A B. 62.

The Shepherds boy and the Hnsbandmen.



A Shepherds boy with many mocks did keep,
On higher grounds, a scatter'd flock of Sheep;
He jesting oft, as if the Wolves were nigh,
Cry'd out for help, as in extremity,
To neighbor'ing plow folk, they their work leave off
To help the knave, who thanks them with a scoff.
At last the Wolves indeed come, then the boy
Cries, neighbours help, the Wolves my Sheep destroy,
The oft deluded Ploughmen, now refuse
To help, lest he again their help abuse;
And so the Sheep the Wolves prey die; whilst he
In earnest grieves, his jesting mockerie.

The Morall.

A constant liar shall not find belief,
Though truth be tell, the cripple no relief
(That once was known to counterfeits) shall find,
Although he ne're so accurately bind
His pliant leg, to his more supple thigh;
Nay, though it broken were, and lame he cry,

F 4

By

*By Jove I feigne not, and shed many tears;
 Tea, though by dread Osyris self he swears
 Himself a Cripple, all will answer thus,
 Think not to purchase double fools of us,
 We have been fool'd already; would you speed?
 Seek Strangers to relieve you, if you need.*

A Certain boy fed the sheep in an open meddow, and three or four times in jest crying out that the Wolf was coming, stir'd up the husbandmen round about: They being often in this manner deluded, when they were called in earnest, came not, in the mean time the sheep are made a prey to the Wolf.

Morall. If a man accustome himself to lying, he is scarcely believed when he tells true.

F A B. 63.

Of the Eagle and the Crow.



THe Eagle seises on a Lamb for prey,
 And mounting, lightly beareth it away:
 Which th' apish Crow perceiving, thinks that she
 Might as adventurous as the Eagle be;

And

And with as good successe, and equall power,
 Seise on another *Lamb*, and that devour.
 With which surmise pufft up, she swiftly flies,
 And with loud scramings, shrill and hiddous cries,
 Intangled so her claws within the thick
 Rough curled wool, and there so fast did stick,
 That rising, as she thought to bear with her
 The *Lamb* aloft, she neether it could stir,
 Nor yet her self get loose; which conflict straight
 The *Shepherd* sees, and hast's to terminate.
 Seising the vainly-guilty, takes the *Crow*,
 Then clips her wings, and to his boyes did throw
 The silly *Bird*; who sport and with her play,
 While she from them cannot escape away;
 But thus lamenting, cries; O now I see
 That simple *Crows* will never *Eagles* be.

The Morall.

*Some Men who vainly have themselves aspire,
 Ere they possesse the height of their desire,
 Not onely fail in their attempt, but fall
 Beneath themselves, inferiour to all.*

THe Eagle flies from an high rock upon the *Lamb*'s
 back; the *Crow* seeing that, ape-like, desires to
 imitate the Eagle, lights upon the rammes fleece, alight-
 ing is hindred, being hindred is caught; being caught
 is thrown to the boyes.

Morall. Let no man value himself by the virtue that
 is in others, but his own: Measure thy self (*said Ho-*
race) by thy own foot: will, and experience, that which
 thou art able.

The Dog and the Ox.



AN envious Dog that sleeping lay
 Upon a bundle of fresh hay,
 Snarles at the Ox, which thither came
 Hungry, to feed upon the same,
 And drives him back : Whereat the Ox
 This curse upon the Dog invokes,
 May the just gods so punish thee,
 As thou with spleene opposest me,
 Who that, whereon thou canst not feed,
 With-holdest from me in my need.

The Morall.

*I th' world too many such like men there are,
 Who rather then they'l ought to others spare
 For their relief, will to themselves detain
 Things of small use, verhaps of smaller gain.*

THE Dog lies down in the manger full of hay, the Ox came to feed : the Dog raising himself prohibits him. A mischief go with thee (saith the Ox) with that thy envy, who wilt not eat hay thy self, nor suffer me.

Morall.

Morall. Many are of that disposition, that they envy others in what they themselves, through inability of mind, are not able to attain.

F A B. 65.

The Crow and the Sheep.



A Crow upon a Sheeps back proudly stands,
 And seemingly the harmlesse Beast commands
 With her harsh voice : to her thus spake the Sheep,
 Wherefore dost thou so hatefull noises keep ?
 And me disturb ? if here a Dog were nigh,
 You durst not lift your voice up half so high,
 That's true replies the Crow; I domineer
 Onely o're them that dare do nought but fear.

The Morall.

This Fable shews that honest harmlesse men
 Of greatest injuries do suffer, when
 A dogged wrangling Neighbour lives at rest,
 As if none durst disturb, or him molest.

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THe Crow chatters upon the back of the Sheep: the Sheep saith to the dog, if thou shouldst make such a noise, it might be unfortunate unto thee. But saith the crow I know over whom I may triumph; I molest them who are quiet, and am courteous to them who are irfull.

Morall. There is a perpetuall enmity betwixt powerlesse, honest, and wicked men: the most innocent is thrown to the ground; but injurious men and insolent carry themselves uncontrouled.

F A B. 56.

Of the Peacock and the Nightingale.



THe Peacock hearing the melodious strains
Of the sweet Nightingale, sadly complains.
To Joves great Sister, that his squeaking voice
Yielded no sound, but a harsh hatefull noise;
Scorned by ev'ry man, while that small Bird
With rav'shing Notes so much th'affection stirr'd
Of all her hearers, that they'd listning stand
To her tun'd song, his screaming was disdain'd.

To whom thus *Juno* answers ; Hath not *Jove*
 To thee giv'n stately feathers, farre above
 The glori' of other Birds ? then rest content ;
 As she in voice excells, in ornament
 You her surpasse : And *Jupiter* bestows
 His sev'ral gifts, as from his pleasure flows.

The Morall.

*Men ought not with crosse murmuring repine
 Against the justice of the Pow'r Divine ;
 Nor envy others gifts ; for none can be
 Possess of ev'ry thing : but as we see
 Some men have others unto honour rise,
 In power men God thus defect supplies.*

THE Peacock complaines to *Juno* the sister and wife
 of the highest *Jove*, that the Nightingale sung
 sweetly, and that she was decider by all for her hearti-
 nesse. To whom *Juno* replied, every one hath his pecu-
 liar gift from above. The Nightingale in singing, thou
 in thy plumes incomparably surpassest : It becomes
 every one to be content with his own lot.

Morall. That which the gods bestow, thankfully re-
 ceive we, and let us not pursue greater things, when gods
 do nothing rashly.



A Weasell weak through age could not pursue,
 Nor hunt the Mice as she was wont to do :
 Whereon she thus contrived to conceal
 Her self close cover'd in a Tub of Meal,
 Whither whole Regiments of Mice did use
 Still to repair, as to their Randevouz.
 The Weasell which laid there perdue, now riseth
 From thence as from an Ambush, and surprizeth
 The whole Troop, and by this device
 Vanquisheth the whole Troops, and slue them in a trice.

The Morall.

Where weapons cannot, wisdom may prevail.
 Where th' Lions skin is scant, the Foxes tail
 Well piec'd doth well. 'Tis prudence to unite
 Counsell with courage, Policy with Might.

THE weasel by reason of old age decaying in strength,
 was not able to pursue the mice as formerly. She
 begins

begins to use her wits, and lurks in a meal-heap, hoping by that means easily to hunt: The mice runne together, and while they eagerly fall to the meal, are every one devoured by the weasell.

Morall. He had need use his wits, whose strength of body is decayed. Lyfander the Lacedemonian used to say, He must put on the Foxes skin, who cannot attain to the Lions: which may be spoken more clearly thus, where virtue fails, make use of policy.

FAB 68.

The Countrey man and his Landlord.



A Countrey-Swain ith' Countrey every yeare
Gatherd sweet apples from a Tree h' had there
With these he posts to th' Citie, where he sought
His Landlords friendship with the fruit he brought.
His Landlord much delighted with the taste
Of these delicious fruits contrives in haste,

How

How to remove the *Stock* and all ; the fruit
 Could not suffice, unless he see the *Root*.
 No sooner was the *Stock* digg'd from his station;
 But dies and withers in the transplantation ;
 Which when the *Landlord* heard he thus did sigh,
 Uttering these sad complaints, what fool was I,
 That with the fruit could not contented be;
 I've lost the *Aples* while I sought the *Tree*.

The Morall.

*Those rash and hair-braind men that won't be rul'd,
 By the advice of others oft are fool'd
 In their attempts. The moderate man's the sole
 Object of wit. Discretion winnes the Gole.*

THe countrey-man yearly gathered most pleasant
 apples, from a tree which he had in the next field,
 and when he had gathered them, he presented them to
 his elde-landlord, who was so taken with the incredible
 pleasantness of the apples, at length translated the tree
 to his own field. Which being very old presently with-
 ered, and so the apples and the tree in like manner
 perished. Which when it was told to the master of the
 house : Alas, quoth he, it is a difficult matter to trans-
 plant an old tree. It had been sufficiently enough (had
 I known how to have bridled my desires) to have ga-
 thered the fruit.

*Morall. Those who are overwise, and pursue unlawfull
 things are too too foolish ; he that can bridle his desires, is
 the wisest man.*

F A B. 69.

Of the Lion and the Frog.



A Lion at the Croaking of a Frog,
 Stood as h' had been metamorphos'd t' a log,
 With great amazement wondring at the cause
 Or mystick meaning of this hideous voice,
 At length, (as thus he long time pausing stood)
 A little Frog came crawling from the mud,
 Whom, when his re-erected thoughts did meet,
 With scorn he spurn'd and trampled under feet.

The Morall.

*The Fable of the Mountain that did seem,
 And travell'd with a Mushrome Mouse doth seem,
 An Hieroglyphick of the fear of those
 Who are affrighted er'e they see their foes.*

THE Lion seeming to hear a voice start up; he stood still not without fear, expecting some great thing; at length a little Frog came out of the water, the Lion laying aside all fear, makes haste, and spurned the little beast with his feet.

Morall.

Morall. *This Fable forbids vain fears, as that Fable which was made by William Gaudanus, concerning the mountains bringing forth.*

F A B. 70.
Of the Pismire.



THe little *Pismire*, thirsty, goes to drink ;
Where, as she sippeth at the rivers brink,
A floting wave o'rewhelms her ; nor could she
Escape its force ; till from a neighb'ring tree
A gentle *Dove* crops off a tender twig,
And drops it in the river ; on which sprig
The half-drownd *Pismire* crawls, and scapes to shore
Safe from the danger she was in before.

This done, a crafty *Fowler*, viewing where
The *Dove* sate perch'd, approacheth her, and there
Beginnes to place his Nets ; the *Ant* descries
His cunning practice, and for courtesies
Receiv'd that he might not ingratefull prove,
Thus plots a way to free the harmlesse *Dove* :
The *Fowler* being busie at his work,
(Though closely from the *Pig'ons* sight he lurk)

The

The little *Pismire* bites him by the heel ;
 Which sudden smarting when the man did feel,
 Losing his hold, the Nets fall from his hand,
 The noise whereof makes the *Dove* understand
 The *Fowlers* mischief, and with winged speed
 Flie swiftly thence ; from so great danger freed.

The Morall.

*If things irrational so gratefull be ,
 Learn, Man, what Duty doth belong to thee :
 For if thou any man ingratefull call,
 Of bad, thou givest him the Titles all.*

THE *Pismire* being athirst came to the fountain that
 she might drink, by chance she fell into the well, a
Dove helped her as farre off by a bough that was cast
 from a tree. The *Pismire* crawling up the bough, is sav-
 ed, the *Fowler* is at hand to take the *Dove*, but the
Pismire doth not suffer him, biting him by the heel, the
Dove flies away.

Morall. *This Fable elegantly teacheth us to give
 thanks to those that deserve it.*

FAB. 71.

Of the Peacock and the Pie.



THe winged nation, that of old flew free,
 By all means govern'd by a King would be,
Valentine's day, th' appoint with one consent,
 To chatter their Diurnall Parliament;
 The set Day dawning, ev'ry Bird his mate
 Selects, including none to agitate.
 In well fil'd Senate, up the *Peacock* starts,
 And more to take his Auditours, he parts
 And spreads his gaudie Train, then strutting thus,
 Speaks to the rest, since 'tis agreed by us,
 This day a King to choose, 'tis fit you know
 His full endowments, on whom you bestow
 Our Sov'raignty; know, first our king must have
 A gracefull Form, and Personage, to behave
 Himself like other Princes, without these,
 His other parts, are but deformities;
 This being voted by the Birds, again
 The *Peacock* struts, and more displays his Train,
 King in conceit already, thus renews
 His Oratory, what Bird here, that views

The

The Beauty of our Personage, and Gate,
 Though ne're so proud, will think himself our mate:
 With this, the Birds eye-blinded, passe their voices
 He should be King; and with their various notes
 Sound out his *vivats*; but the wiser *Pie*,
 Makes to the King this short, but sharp reply,
 If in thy Reign, (as 'tis most like) some foe
 Assault us, where for succour shall we go?

Can that gay Brav'ry when for aid we fly,
 To hide us there, repulse the Enemy?

The Morall.

*When Princes are elective, one endu'd
 With Prudence, vigilance, and fortitude,
 Ought to be chose, and not whose outward form,
 Doth promise much, but nothing can perform.*

A Flock of Birds as they freely wandred, wished to
 choose them a King, the Peacock thought himself
 first worthy to be chosen, because he was the most beau-
 tifull. He being made King: O King sayes the *Pie*, if
 (thou reigning) the Eagle should begin to follow us
 strongly as she was wont, how couldest thou drive him
 away, how couldest thou save us?

Morall. In a Prince not so much the form as the fer-
 titude of his body is to be mark'd, and there is need of
 wisdom.

Of the Sick man and the Physician.



A Rare Physician had a man in cure;
 That a long time did grievous pain endure,
 His malady unknown, yet still the Sor,
 Plie'd him with Purges, Glysters, and what not;
 That he might learn, (such is the use of those;
 Hedge-Doctors still) the nature of each Dose,
 Unknown to him before, and try which Pill
 What Drugges is hot, or cold, doth ease, or kill;
 The man, this ramp'ring to a fever brought,
 Whereof he dies; but when his kindred sought
 What his Disease was, the Doctor repl'd,
 Through some intemp'rance 'twas your kinsman di'd.

The Morall.

Intemperance effeminates the soul
 And body both, and doth destroy the whole
 State of mans life, by hastning on old age.
 Stopping our journey ere w' have rid a stage.

The

THe Physician cured a sick man, at length he dies,
then the Physician sayes; he hath perished by intem-
perance.

Morall. *Unlesse every one leaves drunkennesse and
lust, when he is young, he shall either never come to old
age, or he shall have a very short old age.*

F AB. 73.

Of the Lion and others.



THe Royal Lion, Fox and Ass, do make
A hunting day, and ample prey do take;
A well grown calf; which in three equall parts
The Ass divides; and each, to each imparts;
The Lion raging roar'd, to see his share
No more, then those, of his mean Subjects are;
And in contempt, the stupid Ass dash'd away,
Bidding the Fox divide the doubled prey.
The cunning Fox, but two shares makes for all,
The Lions very great, his very small;

And being ask'd, who to divide him taught?
Repli'd, the Justice on the Ass was wrought.

The

The Morall.

*That man is provident, and wise alone
B' anothers danger that avoids his own.*

THe Lion, the Ass, and the Fox go a hunting, a great prey is taken, it is commanded to be divided, the Ass laying to every one their parts, the Lion rores, he takes hold of the Ass and tears him, afterward he committeth that businesse to the Fox, who being more crafty; when a great deal the best part was laid before the Lion, he reserveth scarce a little part for himself, the Lion asked by whom he was so taught, to whom he answered, the calamitie of this taught me, shewing him the dead Ass.

Morall. He is happie whom other mens harms do make to beware.

F A B. 74.

The Wolf and the Kid.

A Kid safe hous'd out of a window spies
A wolf passe by, which with foul obloquies

He

He doth salute, of which, the worst and chief,
Were harmfull, uselesse, glutton, butcher, thief.
The *Wolf* replies, ah wretch, 'tis thy strong place,
And not thy valour, doth me this disgrace.

Come forth, and to your skinn, I'll wage a groat,
I'll teach your ill-tun'd tongue another note.

The Morall.

*In times and places priviledg'd, some dare
Speak bigger, and they, most often, varlets are.*

THE Kid looking out at the window, he durst provoke the *Wolf* with railings as he passed by, to whom the *Wolf* said, thou dost not rail on me, thou wicked creature but the place.

Morall. Both the time and place alwayes give boldnesse to a man.

F A B. 75.

Of the Asse.



A Gard'ners Asse, that carried each day
Some things to marker, unto *Jove* doth bray,

G

Entreating

Entreating for another master, he
 Held his then owners usage, cruelties;
 This fate is granted, and a *Tile-man* giv'n,
 But now, alas ! the *Grumbling Ass* is driv'n
 A longer way, with greater loads; again,
 Therefore, the *Ass* doth unto *Jove* complain,
 A milder Owner begging, *Jove* sayes nay;
 Yet since the *Ass* incessantly doth bray,
 A *Tannier* given is; whom, when the *Ass*
 Had perfect notice of, repli'd alas,
 Those I refus'd were mild ones, but this man,
 When I am dead, my very skinne will tanne.

The Morall.

*Who with their present state are not content,
 Still worser find, for their just punishment.*

THe ass complaining of the cruelty of the gardener,
 prayeth Jupiter to give him another master, Jupiter
 hears the prayers of the ass, he gives him a tile-maker,
 with whom, when he carried tiles, and heavier burthens
 upon his back, he came again to Jupiter, intreats him
 to give him one that was more mild, Jupiter laughed,
 but he did not desist to be instant, and to pray whilest he
 had forced him, he giveth him a tanner, whom when the
 ass knew, he saith wo is me, who whilest I am content
 with no master, that I should happen upon him who
 will not spare my very hide (as I suppose.)

*Morall. We alwayes dislike those things which
 present, and desire new, which (as the Proverb is) are
 not better then the old ones.*

FAB. 76.

Of an old Women and her Maids.



AN aged worldling, many Maids did keep,
 Which never could beyond cock-crowing sleep;
 For then their *Bel-dame* chim'd them up; whilst they
 Stretching, as if they reach'd for sleep, would say
 Hey ho, for husbands, that we longer might,
 Lie in our beds, nor rise before the light.
 At length the Maids, tir'd with their dayly toil,
 Behead the cock, and his Alarum spoil;
 (Hoping without disturbance they should rest,
 Till broad day had obscurity suppress,)
 The cock remov'd; but see, what change befell,
 Their *Dame*, thenceforth at midnight rings a bell.

The Morall.

When you would shunne a thing distastefull, see
 You not incurre a worse calamitie.

Fools to one vice, when they another shunne,
 As from one gulf into another runne,

A Certain old woman had many maids in her house, whom every day, before it was light, at the crowing of the cock which she brought up in the house, she called up to their work, the maids at length being moved with the daily tediousness of their work, kill the cock, hoping that he being killed they should sleep to midday, but this hope was frustrated; for the mistress when she knew that the cock was killed, commanded them to rise at midnight.

Morall. Many whilst they study to shun one grievous evil, fall into a worse: (as the proverb is) he falls into Scylla who would shun Charibdis.

F A B. 77.

Of the Ass and the Horse.



A Poore lean Ass, which daily underwent Great Loads, was with that course of life content, But meeting with a Warre-Horse full of ease And pamper'd flesh, ('twas then a time of peace) Ah then unhappy him; but richly blest, He thought the Horse, because he then had rest.

Soon

Soon after this, the Horse to warre was sent,
Where wounds, and toil, he had small nourishment;
Whom, when (returning lame) the Ass doth see,
He's well content with his lean drudgerie.

The Morall.

*Clowns envie Kings their State, and dainty fare,
When they in happier conditions are.*

*Great cares do sober sadnesse drive the King,
When every clown in jollity doth sing.*

THE Ass thought that the Horse was happy, because he was fat, and lived in idlenesse, but he find that he was unhappy, because he was lean and poore, and every day was used by his cruell master to carry burthens; a while after they called to arms, then the Horse could not keep the Rider from his back, nor the bridle from his mouth, nor the darts from his bodie; the Ass seeing this, gave great thanks to the gods that they had made him an Ass, not a horse.

Morall. They are miserable whom the vulgar account happy, and there are not a few happy who think themselves miserable. The cobbler says that a king is happy, whom he seeth to be mighty in all things, not considering in how great matters and troubles he is employed, when in the mean time he is merry with the best povertie.



A Lion seeing on a Mountain steep
 A shaggie Goat her safer mansion keep,
 Above his reach, plots, how he might betray,
 Or bring her down, to make her so his prey;
 And thus begins, Why fondling dost thou feed
 On barren rocks? these fruitfull Meadows breed
 More sweet and pleasant herbs for tast or sent,
 And are more usefull for thy nourishment,
 When upon rocks grows none but wither'd grasse,
 Scorched with heat. The Goat replies, Alas,
 'Tis my ill hap: but here secure I live,
 Nor to thy flatteries will credit give.
 Should I come down to feed one hour by thee,
 I scarcely should another minute see.

The Morall.

Let not fair words perswade ye, till you know
 The causes whence such gilt-tongu'd speeches flow.
 If well intended, good deeds shall supply
 Their place; if ill, malice and enmity.

BY chance the lion seeing a goat walking upon a high mountain, admonisheth him that he would rather come down into the green mead; the goat answereth, I would perhaps, if thou wert absent, who dost not perswade me that I should take any pleasure from thence, but that thou mightest have something that thou maist devour, O thou hunger-starved creature.

Morall. We must not trust all men, for some men give thee counsell not for thy profit but for their own.

F A B. 79.

Of the Vulture and other Birds.



THE *Hawk* proclaims a solemn festivall,
 And to that sumptuous Feast inviteth all
 The Birds; They not mistrusting danger come;
 The *Hawk* conducts them to a spacious room,
 Which enter'd, straight she maketh fast the doore,
 And surely locking them within her power,
 Beyond the expectation of her Guests,
 In stead of them, her self alone she feasts,
 And murders all, not sparing one to be
 The sad relater of that Tragedie.

The Morall.

*'Tis dangerous to trust professed foes,
For by fair words gilt-ore with faigned shows
Of seeming love, more bloud they do devoure,
Then twenty battells fought with equall power.*

THe vulture feigneth that he will celebrate his birth-day, he inviteth the birds to a banquet, for the most part they all come, he receiveth them coming with great joy and favour, but the vulture teareth them being received.

Morall. They are not all friends who speak flatteringly, or feigne that they will do bountifully. Poisons lie hid under this honey.

F A B. 80.

Of the Geese.



A Flock of Geese with certain Cranes did waste
A clowns corn-field; who leaving all in haste,
To them, with all his servants, maketh speed;
The watchfull Cranes, soon by their flight were freed:
But

But the dull *Geese*, clog'd with their bodies weight;
Their foes pursuing quickly ruinate.

The Morall.

*When Towns in warre are taken, poore men may
withdrew themselves, the rich remain for prey.*

THE geese together with the cranes, spoil a field, who
being heard, the countrey-men come out pre-
sently upon them: the cranes seeing the countrey-men,
flee away, the geese are taken, who being hindred by
the heaviness of their body, could not flee away.

Morall. A poore man easily goes away from the ene-
my out of a conquered citie, but having taken the rich
man he keeps him; in warre riches are rather for bur-
then then for use.

F A B. 81.

Of Jupiter and the Ape.



Jove calls the *Beasts*, and wills them all to stand:
For censure which is fairest; his command
They all obey; the watty *Fishes* too,
And *Birds* of th^e aire to that assembly flew:

G 5

Nono

None absent but the *Ape*, yet she though late
 Comes with her young ones, imitating state
 Of the most noble; but her antick gestic
 Raise but a laughter among all the *Beasts*,
 To scoffe her naked Buttocks. Friends, no more,
 Quoth the old *Ape*, I doubt not but before
 From hence we part, you all abash'd will stand,
 When *Jove* to me and mine gives th' upper hand
 For feature and rare form: for in my sight
 None of you equall us, if *Jove* judge right;
 At which a second laughter rose through all
 The *Beasts*; and *Jove* into like mirth did fall:
 Replying, foolish *Ape*, this fond applause
 Of thine own self derision from us draws.

Hence then, and better learn thy self to know,
 For who extoll themselves, their folly show.

The Morall.

Most think their own by nature fairest are,
 Which if with judgement & others they compare,
 Appear but mean: 't will prove the safer then
 To leave the censure to judicious men;
 Lest Ape-like we, while our own selves we praise,
 The common scorn of every Jester raise.

Jupiter being very desirous to know who of all mortals brought forth the most beautifull young ones, he commandeth to call every creature from every place, they go to Jupiter from every place, now all kinds of birds and cattell are present, among whom when the ape came carrying her deformed young ones in her arms, no body could forbear to laugh, also Jupiter himself laughed greatly, then immediately the ape her self said, yea and Jupiter himself knoweth who is our judge, that my young ones do greatly excell all, as many as there are present.

Morall. Every ones own is the fairest (as the Proverb is.)

Of the Oak and Reed.



WHile the *Oak-tree* and *Reed* a conference held
 Which stood most firm and strong, or least did
 To forcing winds, the unmoved *Oak-tree* — (yield
 Deriding the *Reeds* flexibility,
 To see it like a wave tost ev'ry way
 By each small blast, when at one constant stay
 She still remain'd; the *Reed* gives no replie,
 But stands quite mute, till the wind rising high,
 A violent gust came tumbling o're the field,
 And past the bending *Reed*, but soon compell'd
 The *Oak* to stoop, and from the ground did tear
 Her roots that erst so strongly seated were.

The Morall.

*Men, like the Reeds, whose case natures wind,
 And wheel about, as they occasion find
 To meet their own ends, endure longer farre
 Then those who stubborn and contentious are.*

THe oak in times past, being full of pride and insol-
 lency went unto the reed, saying, if now thou hast a
 courage.

courageous brest: Go to, and come and fight with me, that the event may shew which of us two excelleth in strength: The reed thus answereth, not at all admiring that so great triumphing, and vain boasting of her fortitude: I refuse now the combat, neither doth it grieve me for my lot: for although I am moveable on every side, yet overcome the shrill sounding tempests: You, if that king Æolus shall send forth once his struggling winds out of his cane, will fall down, and shall be then mocked at by me.

Morall. *This Fable declares that they are not alwaies the most strong who insult over others, being provoked by no injury.*

F A B. 83.

Of the Fisher-man and the little Fish.



AN Angler caught a small Fish: him the poore And little Creature, sadly does implore, That he would spare her life, since uselesse she Was not yet grown to full maturity Of years or greatnesse; but if he would please To let her taste the pleasure of the Seas,

And

And feed but for one yeare, she willing then,
 (Grown bigger) would returne his Hook again,
 No, quoth the Fisher, I will never buy
 My hope at such a rate ; uncertainly,
 To wish hereafter, what I now possesse,
 And so bemoane mine own dull foolishnesse.

The Morall.

*The Proverb sayes, one Bird in hand
 Is worth two, which in Bushes stand.*

THE fisherman having cast his hook that was covered with a bait into the water : the captive fish beseecheth and entreateth that he would suffer him being a little fish to escape and depart, that he might grow bigger, that so he might enjoy and have him when he was bigger, the fisherman answereth, I buy not hope with money, for I was alwayes of that disposition, that whatsoever I could, I had rather take it away presently.

Morall. This Fable admonisheth us, that we should not let go certain things for the hope of uncertain : for what is more foolish (as Cicero affirmeth) then to grasp things uncertain for certain.

Of the Ant and the Grasshopper.



THE Grasshopper in Winter feeling want,
 Goes for relief unto the painfull Ant,
 Who answers thus; How comes it that you are
 So needy grown? was not the Summer fair,
 And seasonable too, clothing the ground
 With fruits that did most plentifully abound?
 And couldst thou then neglect to gather store,
 For winter, that thou wantest now, before
 That season half is spent: whom this reply
 The Grasshopper returns, in summer I
 With my shrill voice did pleasant musick make
 For mans delight, when as abroad to take
 The pleasure of the fields they walk; If then
 Answers the Ant, you so could pleasure men
 With your shrill notes and songs in summers prime,
 You best were now to dance in winter rime:
 Lest if it chance to freez, the winters cold
 Upon your half-starv'd carcase take such hold,
 That should you get a cough, your hoarser throat
 Next summer scarcely yield so sweet a note.

The

The Morall.

Our carelesse Epicur'ans so
Not mindfull to prepare
For future times, but wasting all,
To begg'ry driven are;
And pine with hunger, and with want oppress,
When the industrious man, with store is blest.

THe winter coming on, the ant drew her corn into the store, to the sunne; the grasshopper seeth it, runneth and asketh for a grain: the ant saith, why do not you after my example, gather to you whatsoever you can in the summer, and add to your heap. She answereth that the time was passed over by her in singing: the ant laughing, if (saith she) you are wont to sing in the summer, deservedly now you must suffer hunger.

Morall. We are admonished by this little Fable, whilest the strength of the body is present with us, to seek those things, by which our weak old age may be satisfied: By winter understand old age, by summer youth, and the flower of age.

F A B. 85.

Of the Lion and the Bull.



Pursu'd b' a *Lion*, th' *Ox* his life to save,
 Maketh his flight for shelter to a cave ;
 To whom the *Goat* an entrance doth deny,
 And with her horns withstands him enviously.
 For which the angry *Bull* with bell' wing throat
 Thus vents his threats against the shaggy *Goat*;
 Though basely now thou dost oppose my flight,
 Were the pursuing *Lion* out of sight,
 Whose rage I shun, and therefore dare not stay,
 My fury shoold inforce thee to give way ;
 But time will come, when I reveng'd of thee
 Shall punish this thy abject scorn of me.

The Morall.

As here the *Goat* not onely aid denies,
 But seems to adde to the *Bulls* miseries :
 So Men oft do, but 'tis as often seen,
 Times changing, that such have requited been,
 When those who were oppress'd, have rais'd their state,
 And who oppos'd them, fall'n below their base.

The

THe bull shunn'd the lion and fell upon a goar, he with his horns and goat-like forehead threatned him, unto whom the bull full of anger, said, thy forehead contracted into wrinkles frighteth me now: but I fear a great lion, who unless he should stick upon my back, now you should know, that it is no small thing to fight with a bull, and to follow the blood out of our wound.

Morall. Calamity must not be added to those that are in calamity, he is sufficiently miserable who is once miserable.

F A B. 86.

Of the Nurse and the Wolf.



A Hungry Wolf walks forth to seek a prey ;
And by meer fortune hears a woman say
(Chiding her froward Child) forbear to cry,
Or to the Wolf I'll throw thee presently ;
Glad of this news, the Wolf expects the Child,
And waiteth at the doore; but strait with mild
Fair gentle strokings, and sweet Lullabies,
The Infant clos'd his tear-bedew'd eyes,

And

And fell asleep : which when the *Wolf* perceiv'd,
 And of his expectation quite bereav'd,
 With blushes he returns into the Wood,
 To seek among the Trees some other food.

The Morall.

*The Fable may this use to us afford,
 How little trust is in a womans word ;
 The various affections of whose mind
 More often change then the inconstant wind.*

THe nurse threatens the crying child, unlesse he hold his peace, she would throw him to the wolf : The wolf accidentally hears that, and in hopes of a prey, rarieth at the doore : the child (sleep coming upon him) is presently quiet : the fasting and empty wolf returns to the wood. The fox enquires of him where his prey was : he sighing, answered, I was cheated, the nurse threatned to cast the crying child to me, but deceived me.

Morall. *There's no belief to be given to a woman.*

FAB. 87.

Of the Tortoise and the Eagle.



On promise that the Tortoise should descry
 Jewells that did upon some Mountain lie,
 The greedy Eagle with the Tortoise flew
 So high; that neither earth beneath them knew;
 But the dull Tortoise failing promise, Shee
 Turning his fleshie part, outrageously
 Without all pitty kill'd her; and that houre
 The vainly-boasting Tortoise did devoure.

The Morall.

*He undisturb'd with storms and tempests rides,
 Whose unassuming bark by th' calm shore glides.
 When those who proudly plow the troubled Main,
 Lie ship-wrack'd, and their Anchors cast in vain.
 So Man, who lifts his thoughts 'bove his estate,
 Falls in th' attempt, and hastens his own Fate.*

THe tortoise began to be weary with going, and
 if any one would lift her up into the aire, she
 promiseth pearls of the red Sea. The Eagle lifts
 her

her up: requires a reward, she not having any thing, the eagle scratcheth her with her claws, so the tortoise which desired to see the starres, left her life among the starres.

Morall. Be content with thine own condition, some there have been which if they had continued lowly might have been safe; being exalted have fallen into dangers.

F A B. 88.

: Of the two Crabs.



Between two *Crabs*, the *Mother* and the *Son*,
A conference held; the *Mother* thus begun
To check her young one, that he did not go,
A comely pace, but waddled to and fro;
To whom the *Son*, reply'd, *Mother*, I pray,
Mend your gate first, and I shall find the way.

The Morall.

*First set thy self upright, and then
Thou boldly maist check other men.*

THe mother adviseth her sonne that went backwards,
that he would go forwards. The sonne answereth,
Mother, go before and I shall follow after.

Morall.

Morall. Reprehend no man for his fault, whereof
thou thy self mayest be reprehended.

F A B. 89.

The Sun and the Northwind.



THE *Sun* and *Wind* in emulation rose,
Which of their Powers were of greater force;
At length with one consent, they do agree,
A Trav'lers coat should trie the mastery.
The *Wind* forthwith, his blusterings began,
With dreadfull noise assaults the trembling man,
Who still about him casts his coat in folds,
And more the *Wind* doth struggle, more he holds.
The *Wind* appeas'd; the *Sun* his beam applies,
Which in dissolved sweat, the poor man fries;
Fainting with heat, he to the cool shade makes
To rest himself, and there his coat forsakes.
The conqu'ring *Sun*, so calmly clos'd the day,
While the rash *Wind*, ashamed, shrunk away.

The Morall.

So violent threats, and rigour often fail,
Where milder courses, bappely prevail.

The

THe sunne and the northwind contend which is stronger. It is agreed to try their strength upon a traveller: and he should be the conquerour, which fetcht off his cloak. The north-east-wind with a horrible blustering sets upon the traveller: He notwithstanding, doth not desist going on, and foldeth his garment about him. The sunne makes use of his force; who, (the storm by degrees being overcome,) prepares his beams: the traveller begins to burn, to sweat, and pisse: at length being not able to go forward, takes aire, and casting away his cloak, fate down under the shady grove: so the sunne got the victory.

Morall. Beware diligently with whom you contend: for although thou art strong, yet perhaps another may be stronger, yea and more crafty, with his policy so overcome thy strength.

FAB. 90.

Of the Ass.



THe sordid Ass, had found a Lions skin,
And wraps himself unseemingly therein:

As

At which unusuall sight, the trembling Mierd
 Of Beasts amaz'd, are with his presence fear'd,
 And fly amain ; but when his Master came
 Into the field, the *Ass* retires with shame :
 For though a *Lion* he on ev'ry side
 Appear'd, the Skin too short his ears to hide ;
 Displaid him but an *Ass* ; and at the sight
 Of's Master, turns his slownesse into flight,
 To shun his presence ; which beheld, the Man
 Cries after him ; Friend pray return again,
 Thou seemest as thou art to me, though here
 Thou dost thy fellow-Beasts with terrour fear ;
 With that corrects his folly with a blow,
 That he no more may so presumptuous grow.

The Morall.

*Seem what thou art, and not with borrow'd shapes,
 Adorn thy self like other worldly Apes :
 If learn'd dispute ; if rich, or nobly born,
 So bear thy self, that thou deserve not scorn.*

THe ass comes into the wood, finds the lions skin ;
 which he puts on and returns to the pastures ; af-
 frighteth the flocks and herds. He that had lost him,
 came and inquired for his ass. The ass seeing his
 master runs to meet him ; yea, and comes upon him
 roaring: But his master perceiving his ears which stood
 out ; others (quoth he) thou mayest deceive ; But (O
 my ass) I know thee very well.

Morall. *Seem not to be what thou art not : boast not
 thy self to be learned when thou art unlearned ; nor rich
 and noble when thou art poor and base: for the truth ap-
 pearing, thou wilt become a laughing-stock.*

Of the Frog and the Fox.



Forsaking quite the Fens, the Frog would dwell
 Among the Beasts, does with ambition swell,
 And boast her skill in physick, with what art
 She help to cure diseases could impart,
 How dangerous soere. Most Beasts believe,
 Except the Fox, who will no credit give
 To her proud words, but questions, How can ye
 Think this vain boasters skill exact to be,
 Whose colour is so pale? First let her try
 To cure her own wan look, ere she apply
 Physick to others; Distours approv'd we know
 Those are, whose cures, not words, but art, can show.

The Morall.

*As empty Vessels give the greatest sound:
 So Men least knowing, with most brags abound.*

THe frog going into a fen, he professeth physick to
 the wild beasts in the woods. He saith, that he
 would not give place either to Hippocrates, or Galen.

The

The rest believing him, the fox laughs at them, whether (saith he) shall this frog be accounted skilfull in physick, whose mouth is so pale? Let him cure himself. So the fox laughs at him: for the mouth of the frog is as pale as the skie.

Morall. It is a foolish and ridiculous thing to professe that which thou hast no skill in.

FAB. 92.

Of the curst Dog.



A Leering Curre; who slyly, unaware
 Oft bit before he bark'd, his Masters care
 Fastned a yoke on him that men might know
 His currish nature; and prevent him so.
 The Dog grows proud, and thinks his yoke to be
 Some badge of honour, or high dignity,
 Which his kind Master had on him bestow'd,
 But no such favour to his fellows show'd:
 At whose vain pride, one wiser then the rest,
 Thus checks him; fool, what fancie hath possess'd
 Thy idle brain, with gladnesse to embrace
 That for thy honour, giv'n for thy disgrace.

The Morall.

*Such are the bablers of these times, that boast
And in Acts glory them dishonour most.*

THe master bound a bell about the dog, which used to bite men, that they might take heed of him; the dog thinking this bell was hanged about him, as an ornament for his goodnesse, began to contemn his fellows: there came one that was grave in age and authority to the dog, and advised him not to mistake: for, quoth he, that bell is hanged about thee, as a disgrace not for any credit.

*Morall. A boaster many times reputes that to make
for his commendation, which tends to his discredit.*

F A B. 93.

Of the Camel.



THe Camel sadly doth to fove complain,
That all the Beasts deride him, in disdain,
Because no ornament adorn'd his head;
When th' Ox, and many more were honoured

With comely horns their fronts to beautifie :

To whom the angry god gave this reply ,

Since fool, thy folly leads thee, to despise

Our gifts, and cover others dignities,

Henceforth wee'l curb thy prides and thou shalt bear

No horns, nay lesse, upon thy head no eare.

The Morall.

How mean soever thy estate,

Contented rest, nor emulate

Another's good, the Pow'r above

Knows best where to dispose his love.

THe camel grieving within himself, complained that the bulls went with two horns, and that himself unarmed was let forth to other beasts. He prayes Jupiter to give him horns. Jupiter laughs at the folly of the camel, and does not onely deny his desire, but threatens the eares of the camel.

Morall. Let every one be content with his lot, for many having pursued a better condition, have met with a worse.

Of two Companions and a Bear.



TWO Men together trav'ling met a Bear;
 At sight whereof they much affrighted were,
 And doubtfull what to do; straight one with speed
 Climbes up a tree, and from the danger freed
 Himself, regardlesse of the other quite:
 Yet he not void of shifts, invents a slight
 To save his life, upon the ground did fall
 Flat on his face, holding his breath with all
 The pow'r he had, to whom approach'd the Bear,
 And round about survaid him ev'ry where:
 But still he held his breath: the Bear therefore
 Which seldome feeds on Carrion, forbore
 To search him further, and so onward bends,
 Who gone, the other from the tree descends;
 And thus salutes his fellow; Friend, what cheare?
 What did the wild Beast whisper in thine eare?
 The other answers; he forewarned me
 To travell more with one so false as thee.

The Morall.

*Upon the Earth true friends we find as rare
 As black Swans in the silver rivers are.*

TWO friends take a journey, a bear meets them: one of them, climbing up a tree, avoids the danger: the other, seeing there was no hope of escaping, falls to the ground: the beast comes to him, and touches him as he lay, feels his mouth and his ears: The man holding his breath and motion, the bear (which spares the dead) thinking it to have been a dead carcase, innocently departs. His companion afterward demanding what the bear spake to him in his eare. He adviseth me this (quoth he) that I never travell with such friends as you again.

Morall. *Honesty is a rare bird in the world, and like a black swan: Adversity and danger evidence a true friend.*

F A B. 95.

Of the bald Horseman.



A Bald Horseman, through age or accident,
With art suppli'd that fleeting ornament;
And wore a Perruke; walking, he beheld
A troop of youths, were sporting in a field:

Approching them, to view their harmlesse play,
His cap of hair forthwith was blown away
This mov'd the youths to laughter, whereat he
Was tickled too, and laught for company.

Saying, no wonder, strange hairs off are blown,
Since they could not keep on, which were my own.

The Morall.

*When men are jeer'd, it is the wisest way,
To jest it off; not to commence a fray.*

THe balld horseman tied false hair to his bonnet; he comes into the field, while the sharp northwind blew, and taking ill notice of his perriwig, on a sudden his baldnesse appears: the company loudly cry out, as also he himself laughs: what a matter is it, quoth he, that borrowed hair flies away, whereas heretofore my own hair is blown.

Morall. The horseman did well not to be angry, but to laugh with them that laughed: Socrates when he had taken a cuff on the ear in the open market, answers thus, It is a troublesome businesse not to know men, when they ought to walk forth with their helmets.

F A B. 96.

Of two Pots.



W Ithin a Pool two Pots together meet,
 One Earthen, the other Brasse; but th' Earthen can flee
 For the slow Brasse, is swiftly born away;
 The Brasse Pot calls, and prays the Earthen stay,
 That they may ride together. No, replies
 The Earthen Pot, great danger in it lies.
 For should I float near thee, thy harder side
 Justled 'gainst mine by the unconstant tide,
 Would crush my brittle ribs; and therefore I
 At distance hold the most security.

The Morall.

Scorn not thy equals, to associate
 Thyself with those, whose pow'r exceeds thy state:
 For if thou chance with such to disagree,
 Thou canst not them, but they may injure thee,

T WO pots stood on the bank, the one was of clay, the
 other of brass, the force of the stream carries both
 away: the clay pot fearing to be broken, the brass pot
 bid

bid it not fear, he would take sufficient care that they should not be broken. Then the other answered, whether the river dash me against thee, or thee against me; which way soever I shall be in the danger: wherefore most certainly I will divide from thee.

Morall. Its better living with an equall companion, then with one that is more potent: for by the more potent thou mayest be prejudiced, but not be by thee.

F A B. 97.

Of the Countrey-man and Fortune.



A Man whose plough-share had encountered
A pot of Gold, thanksgiving offered
Unto the Goddess of the earth, and rears,
A Green-turffe-altar, which her Image bears.
Returns to plough without devotion paid
To Fortune, whereat she offended, said,
I have no thanks, by whom this treasure came
But when 'tis lost, I shall bear all the blame.

The Morall.

To those who thanks deserve, still thankful be,
Lest you want help, in worse extremitie.

The

THe countrey-man, while he plowed, found a treasure in the furrows: he gives thanks to the ground which had brought it forth. Fortune perceiving that no worship was given to her, thus speaks to her self: This fool having found a treasure, is not thankfull at all, but when he hath once lost it, he will with cries and prayers sollicite me first of all.

Morall. For a good turn received we are thankfull to him that merits well of us: but ingratitude deserves to be deprived of that good she hath received.

FAB. 98.

Of the Peacock and the Crane.



THe gay-plum'd Peacock with a coy disdain
Slights the mean clothing of the long-beakt Crane,
And tells her she much of her state did want,
And costly rayment; Quoth the Crane, I grant
Thy outside's fairer; but what use I pray
Serve thy fine plumes for? Mine inforce a way
Thorow the purer air; when thou alone
Stalk'st on the earth for boyes to gaze upon.

The Morall.

*Despise not thy Inferiours, because they
Walk in a homely black, or countrey gray;
While thou art clad in silks: Their Minds may be
Richer then all thy golden pedegree.*

THe peacock and the crane sup together, the peacock boasts of himself, spreads his tail, flights the crane; the crane confesseth the peacock was gay in feathers: but that he (while the peacock could scarcely fly up to the house top) with an hearty flight could pierce the clouds.

Morall. Let no man undervalue another: every one hath his los, every one his virtue: He that wants what virtue thou enjoyest, possibly may have what thou wantest.

F A B. 99.

Of the Oak and the Reed.



A Fierce strong wind an Oak top heavy blew
Into a river on whose bank it grew;
Which floating spies a plot of Reeds that stood,
And grew, in despite of the wind or flood;

The

The Oak then wondring at it, doth demand,
How a weak Reed 'gainst wind and stream could stand;
The Reed returns an answer, brief but plain,
By moving, I thus unremov'd remain.

And I admire not, that your hold you mist,
Since you refus'd to yield, and would resist.

The Morall.

*Contend not with the Potent, but give way,
Their rage and fury, will in time decay.*

BY a strong southwind the oak is shattered and cast
into the river : and while it floated, some of the
bows hang upon the reed : wondering that the reed in
so great a wind stood safe. She answers, by yielding
and giving way, I rest secure : I bend to the south and
northwind, yea to every wind : and no wonder that
the oak goes down which is ambitious to oppose and
resist.

Morall. Resist not him that is more potent, but over-
come him by giving way, and yielding.

Of the Tiger and the Fox;



AN *Archer* wounding many *Beasts*, the fierce
 And rav'nous *Tiger* thinks no shaft can pierce
 His speckled skin; and bids them no more fear,
 He'd guard them safe from any danger neare;
 Which scarcely spoke, the *Archer* him espide,
 And lodg'd a deadly arrow in his side;
 Whereat amaz'd, the *Tiger* 'gins to start,
 And flying breaks in two the wounding Dart:
 Whom the *Fox* meeting in his flight, requests
 That he would tell him, among all the *Beasts*,
 Which gave him that sore wound; the *Tiger* cries
 With fainting voice, his secret enemies
 He not descri'd when he receiv'd the same,
 But surely thought it from some *Archer* came.

The Morall.

Some rashly so with valour spur'd, pursue
 Their fatall ends, which policy might eschew.

The huntsman pursues the wild-beasts with arrows;
 the tiger bids all the beasts stand to fit, he alone
 would

would maintain the warre: the huntsman goes on to shoot: by and by the tiger is wounded; the fox seeing him draw out the dart, asked him who had so cruelly wounded so stout a beast. He answers, he knew not the author of his wound, but from the largeness of the wound, he guessed it was some man.

Morall. Valiant men are most commonly rash; whereas art overcomes strength, and policy fortitude;

FAB. 101.

Of the Bulls and the Lion.



FOUR Bulls at pasture undisturbed feed,
By Beasts of prey, while they within the Mead
Together keep, nor did the Lion dare
Seize upon them; till they divided were,
And by his policie asunder lead;
Then one by one upon each single Head
He violently slew, and piece-meal tore
Those whom he durst not venture on before.

The Morall.

*Nothing's like Concord firm; but if they break
That knot, the strongest Kingdoms become weak.*

There

THere were foure bulls, who will'd their own common safety, and their common danger: the lion saw them feeding; and although he was an hungry, yet while they were united he was afraid to set upon them: first he endeavours to divide them, then he tears them, once divided in pieces.

Morall. Nothing more firm then concord, discord renders even those that are valians feeble.

F A B. 102.

Of the Firre-tree and the Bush.



A Stately Tree; with tall aspiring height
Swoln proud, begins a little Bush to slight,
With these disdainfull words, dost thou not see
Deformed Shrub, my state excelling thee,
How usefull still I am, and can support
The stately Pallace of a Princes Court?
When uselesse thou rejected standst; of none
Regarded, but to feed the fire alone?

This said, a Labourer with his keen bill
Mews down the Tree, the Bush stood growing still,
Who

Who answers thus in scoffes, If this be all
 Thy state rare Tree, so suddenly to fall,
 I thank dame Nature, who hath made me low,
 And after you to let me stand and grow.

The Morall.

*Ambition here described by the Tree;
 Shews how unconstant worldly honours be:
 The Bush declares a mean estate, content
 Still with its own, not i' envy others bent.*

*The Labourer true justice, which plucks down
 Ambitious pride, ere to full height 'tis grown.*

IT is reported that in time past the firre-tree despised
 the shrubs, she boasts that she was tall, and was plac-
 ed in buildings, and stood with a sail in ships, and that
 the shrubs were low, base, and uselesse; of whom,
 this was the answer, Thou indeed, O firre-tree, boast-
 est of thy goodnesse, and insultest over our unhappi-
 nesse: But withall neither doest thou relate thy own
 mishap, and omittest our benefit: when thou shalt be
 cut down with a sounding ax, how wouldest thou wish
 to be like to us, which are secure?

*Morall. The most happy condition hath its unhappi-
 nesse, and the lowest condition its benefit: To say no more,
 this state is secure and safe, that not without fear nor
 danger.*

Of the Lark and her young ones.



A Lark in standing corn had hatcht a brood,
 Which she commands (flying abroad for food)
 To be attentive, what the owner said
 Of the fields reaping; they poore *Birds* afraid,
 Tell her, the neighbours were to come next day,
 To reap the corn, and with themselves away;
 Fear not, my little *Birds*, repli'd the *Damme*,
 They will not come; 'twas true, no neighbours came,
 Next time the *Damme* came to her young with food,
 Shee was informed by her fearfull brood,
 The owners friends were bid next day to come
 To reap the field, and then would be their doom:
 Cheer up my *Birds*, said she, we fear no friends;
 Next day they tell her, the owner intends
 To reap the corn, next morning with his sonne,
 Nay, then said she, 'tis time that we were gone.

The Morall.

Neighbours and friends are backward; who intends
 To have things soon done, must make his hands his
 friends.

The

THe lark having laid her young ones among the standing corn, charges them in her absence, that they diligently give heed, whether there be any speech of the season: the anxious young ones declare to their damme coming from feeding, that the lord of the field had let out the work to his neighbours: there's no danger, quoth the damme: on another day the young ones tell her that the friends of the lord were intreated to reap: again the damme charges them to rest secure: the third time as she heard the lord himself, with his sonne, determine the next morning to enter the harvest with a sicke. Now (quoth the damme,) 'tis high time for us to be gone: I feared not the neighbours and friends, because I knew they were not about to come: I stand in awe of the master, for the businesse is a delight to him.

Morall. We are slothfull most of us in oiber mens businesses: if thou wouldest have thy businesse carried right, take care of it thy self, leave it not to another.

F A B. 104.

Of a Covetous and Envious man.



A Covetous and Envious man require Jointly that Jove would give them their desire.

Jove

Jove sends *Apollo* to hear their suits, and grant
 To each of them what may supply their want;
 Who bids them speak the full of their demands,
 And what the first ask'd, into th' others hands
 Should doubly be restor'd: The *Covetous man*,
 Whose boundlesse with no treasure limit can,
 Strives therefore to be last, by his delay
 Hoping to bear a double summe away:
Apollo then commands the other speak,
 Who willingly doth thus his silence break,
 And of the god maliciously request
 To lose one eye, contented so to rest,
 That th' other might lose both. A wretched mind,
 Would harm it self to make another blind!

The Morall.

*What's more insatiate then the boundlesse mind
 Of usurers to purchase wealth inclin'd?
 Unless by Envy equaliz'd: whose will
 Would wound it self to work anothers ill.*

TWO men prayed to *Jupiter*, a covetous and an envious man: *Jupiter* sends *Apollo*, that by him, he may satisfie their desires, he gives them free leave to wish for what they would, on this condition, that whatsoever one desired, the other might receive double; The covetous miser is at a long stand, deeming nothing enough; at last he desires not a few things, his fellow receives double: moreover the envious man asked this, that he might loose one of his eyes, jocund that his fellow should be punished with the losse of both.

Morall. *What can satisfie covetousnesse? nothing more mad then envy: which if it may hurt another, cares not what mischief it doth to it self.*

FAB: 105.

Of the Crow and the Pot.



A Crow to quench her thirst, seeks far and near
 For *Water*, but can find none any where,
 Save what ith' bottome of a *Vessell* lay,
 Too deep to reach, which seem, she did assay
 To overthrow the *Vessell*, but in vain
 She strove, and could not her desire attain:
 Who therefore now perceiving strength to fail,
 Resolves to try if pol'cie can prevail;
 And gathering many Pebbles, dropp'd them in
 Untill the bubbling *Water* did begin
 T' ascend the top; so she with ease obtain'd
 That, which had else been from her reach restrained.

The Morall.

*Force is not alwayes prevalent, but wis
 And policie oft-times the Conquest get;
 By that th' Epirian Scanderbeg withstood
 The Turk, and all his trebled multitude.*

THe thirsty crow finds a pot of water, but the
 pot was deeper then that the crow could come

at the water ; she endeavours to pour out the water, but cannot : forthwith gathering little pebbles out of the sand, casts them into the pot ; by this means the water is raised, and the crow drinks.

Morall. That which sometimes thou canst not do by strength, thou shalt effect by wisdom and policy.

F A B. 106.

Of the Lion and Huntsman.



A Man and Lion walking, in their way
 Espi'd a stony Pillar to display
 Graven thereon, the Image of a man,
 Which had a Lion conquer'd ; To began
 A while to gaze, then some discourses hold,
 While thus the Man that Emblem did unfold :
 See mighty Beast how strong and stout we are,
 When one sole Man's become a conquerer
 And masters one of you : To whom agen
 The Lion answers, could Beasts paint like Men,
 You'd find that Lions on more Men have fed,
 Than by Men ever have been vanquished.

The

The Morall.

*Vain Boasters here are shown who brag: have done
Acts, which they never durst adventure on.*

THe lion wrangled with the huntsman, and prefers his valour before the strength of man; after a long contention, the hunter led him to *Mausolus*, whereupon was engraven a lion laying his head in the lap of a man. The lion denies that to be a sufficient evidence, saying, men may carve what they please, if lions were artificers, they would carve a man under the feet of the lion.

Morall. Every one to his ability speaks and does what may be most advantagious to his party and cause.

F A B. 107.

Of the Boy and the Thief.



AS a young Boy late weeping by a Well,
A Thief repairs to him, and bade him tell
The causes of his grief; the crafty Child
Replies, Oh Sir, this Rope hath me beguil'd;
Which, when I thought to draw a pot of gold,
Too weak so great and rich a weight to hold,

A. M. J.

Asunder broke ; The *Thief* believes the *Boy*
 And leaving 's Cloke descends the Well with joy ;
 But finds no gold ; his labour was as vain
 As his desire of unlawfull gain :
 So back he comes, but neither could he find
 The *Boy*, nor yet the Cloke he left behind ;
 For while the *Thief* in hope to get a prey,
 Went down, the *Boy* with it was fled away.

The Morall.

*So craft oft-times the craftiest deceives,
 And nets for thieves in their own cunning weaves.*

A Boy sat over the well weeping, the thief asked
 the cause why he cried ? the boy answers, that the
 string breaking, he had let fall a pot of gold into the
 water ; the man puts off his clothes, leaps into the well,
 seeks it : not finding the pot, he comes up out of the
 well, and there finds neither the boy nor his coat ; for
 the boy had taken the coat and runne away.

Morall. *They are sometimes deceived, who use to de-
 ceive.*

Of the Country man and the Ox.



AN Ox impatient to bear the Yoke,
 Could not be tam'd, though many a fur'ous stroke
 His Master lent him oft; but in proud scorns
 Would still oppose his Keeper with his Horns;
 Who therefore cuts them off, in hope that way
 To curb him, and his stubbornesse allay,
 But that prevail'd not; when the Ox did feel
 The want of Horns, he finds as light a Heel,
 Which, when his Master saw that he could find
 No means that might him to subjection bind,
 He sells him to the Slaughter; for Death can
 Prevail above the strength of any Man.

The Morall.

Rebellious Subjects, like the Ox must be
 Chastised so by powerfull Majesty,
 And if in disobedience still they stand,
 Feel the sharp rigour of the Lawes command.

THe country-man had an ox; which could not en-
 dure to be tied or yoked: the man being cunning,

cut off his horns, (for with his horns he pushed) then he yokes him, not to the waggon , but to the plough, that (as he was wont) he might not kick his master with his heels. He held the plough, glad that by his industry he had brought it to passe, that he might now be safe both from his horns and heels. But how does it fall out ? the ox forthwith, resisting, and by scraping with his heels, covers the face and head of the countrey-man with sand.

Morall. There are some so untractable, that can neither by art nor advice be tamed.

F A B. 109.

Of the Satyr and the Traveller.



A Satyr (such for gods the Ancients held
To guard the Woods) within a Desert dwell'd,
And out of pity to a Traveller gave
Kind entertainment ; led him to his Cave,
And bids him welcome ; where with cold the Man
Benumm'd, to blow his fingers ends began ;
The Satyr asks the cause, the Man replies
His breath did cause a warmth thereon to rise ;

This

This past; the *Satyr* gives him postage hot
 And scalding, newly taken from the Pot,
 Into the which, again the Man doth blow,
 Of whom the *Satyr* asks, why he did so?
 The Man replies to cool them; canst thou then
 (Says the old *Satyr*) heat and cool agen
 All with one breath? None shall remain with me
 Within whose mouth is such variety.

The Morall.

*By Breath is here express a double tongue, (wrong)
 That can speak fair, when th' heart intends mischief
 And to thy face though golden words it feigns,
 Behind thy back will slander thee again.*

THe *Satyr* (which in times past was held for god of
 the groves) taking pity of a traveller, covered with
 snow, and almost dead with cold, brings him into his
 denne, refreshes him with fire; asked him the reason
 why he blowed his hands? that they may be warmer
 (quoth he) afterwards when they lye down to meat,
 he traveller blows his pancake, being asked why he did
 so? that it might cool (quoth he) forthwith the *Satyr*
 turning him out of doors, says, I will not lodge any
 man in my cave, that hath such variety in his mouth.

Morall. Beware thou entertain not a man to live with
 thee, who hath a double tongue, and who is a Pretender
 in his language.

Of the Bore and the Countrey-man.



A *Clown* cuts off an eare of a wild *Bore*,
 That spoil'd his corn, and bids him come no more;
 The *Bore* again is taken there, the *Man*
 Lops off his other eare, but neither can
 That keep the *Bore* away; who comes again,
 And for his folly, is (the third time) slain :
 Which as a Present to his Land-lord sent,
 Who him, for it, abates a quarters rent.
 The *Bore* is drest, and to the Lords board brought,
 But when in vain, he for the heart long sought,
 And found it not, he chafes, and chides the Cook,
 Saying that he, base knave, the *Bores* heart took.
 Sir, under favour, quoth the *Clown*, the *Beast*
 Was never sure of heart or brains posselt,
 For had he either had, he had forborn,
 To urge his death, the third time, in my corn.

The Morall.

Some men so live, that scarce can any know,
 Whether they have or hearts or brains or no.

THe bore spoiling the corn, the countrey-man cut off his eare; taking him the second time, cut off the other: but the bore coming again, he takes him, and carries him into the city, designed him for the dainties of his master: the bore being carved at dinner, there's no heart to be found: the master being angry, required it of the cook, the countrey-man made answer, master, it is no wonder you find no heart, I believe the foolish bore had none: for if he had had an heart, at his penalty, he would not have come again into my corn. This said the countrey-man. But all the guesse laughed themselves almost to death, and cryed out of the countreymans folly.

Morall. The life of many men is so heartlesse, that you may question whether they have an heart or no.

F A B. III.

Of the Ox and the Rat.



AN Ox the little Rat had spurn'd,
For which the angry vermine turn'd,

I 2

And

And by the heel the Ox did bite,
 Toward her hole then takes her flight.
 The Ox pursues but cannot spie
 The vermin, the so close did lie.
 Whereat the Rat thus scoffs the great
 And brutish Beast, my friend retreat,
 You vainly stay, I'm here secure,
 And can thy hate or threats endure.
 Learn therefore hence, let me advise,
 No more small creatures to despise;
 For now you see a little Rat
 Can be reveng'd if kicked at.

The Morall.

*Grow not secure, because you know
 Your power stronger then your foe,
 For watchfull foes, though weak, may be
 Revenged of an Enemy.*

THe rat bit the oxes heel, and ran into his hole; the ox shakes his horns, enquires for his enemy, sees him not: the rat laughs at him: Because thou art strong and huge (quoth the rat) therefore thou wilt not disdain any one: now even the little rat, in spite of thy teeth, hath hurt thee.

Morall. Its an old saying, Let no man be too heedlesse of his enemy.

Of the Countrey-man and Hercules.



A Countrey-wholecart Rick fall in dusty way,
 Lying along, to Hercules did pray
 For aid; a voice in thunder straight replies
 From Heav'n; thou Lout, thou uniform'd lump, arise,
 And lay thy helping hand unto some spoke,
 So drive thy horse, and then the God invoke,
 Who will not fail to help thee in thy need,
 When as thy Prayer is second to thy Deed.

The Morall.

*Mens lasie prayers ne're reach so high,
 As th' acceptance of the Deitie:
 Let thine indeavour with thy vote still cleave
 To ask in faith, and thou shalt sure receive.*

THe countrey-mans waggon sticks in the deep mire,
 the countrey-man forthwith carelesse, implores the
 help of Hercules: a voice thunders from heaven; fool
 (saith it) whip thy horses, and set to the wheels, and
 then call upon Hercules; for then invocated he will be
 present.

Morall. *Lazzy wishes come to nothing, which truly God bears not: Help thy self (as they say) and then God will afford thee assistance.*

F A B. 113.
Of the Goose.



ONe had a Goose, that every day
Egges of the purest gold did lay;
Yet not content with that, her lord
Thought she more profit might afford,
And make him quickly rich, if he
Should rip her, and possessed be
Of all her store, not waiting still
For single Egges, as pleas'd her will
To bring them forth: which he effected;
But mist the treasure he expected.
For she being dead the Egges were gone,
And in her paunch he found not one;
But sighs that he had lost both store,
And hopes of ever having more.

The Morall.

*Would'st thou grow rich, then limit thy desire,
And strive not in one moment to acquire.*

The

*The summe of all thy hopes, left seeking all
Thou all do lose, and into ruine fall.*

THere was a goose which layed golden egges, every day one : her master, (that on a sudden he might be rich) kills the goose, hoping to find a treasure within her : but finding the goose empty, the poore man is amazed, and anxiously laments and takes on that he had lost the thing he looked for, and also his hope.

Morall. Desires are to be moderated : we must take heed that we be not over-hasty and rash ; for too much haste is hurtfull, and he that hunts after more then is fitting, sometimes gets nothing.

F A B. 114.

Of the Ape and her two young ones.



AN Ape produced twins, and did affect
One dearly, but the other quite reject ;
Whom as the Hunters one day did pursue,
While with all speed she from their presence flew,
Within her paws her darling close she kept,
The other on her back for safety leapt,

I 4

And

And hung there close, not hindring her at all,
 When follow'd hard, she let her lov'd one fall ;
 (Not daring longer hold it, lest, both they
 And she might so become the Hunters prey)
 And so that which she least affected, bore
 With life away; when Hounds the other tore.

The Morall.

Too too indulgent Parents so
 While they on one too tender grow,
 Too nice an education takes
 From th' hardnesse of his youth, and makes
 Him farre more subject to mischances stand,
 Then those they fosterd with lesse cōcking hand.

THE ape (as they say) when she brought forth two
 young ones, loved the one, and slighted the other :
 for she brought forth twins ; when as she fell into some
 fright, being about to shun the danger, catches that
 which she loved in her arms, which (while she flies in
 all haste) she dashed against a stone and killed : that
 which was disregarded, cleaved fast to her rough back
 when her damme fled, and so remained secure.

Morall. It often comes to passe, that the parents,
 through their too much indulgence, are an occasion of
 much evill and danger to that child which they affect
 most dearly : when as he, whom they least love, becomes
 the most hardy, and honest.

F A B. 115.

Of the Ox and the Heifer,



AN idle Calf, whose neck no yoke had worn,
 Did an old Ox, that each day labour'd, scorn,
 Boasts his smooth neck, his Pasturage so free,
 Exceedingly glorying in 's Liberty;
 Then frisking round the field, insults again
 Over the Ox, and twin's him with his pain,
 And yoke-gall-neck; the patient Ox affords
 Till insulting Calf no discontented words.
 Soon after this, the Calf is led away
 For sacrifice, to whom the Ox doth say,
 Such the rewards are of your idle life,
 Those fading Garlands and the Priests keen knife;
 Had you not rather work, and life extend
 Then through dull ease, to make so quick an end?

The Morall.

*Industrious men most often longer live,
 Then who themselves do unto pleasures give.*

THe ox spent with age daily drew the plough: the
 heifer being idle, skipt about in the neighbour mea-
 dows,

dows, and at length insults over the condition of the decayed ox. He boasts that he knew not what belonged to yoke or tying, he was free and idle : but that his (sc. the old ox) neck was worn with work : But lastly, that he was slick and neat ; but that he (sc. the old ox) was rough and durry. The old ox answers him nothing : shortly after he saw this boaster led to sacrifice, and then after this manner he speaks to him ; To what is your easie life now come ? Your secure idlenesse hath brought you to the slaughter. Now (as I suppose) you would rather advise me to labour , which guards me, then to idlenesse, which hath brought thee to thy death.

Moral. Work and watchfulnesse is requisite to the right ordering of our lives. Sluggish and voluptuous ones, shall see an unexpected issue of their affairs.

F A B. 116.

Of the Dog and the Lion.



A Well-fed Dog did with a Lion meet,
Was lean and wandring: whom he thus did greet,
Why do you alwayes traverse field and wood,
Half-hunger-sterv'd, to seek a little food?
Behold, how plump, and slick I am, and yet,
I neither labour for my food, nor sweat ;

But

But live in ease ; Come then near dread a chain,
A clog or whip, like dainty fare to gain.

The Royall Brute replies, that he will serve,
Before that he, for bits, and knocks will serve.

The Morall.

*They are not men, but slavish Curses that shall
For Belly-cheer, their free-born souls inbrall.*

THE dog meets the lion, hears at him ; Alas poor wretch ! almost famished, why dost thou coast over the woods, and every way ? Look here, I am fat and fair-looking ; and this I get not by toil, but ease. Then the lion : Thou hast indeed thy dainties, but withall thy chains : Be thou a slave, who canst live so, I am free, neither will I be a slave.

Morall. The Lion answered handsomely : Liberty is better, then any other things whatsoever.

F A B. 117.

Of the Fishes.



A River-fish was by the stream convey'd
Into the Sea, where he began t'upbraid

The

The Sea-fish as ignoble, and to slight
 Them, as but vile in his more noble sight;
 The Sea-calf brooks not this; but doth reply,
 Their worths best triall, is in them that buy:
 Then it appears, when both are took, and brought
 Into the market; from whence we are bought
 By Peers and Gentry, whereas thou poore fish,
 No higher swimmes, then to a mean mans dish.

The Morall.

*Mens praises out of other mouths are known,
 And found much better, then out of our own.*

The river-fish is carried by force of the stream into
 the sea, where boasting of her nobility, scorns all the
 sea-kind: the sea-calf would not endure this, but said,
 Then will thy nobility appear, if thou beest taken
 with the sea-calf and carried to the market: I am bought
 up of nobles, and thou of the vulgar.

Morall. *Many are so inflamed with uppish glory,
 that they set out and boast themselves. The commendation
 that comes from a mans self is no commendation, but
 received with laughter from the hearers.*

Of the Leopard and the Fox.



THe Leopard looking on his spotted skin,
 Swells big with scornfull pride, and doth begin
 All the wild beasts to slight, the Lion too
 Deformed in his pufft up fancie shew:
 Whom the Fox meeting, counsellts to lay by
 That unbecoming pride, for outwardly,
 Though fair he seem'd to be, yet he should find
 Others excell in virtues of the mind,
 Which was the noblest treasure, and will raise
 To blisse, when all this earthly pomp decays:

The Morall.

As th' health of bodie's more prefer'd, then are
 All guises of Fortune, howsoever fair
 So 'bove both these that health esteem'd should be
 That keeps the mind and understanding free,
 From apprehending fancies proud and vain,
 Or other fond diseases of the brain.

THe leopard, whole skin is spotted, began to look
 big, concerning the lion and other beasts; the
 fox comes to him, adviseth him not to be so proud, tel-
 ling

ling him, he had indeed a specious skin, but that him^{self} had a specious mind.

Mor. There is a difference and order of good things; the goods of the body exceed those of fortune; it fits the good things of the mind should be preferr'd to both.

The end of the Prose.

F A B. 119.

The Fox and the Cat.



Reinard sits boasting to th' ingenious Cat,
 Whath sev'rall shifts he had, first this, then that
 When he intends his Hunters to delude:
 I must confesse (quoth Pusse) they seem full good,
 And safe withall; yet I alas! have none,
 Except it be one silly scape alone;
 Which failing, I've no more: With that a cry
 Of full-mouth'd Hounds approach them suddenly:
 Forcing th' affrighted Fox away to flee;
 The nimble Cat skips up into a tree,
 And sits there safe; while the Dogs by her went
 Unseen, but follow Reinard by the sent;
 Whose hundred shifts avail'd not now at all,
 The Hounds pursu'd him to his funerall.

The

The Morall.

'Tis not a multitude of shallow drifts,
Which shunno eminent danger; for such shifts
Are not half so much prevalent as one
Whose deep and solid wisdome is consulted on.

F A B. 120.

The Travellers and the Ass.



Through a Desert as two Travellers passe,
They chance to see a strange and stragling Ass.
Without an owner: wherefore they contest
Between themselves who shall possess the Beast;
They'll not be sharers; one of them alone
Vows to be master of it all, or none.
And so to blows they fall. The Ass perceives
The strife; and swiftly from them flying, leaves
The place where they contend: who being gone,
In stead of all, the wranglers purchac'd none.

The Morall.

The Travellers two wrangling neighbours are,
Who for small trifles frivolously jarre;
With vain dissention and too oft debate,
Inriching some, themselves they ruinate.

F A B. 121.

'Of the Beetle and the Eagle.



A Beetle by the Eagle vilifi'd,
 Would be reveng'd what ever did betide;
 He having learn'd the Eagles nest he flew
 Thither, and all the Eagles egges down threw,
 And brake them all against the ground; and still
 As th' Eagle thursts her nest, he thither will,
 And doth the like. At last the Eagle moves
 Her Patron Jove: Jove her intirely loves,
 And grants his lap to lay her Egges in; there
 Her Egges might be secur'd, if any where.
 But the still-sprightfull Beetle thither flies,
 And undiscern'd in Jove's lapps bottom lies;
 Till seeing the Egger mov'd, he knew not how,
 Jove shook his lap, and all to th' ground did throw.

The Morall.

Trust not in might, to wrong or slight the weak,
 The meanest wretch his spight may fully wreak.

F A B. 111.

The Fowler, the Hawk and Nightingale.

SWIFTLY a Hawk pursues the small
 And sweetly singing Nightingale :
 But before she her prey had made,
 Is in a Net b' a Fowler staid :
 Whereat amaz'd, the Hawk began,
 Whence springs this malice, envious man ?
 I ne're was bent to injure thee ;
 Why dost thou then injurlouſſie
 Thus me oppose ? My onely flight
 Was to ſuppreſſe my appetite,
 A cuſtome frequent every day,
 And moſt in uſe with Birds of prey :
 If, quoth the Man, your hate be ſo,
 And 'gainſt ſmall Birds ſo potent grow,
 That they for no offence muſt die,
 Except to glut your cruelty :

The harm 'gainſt them which you intend,
 Oit falls upon your ſelves in th' end.

The

The Morall.

Ill deeds have ill successe; and those who strive
 By unjust oppression others to deprive
 Of life or fortunes; in the end receive
 The like reward in the same plots they weave.

F A B. 123.

The Wolf and the Sick Ass.



Sick of a strong disease, th' Ass keeps his bed,
 And by his neighb'ring Beasts is visited;
 Amongst whom the Wolf seems chiefly to deplore
 The Asses grief, and faintly at the doore
 Asks of the young Ass how his Father sped?
 'Twould joy him to hear that he recovered:
 To whom the Ass repli'd, he's better farre
 Then towards him your fained wishes are.

The Morall.

So many men seem pensive oft, and sad
 For others harms, whereof they most are glad.

F A B. 124.

F A B. 124.

The Dog that kept his Masters Sheep.

A Shepherd had a num'rous flock of *Sheep*,
 For whose protection he a *Dog* did keep;
 And fed him highly, that the *Curre* might be
 More carefull, and with safer *Custodie*.
 Look to his *Charge*, yet the insatiate *Curre*,
 Seeking variety, did more preferre
 The blood of tender *Lambs*, than all the fare
 His Master fed him with; and would not spare
 The best in all the flock, if the delight
 Of fresh warm meat incens'd his appetite;
 The which his master finding out, with rage,
 (For patience could not such a wrong asswage);
 Threatens his death. The guilty *Dog* replies,
 Why must I die? farre greater enemies
 Daily infest the Flock; the *Wolves*; let those
 Be put to death, who are professed foes.

Nay (quoth his Master) rather you must die,
 Who under friendship use hostility.

The Morall.

*This Fable shows the danger which attends
 A man too confident in homebred friends.*

F A B. 125.

FAB. 15.

The Coachman, and his creaking Wheels.



A Coach-man driving in a full chaire,
 Amidst his speed, a creaking Wheel did heare
 More loud then all the rest; who asking why,
 Or where the causes lay? straight this reply
 His Chariot made.

The Morall.

Of crazy folk do so,
 And groan when they the pains of sicknesse show.

FAB. 16.

FAB. 146.
The Fox and Goat.

THe Fox and Goat go to a Well to drink,
 Which being so deep, that standing on the brink,
 They could not reach the water, they descend
 Both in the Bucket, and climb to their end :
 So having quench'd their thirst, when they desire
 To wind the Bucket upward, and retire,
 Their strength and wit both fail'd them, that they stand
 Doubtfull what course is best to take in hand :
 But crafty Reynard (for the Goat too wise)
 For his escape, this project did devise.
 Willing the Goat himself upright to raise,
 And 'gainst the wall his foremost feet to place,
 That so his body to full length extending,
 The Fox might, on his shoulders straight ascending,
 Get forth and hale out him : they both agree,
 And by this means, the Fox gets libertie :
 Which he no sooner had, but he derides
 The silly Goat, who still i'th' Well abides,
 railing that Reynard had unjustly done,
 To break his word, and leave him there alone :

Yet

Yet all his passion was but spent in vain,
 Onely the Fox retorteth thus again :
 My friend, did you but half that wisdom bear,
 As in your face does gravity appear :
 By your long beard, you first would learn to shun
 A danger ere you headlong on it run.

The Morall.

Consult before you undertake
 A perillous attempt ; or make
 Choise of a Friend ; lest that be
 (Working on thy facilitie,
 To gain his purpose) Fox-like scorn
 And leave thee in distresse forlorn.

FAB. 127.

The Cocks and the Partridge.



ONE having a tame Partridge, let her feed
 Among his Cocks, which such a hate did breed
 That the bold Birds would never let her rest,
 But with their spurres did strike and still infect
 The harmlesse Partridge; who impatient bears
 Their injuries, and wails them with sad tears,

Th

M
 Wh
 How
 Wh
 As i

The more, because a stranger : but ere long
 Diverting their fell hate from her, among
 Themselves the Cocks at variance fall, and turn
 To mutuall discord : leaving then to mourn,
 The Partridge cries, if 'twixt themselves they be,
 So crosse, I cannot blame their hate to me.

The Morall.

No wrongs unto a wife Man should appear
 Injurious, or hurtfull, when they are
 Offerd by such whose discords bourely raise
 Mutuall sedition and domestick frays.

F A B. 128.

The Boasting Traveller.



Most Travellers (I know not by what Fate)
 Their virtues boasting, seek to elevate ;
 What rare exploits they did in Forraigne parts,
 How grac'd in manners, and how skild in Arts,
 When they as empty, and as froble are,
 As if but lately from their Nurseries care ;

Such

Such a New-thing bragg'd what he had done
 How many famous Prises he had wonne
 By his Activitie abroad; forth tell
 That he all Rhodes at leaping did excell,
 To which those Rhodians which were present there,
 Without Record, still living, witness were.
 With that a nimble youth, of coſtly faith,
 Set him a leap, and then replying. faith,
 If this be true you ſay, what need you cite
 The men of Rhodes for witnesses? our fight
 Shall teſtifie; we'll give you praifes due,
 If by your deeds you prove your words are true.

Here's equall ground to that of Rhodes, lo here,
 I leap, let your activity appear.

The Morall.

*Where proofs are wanting, words are vain; nor can
 They credit get; but with a ſimple man.*

F A B. 129.

The triall of the Delphick Oracle.



AN unbelieving crafty knave, would try
 Th' Oracle of the Delphick Deity;

Whether, thence truth, or error lieth;
 In his right hand, which his cloak covered;
 He held a little Sparrow, with which he
 Approach'd the Image of the Devil;
 And thus demand'd, what in my hand I have;
 Is it alive or dead? the knave reply'd
 Had the God answered dead, meant to produce
 The Bird alive, *As he is about;*
 And if the God, it were alive, said Gold;
 The knave would quickly have *been* *spared* dead;
 And shew'd it; but the God espi'd
 The villains craft, to which he thus repli'd;
 Whether thou wilt, it is at thy dispose,
 To kill, or save, the Bird thy hand hath chose.
 The Morall.

Naught can be hid from Gods all-seeing eye,
 Nor any craft deceive the Deitie.

F. A. 130.

The Woman and her Hen



Widow-woman, had a Hen did lay,
 (Not intermingling) one egg every day,

But yet the greedy *Woman* not content,
 To have of her that fair emolument,
 Simply conceited, that her *Hen* would lay,
 If she were better fed, two eggs a day;
 And cramm'd her, till the *Hen* so fat was grown,
 In stead of two eggs, she could lay not one.

The Morall.

*Fat paunches make lean pates, and dainty bits
 Enrich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.*

F A B. 132.

A Man bitten by a Dog.



One bitten by a *Cat*, inquires (what cure,
 Or what asswage the pain he did endure)
 Of one that came to visit him, who said,
 Dip in the bloody wound a piece of bread,
 And feed the *Dog* therewith: Not I, quoth he,
 For then from wounds I never should be free:
 Were such an act once bruited up and down,
 I should be bit by every *Dog* in town.

The Morall.

*Some curriſh natur's benefits require;
With wrongs and flanders, injuries and ſpite.*

FAB. 132.

The Beaver.



Naturalists ſay, Beavers, moſt frequent
(As Otters do) the liquid element:
His Genitalls a Sovereign medicine are,
For which reſpect, Hunters no labour ſpare
Him to attach; but, by Nature's foreſight,
To ſave himſelf, he off his ſtones doth bite,
In view of his purſuers, wherewith they
(The purchaſe made) deſiſt: he ſcapes away.

The Morall.

*Thus wiſemen ſave their lives with their wealths loſſe;
To keep his Gold, who would not part with droſſe.*

The Tunie and the Dolphin.



A Tunie by a Dolphin chas'd too close,
 To make escape, above the waters rose;
 And shot himself upon a hollow clift,
 His Foe avoiding, by a deep' rare flit,
 But not his death, for the clift being high,
 Could not with water her again supplie,
 For want of which, she ready to expire,
 Beholds the Dolphin settler'd in the mire,
 Through his o're violent pursuit, whereat cries;
 O welcome object to my dying eyes!
 Now death's not grievous; since I him deſcry
 Expiring too, who caused me to die.

The Morall.

Thus wronged men are ſometimes eas'd to ſee,
 Their perſecuters in adverſity.



A Fortune-teller in the Market late,
 Telling the People their ensuing Fate :
 Till one, with haste, ev'n breathlesse, rushest in,
 And to the *Wigward* this sad news doth bring,
 Your house is rob'd, this made the *Wigward* start,
 And hasten homeward : But to shame his Art,
 One scoffing says, can he our Fates foretell,
 Who knew not what at his own house befell :

The ; Morall.

Here their *Unfitting* care is fitly shewn,
 Who care for strangers good, neglect their own.



A Doctour having undertook to heal
 A Patients disease, his pulse doth feel,
 And asks him how he far'd? the Man replies,
 A burning heat ore all his body lies :
 A signe of health the Doctour answers then,
 So parts, and the next day returns agen.
 Propounding the same question : the sick Man
 Cries a cold humour through his body ran ;
 The Doctour likes that too : the third time he
 Demands, but then his Patient mournfully
 Answers, excreably weak, all this still pleas'd
 The Doctour well : But when of the diseas'd
 A friend more sadly question'd, how he sped ?
 The sick Man fairly to him answered,
 He shortly hop'd for health, since death his Cure
 Had finish'd now : nor should he more endure
 The pains already past : which said, he dies,
 And his friends celebrate his exsequies.

The Morall.

Here is exprest simplicity of those,
 Who skill'd in nothing are, but outward shews
 Of seeming Art; And when they most professe,
 Know least, to help or cure our distresse. F A B.

F A B. 136.

The Wolf and the Ass.



A *Lame Ass* thus bespake a *wolf* of old,
 The *Crows* or *Vultures* prey, or yours, behold
 I die through pain; this favour only I
 Request from your renowned clemency,
 Pull out this stump from out my gangren'd foot,
 That I may die lesse pain'd: the *Wolf* set too't
 His grinders, and extracts both stump and pain:
 But th' *Ass* to give the *Wolf* cause to complain
 Of having stumps, forgetfull of his late
 And grievous pain, dischargeth on his pate
 His frostnail'd heels, and having broke his nose
 And teeth withall, braying away he goes.

The *Wolf*, as justly serv'd, himself doth blame,
 That of a *Butcher* he a *Leech* became.

The Morall.

They that desert their callings thus incur
 Great dangers often, but alwayes some blurre.

The Fowler and the Black Owself.



PLacing his Nets, the Fowler is esp'd
 By the black Owself; which on every side
 Viewing him round, demandeth of the man,
 What he intended there, or what began?
 The Fowler answers, he resolv'd to lay
 Foundation for a City: so away
 Closely departs to hide him from her sight;
 Who being gone the Owself takes her flight
 To view the structure; catches at the bait,
 Not mindfull of the Fowlers close deceit,
 And with it is intrapt; whereat the man
 To seize on the lamsared Owself ran;
 Which thus cries out; Friend, if you often build
 Such Cities, they few Citizens will yield.

The Morall:

This Fable shows, that greatest ruines rise
 In common-wealths, when private Enemies
 With their familiar flatteries delude,
 And seek to insnare the easie Multitude.

STOPS TALK.

FAB. 158.

The going Traveller.



O Ne going a long journey made a vow.
His foundells half to Jupiter : allow
For sacrifice ; now having gone some ground,
A bagge of dates and almonds full he found,
And ate them all ; but left the stones and peels,
And brought them to the Altar, and there kneels,
And thus he speaks, Behold great Jove I bring,
My foundells half, a vowed offering.

The Morall.

Thou covetise death oft tempt men to ly,
Not to men onely, but the Deitie.

K. 5

FAB. 159.

The Thief and his Mother.



A Knaveish boy, at schoole had stole a book,
 Brings it to his Mother; who with smiling look
 Seems more the Boy to cherish, then chastise,
 Or check him for his childish knaveries.
 Whereat the Boy grew expert in his trade,
 And theft of something, his day labour made;
 She still the same upholding, till grown man,
 Small trifles pleas'd him not, but he began
 To catch at greater baits; for which at last,
 Being attach'd, he is arraign'd, and cast
 At Sessions for his death, (the Thiefs reward,)
 Then drawn to execution. She that shar'd
 Both in his birth and fall, with grief and shame,
 Walks weeping by him; till in sight he came
 Of the sad farall Gallows, where with tears
 He begs one whisper in his Mothers ears.
 'Tis granted, and his Mother lends her head
 To hear his last request; but he in stead
 Of whisp'ring to her, fastneth in her eare
 His teeth, and doth the flesh with anger tear:

For which unnat'ral act reprov'd, by some,
That to his execution did come,
He cries, Oh friends, had she chastiz'd at first,
And not my childish theft so fondly nurs'd,
As if she well allow'd it, I had bin
Free from this shamefull end, and horrid sin.

The Morall.

Too many Children so, are bound to curse
Th' unhappy cock'ring of too fond a Nurse,
That lulls them in their mischief, till they run
Headlong upon their own confusion;
Not able to retire; but being brought up
In pleasure, posse to taste of sorrows Cup.

FABLE 140.

The shipwreck'd Shepherd.



A Wanton Swain kept shepherding by the shore;
And never heard the then calme Sea to roar
Seeing the surface smooth; with itch possess'd,
To turn Advent'ur, he could take no rest,

Till he had sold his sheep, and with the price,
 Ladeth a ship with dates for Merchandise:
 The fool aboards, not many leagues had saild
 Into the Main, but that the skie was vaild:
 In dismall black; a tempest rose so great,
 And on his ship of dates so fiercely beat;
 That lest it sink, he empties out of hand,
 His dates, and hardly so escapes to land:
 Who still, as oft, as the sea calme he spies;
 Ne're flatter, I have no more dates he cries.

The Morall.

*Dangers and losses make men wise; 'tis thought
 That wit is never good, till it be bought.*

F A B. 141.

The Youth and the Painted Lion.



A Doting Knight had fanci'd in a dream,
 His Sonne, (a Gallant, given to th' extream
 Of Murthering) was by a Lion slain: he
 Immures his Sonne within a gallerie,

(Left chance should act his vision) where he sees
 Of the Youths spots, the painted Counterfeits,
 His passion to divert: Among the rest,
 A Lion was, to which the Youth address'd,
 (His Guardian gone) must I be in a cage,
 To shun the formlesse fancy of thy rage?
 Herewith essayes to scratch the Lions eyes;
 But meets a rustie nail there, scarifies
 His hand (though slightly) it so fasteneth,
 This brought a Fever, and that Fever death.

The Mosaic.

Thus while men think themselves to save,
 From death, they fall into the grave.

F. & B. 143.

The Fox and the Eagle.



THE Eagle and the Fox (no longer foes)
 Kindly each other greet, till friendship grows
 So strong 'twixt them, that they will neighbours be:
 And better to confirm their amitie,

One Tree must harbour both. The *Eagle* makes
 Her Nest aloft: the *Fox* her dwelling takes
 At the same root, and each bring forth their young;
 But this true love continued not long:
 For once it chanc'd the *Fox* forsook her hole,
 To fetch in food, who gone, the *Eagle* stole
 Into the *Foxes* Den, and to her Nest
 Bore the young *Foxes*, with their flesh to feast
 Her little *Eaglets*; so by this agen
 The *Fox* returns, who entering her Den,
 Finds all her young ones gone, their losse laments
 And 'gainst the *Eagle* fearfull cursings vents,
 And cursefull imprecations; praying *Jove*
 To send revenge for such infringed love.
 And so it hapned, after some few dayes
 The Priest a Goat upon the Altar layes
 For sacrifice; which when the *Eagle* knew,
 With winged speed she nimbly thither flew,
 Part of the victime snatching, with it bore
 A fiery brand, so to her nest doth soar:
 Where the wind rising so incens'd the flame,
 It fired all the Nest; but when the same
 Her unfledg'd young ones felt, to shun the heat,
 With all their speed out of the nest they get,
 Attempting flight, but wanting feathers fall
 Straight to the earth, and on their Mother call
 For help; when she too weak t' assist them, they
 Poore Birds become the injur'd *Foxes* prey.

The Morall.

So those who Covenants of friendship break,
 (Though th' injur'd Parties seem a while too weak
 To right themselves from Heav'n receive their due,
 Who doth such deeds with vengeance still pursue.

FAB. 143.

The Hawk and Nightingale.



Sweet *Phylomel*, to whom no bird comes nigh
 For various Notes, and pleasing Harmonie,
 On a tall Oak warbles her charming Strains;
 Till the Hawk seiz'd her to repleat his veins:
 The trembling prey implores for her reprieve;
 Inferring, that her carcase could relieve
 No such vast appetite, and she would pray,
 He might be fitted with a better prey.
 The Hawk replies; I have more wit then so;
 To let thee now, in hope of better, go.
 Never tell me you are but little; nuth;
 One bird in hand's better then two i'th bush.

The Morall.

This Fable shows it is not good to care
 With that thou hast obtain'd with pains and care;
 And though but small, be sure thou do it keep;
 Lest when 'tis gone, thy folly cause thee weep.

FAB. 144.

F A B. 144.
The taylelesse Fox



A Fox intrapt, gets out, by much ado,
With his tayles losse; and glad he scap't so too:
But, when he mist his Train, his Joy did melt
To tears of grief; so great a shame he felt.
He thinks life dearly purchas'd with disgrace,
And by invention would that stain deface.
Which thus was acted: He intreats a Court
Of Foxes, still pretending to report,
Somewhat concernd the Publick, which being met,
Bob thus began to play the counterfeit.
Sirs, I have found our tayles superfluous fraight
Hinders our sight, o'recharged with the weight,
And by the long tressent, doth oft expose
Us, to more easie pursuite of our foes.
Which to avoyd; let my example move;
Cut off your tayles, if you your sa'ety love.
Brother, sayes one, your plot to shame us sayles;
Cause you have none, should none of us have tayles?
The Morall.

'Tis good to sift all counsells; most mens tend
To save their own, when they your good pretend.

The Fox and Bush.



Pursu'd with danger upon every side,
 The Fox flies to a Bush himself to hide,
 Which entered, by ill chance a thorn did stick
 Upright, and the poor Foxes trampling prick,
 Who sorely pain'd, laments, O envious Tree,
 That while I seek for refuge unto thee,
 Torments me thus; the Bush replies, My friend,
 Y'are much deceiv'd, for know you did intend
 Me to intrap, as oft you others do,
 For which deceit I have rewarded you.

The Morall.

If help of any man thou wouldst implore,
 First be advis'd, and know him well before
 You trust too farre; for many are so prone
 To mischief, that they can do good to none.

FAB. 146.

The Fox and Crocodile-



THe Fox and Crocodile discours'd a vye,
 Anent their noblenesse, and when the slye
 Crocodile boasts the splendour of her kinne,
 Naming how many ages they had been
 In good esteem; and many things brought forth
 To plead her Kinne's antiquity and worth;
 Reynard then fleeing, now no more affords
 A patient ear, but, thus, retorts his words;
 Concerning your antiquity, my friend,
 I strive not; but, what ever you pretend,
 For your illustrious splendour, 'tis well seen,
 That's lost of old, by that your dusky skinne.

The Morall.

Some never blush such flat untruths to tell,
 That ev'n their very telling doth reſell.

FAB. 147



Reinard pursu'd leaves all the Dogs behind,
 And takes the wood for safety, yet could find
 Small shelter there, until at length he spies,
 A Wood-man cleaving logs, to whom he cries,
 My friend, if thou a secret place canst show,
 Where closely layd I may escape my foe,
 I much shall stand engag'd to thee; the man
 Tells him, and in poor Reinard swiftly ran.
 The Hunters so approach, but lost the sent;
 Who ask the man, if the Fox that way went,
 While he there wrought, the Woodman answers no,
 Yet points to th' place wherein the Fox did go,
 To hide himself; the unbelieving men
 Call off their Dogs, and so return agen;
 Who being gone, the Fox in secret peeps
 Out of his hole, seeing all quiet, creeps
 And steals away; to whom the Woodman cries,
 Friend, you may thank me for my courtesies,
 I sav'd your life; 'Tis true, quoth Reinard, then,
 If your hands quiet as your tongue had been,

Full many thanks you had deserv'd as due,
And I as many would have render'd you.

The Morall.

*This Fable here displaies the falacie
Of those, whose words and actions disagree,
But fairly seem to promise unto all,
Yet fail when any to performance call.*

F A B. 148.

The Man and his wooden Image.



AN Image carv'd in wood (such men of old
Esteem'd as gods) and inly lin'd with gold,
One too prophanely often had ador'd,
As often too its vainer help implor'd,
When need compell'd; yet could it yield him none
Untill the Man with begging weary growne,
Changes his strong devotion into rage,
Which his fine god could not withstand, or swage,
And 'gainst the ground the carved Image throwes,
From whose Interiour parts abundance flowes
Of purest gold: whereat the joyfull Man,
Breaking to open passion, thus began;

Vain

Vain thing, how long hast thou deluded me?
That while with worship I did reverence thee,
Thou could'st no help afford? yet for one blow
In my just anger, dost this wealth bestow?

The Morall.

Most men are so inclin'd to private gains,
That till the power of Justice them constrains,
They'l rather uselesse beare, then part with, what
May beneficiall prove to th' publike state.

F A B. 149.

The Dog invited to Supper.



A Dog, whose owner had invited home
A Friend to sup, invites his Dog to come
And sup there too, now when this new-come guest
Saw such good cheer provided for the Feast,
Full glad at heart, he so resolves to eat
His fill, that he next day, shall need no meat;
So said, he frisks his taylor, but when the Cook
Saw him so busy, by the taylor he took
My fawning Dog, then whistles him round about,
And lastly, through the window throws him out.

The

The neighbour-Curres seeing him run and cry,
 (Well-neer amaz'd) ask of him merrily,
 How well he sped? quoth he, full-sad, so well,
 That which way I came out I cannot tell.

The Morall.

*Presume not of the future: and beware,
 That your lusts draw you not into a snare.*

F A B. 150.

The Man and the Eagle.



AN Eagle caught, was rifled of some pens,
 The rest clapt close, and turn'd among the hens
 To feed i'th yard; at last she's by one bought,
 Who arms her pinnions with new wings; thus fraught
 She flies abroad, and lighting on a Hare,
 She brings it to her owner, for his care
 And love to her. But Reynard, that did fear
 The Eagle might some of his young Cubs rear,
 Perswades the Man, the Eagle would not spare
 To rear his Children, as she did the Hare,

If she enjoy those wings, for fear of this,
The Eagle of her Wings denuded is.

The Morall,

Requitall to good turns is due, but see
You be not over-reat'd with flatterie.

F A B. 192.

The Husbandman, and his Three Sons.



A Husband-man, whose life was full of care,
To gather wealth, and against want prepare,
Grown rich, and having spent his best of dayes,
Feeling his body subject to decayes
Of humane frailty; when his death drew nigh,
Among his *Sonnes* divideth equally
His wealth; and told them, in his *Vine-yard* they
Should find in what estate their portions lay;
So he departs; his *Sonnes* dig up the ground,
And carefully survey the *Vine-yard* round,
Expecting hidden treasure; but find none,
Till to maturity the *Vines* were grown;
Which, by their care in digging, brought forth more,
And larger *Grapes*, then many years before,

The

The Morall.

*By industrie true labour wealth shall find,
When Sloth lies in her hungry wishes pin'd.*

F. A. B. 152.

The Fisher and the dancing Fishes.



AN idle Fisher with his bag-pipe goes
To catch the sportive Fishes; in he throws
His Net; and on his Pipe begins to play;
But that strange noise drives all the Fish away;
That when he deem'd his Net was fully fraught,
And drew the same, just nothing was his draught.
Whereat abash'd, he laid his Bag-pipe by,
Going again to work more silently;
And with short expectation meets his wish,
And draws the laden Net with well-grown Fish;
Which feeling the dry earth, and wanting now
What water should for sustenance allow,
As it were striving with a strong desire,
To their proper element to retire,
They leap and dance upon the grassie shore;
Which sight unusuall to the Man before,

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ASOP'S FABLES

He thus exclaims; Dull fools, that sport and play,
And dance, I having laid my pipe away,
Yet when I plaid unto you, would not shew
Least signe of mirth, but from my musick drew.

The Morall.

Things seasonably done, move our respects,
But else produce ridiculous effects.

F A B. 153.

The Fisherman.



SOME Fishers long had fish'd, and nothing caught,
And therefore sad, and hunger-bit, they thought
It best to make home, when behold a Fish
Of goodly size, fit for a Princes dish,
Pursued by a greater, to eichew
His Fo, himself into their Fishboat threw.
Which they took, brought to town, & sold full dear,
And with his price, made merry with good chear.

The Morall.

Never despair; rely on Gods, and be
Will send thee help, though it seem chance to thee.

L

F A B. 154.



A Sick man vows (a stranger unto wealth)
 An Hundred bieves, to offer for his health ,
 If some God would restore it : *Give*, to try
 His thankfulness and vows sincerity,
 Recovers him : the *poore man*, well, (behind-
 Hand was, so could not pay his vow in kind)
 Resolves an heap of *Bief-bones* should suffice,
 And offers them to *Give* for sacrifice,
Give thus deluded, doth a *dream* convey
 To shew the false vow-breaker, that there lay
 An hundred pound in gold, in such a place,
 At the Sea-side : but as he hies apace
 To seek his gold, by *Gives* Decree, thieves do
 Surprise him ; he, so they will let him go,
 An hundred pound doth promise ; they relie
 Upon his word ; he freed is by his ly.

The Morall.

They never scruple unto men to ly,
 Who have broke promise with the Deity.

FAB. 155.

The Fishermen.



Some Fishermen were glad, because the Net
They drew was sad, hoping therein to get
Good store of Fish; but finding a great stone
Within the Net, and Fishes few or none,
Then they let go their Net, and much bemoan
its heaviness, which caused theirs: but one
Of grave content among them, cheers the rest;
Let not this unexpected draught molest
our minds due temper; for my mates, ye ought
to have foreseen this chance, and to have thought
It possible, that such a chance might come,
So had it been nor sad nor burdensome.

The Morall.

He that would not be broken with the weight
Of adverse happs, must ease them with foresight.

The old Man and Death.



AN old old Man, whose aged shoulders bore
 Of Wood a burden homewards, wear'd fore
 Threw down his burden, and began to grieve
 That he in such eternall pains did live.
 Then doth he wish and call for Death : and lo
 Death comes, and asks my grandfire, what to do ?
 Then he, his call recalling, and now more
 Weary of 's wish, then of his pain before,
 Said, he call'd Death to heave his wood again
 Upon his back, not ease him of his pain.

The Morall.

Though prest with thousand torments, life doth please
 Still more than Death, though Death all torments ease.

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A Woman troubled with sore eyes, did call
For an *Hedge Doctors* help, whose worship shall
Have, if he cure her, a round summe, but gain,
If he do fail, his labour for his pain.
Agreed; the cure is tedious, and the wretch
When ere he comes to dresse her, still doth scrch
And carry somewhat of her goods away,
Till her whole household stuffe was gone astray.
Her eyes are cur'd at last, but when she spies
That all her goods were gone, she then denies
The Leech his money; he for's debt doth sue
His patient, she at Barre, sayes 'tis not due;
The cure is not effected, for, when sore,
He was but pur-, now she's pure-blind; before
She saw her house well furnish'd, now, when H e
Sayes she is cur'd, she there no goods can see.

The Morall.

Covetous men, for gain, full oft belie,
And contradict themselves most shamefully.



TWO deadly Foes, who mortall hatred bare
 To other each, together shipped are
 And sail together in one ship, but foe,
 As erst by land, by sea they disagree:
 The Master of the ship, lest they might wreak
 Their selves aboard, doth lodge one in the beak,
 The other in the poop: anon behold
 A tempest risen frighteth the most bold
 and weatherbeaten sailers, every wave
 Threatneth the gasping Vessell with a grave.
 Then he, that in the ships fore-castle late,
 With the Ship-master doth expostulate,
 Whether the poop or beak would sooner be
 Sunk, if the waves prevaild? the poop, quoth he,
 Then quoth the spightfull man, I shall not grieve
 To die, since that my Foe I shall out-live.

The Morall.

Thus despo'rate castaways spare not to spill
 Their souls, through hate and lust, their foes to kill
 F A B. 159

FAB. 159.

The Boy and Fortune.



ONce on a time, a certain Boy did sleep
 At a pits brink with water very deep,
 Whom *Fortune* wakes, good Boy, quoth she, arise
 And get thee hence, for it by precipice
 Thou shouldst miscarry, no man for the same,
 Thy want of heed, but all will *Fortune* blame.

The Morall.

Men still cry out on *Fortune*, though they fall,
 Through their own faults, into their dangers all.

ESQPS Fable.
F A B. 160.
The Cat and the Mice.



A Cat too pow'rfull for the little Mice,
Assaules them single, and by that device
Devours a multitude; till at the last,
(When the Mice knowe their number daily waste)
They call a gen'ral counsell, and decree
That themselves none should for adventure be
To straggle down, but closely to remain
Above, and in those bounds themselves contain,
Whither the Cat by no means could ascend:
To this command all glad attention lend,
And not a Mouse peeps forth: The Cat at length
Suspects the plot; and thinks now wit, not strength,
Must work her ends; who faining her self dead,
Upon a pale her hind-legs fastened,
And downward hangs, by that means to deceive
The Mice; yet they her falschood not believe,
But scoffing crie, this is too weak a bait
T' intrap us now; Go practice thy deceit
Wish those who never thy delusions knew;
Perchance such easie fools may credit you.

The

Burnt Children dread the fire: ev'n so by one
Mischance instructed, Wise men future shun.

F. A. B. 161.

The Ape and the Fox.



Among the Beasts a generall Council held;
The Ape fantastick (with Ambition swell'd)
Boasteth that she should by consent of them
Be King and wear the regal Diadem:
Which the Fox envying, when he had found
A secret Trap plac'd underneath the ground,
And baited with raw flesh, by sly deceit,
He draws the Ape along, shews her the bait,
And tells her there some hidden treasure lay,
Which but the hand of Kings might bear away,
So wills the Ape to enter and receive
Her right; the Ape did easily believe
The crafty Fox, and ventures on the trap,
Which she no sooner touch'd, but the poor Ape
Was fast inclos'd; where having staid a while,
She railt at the Fox, who with a smile

This answer gives; fond *Ape*, why dost complain
In that strong Kingdome thou maist solely raigoe.

The Morall.

*Who rashly so to place of rule aspire.
And crown themselves in their own fond desire,
Ere they have reach'd their wish, fall in some snare,
And by the common people scoffed are.*

F A B. 161.

Jupiter and the Crow.



Great *Jove*, designing to the Fowles of th' *Aire*
The fairest for a King, bids them repair,
At a set day, to Him: th' aspiring Crow,
Which did his own deformity well know,
With others plumes adorns it self: most gay:
But now when *Jove* at the appointed day
Would have design'd him King for *Beauties* sake:
The rest of Birds that in great dudgeon take,
And pluck their plumes from the aspiring Crow,
Crossing all hopes of his advancement so.

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The Morall.

*Such Issues commonly their suits attend,
whose Hopes on others not themselves depend.*

F A B. 163.

The Smith and his Dog.



A Currier of old, that by a Smith was kept,
While that the Smith sweat at his forge, still slept;
But whensoever the Smith sat at meat,
The Currier would forthwith rise, and fall to eat
The Bones and scraps, which fell the board besides.
But when the Smith observ'd his tricks, he chides,
Rares and doth bang his Dog, b'ing very wroth
For his ill-tim'd attendance, and worse sloth:
Hah lazy Currier, quoth he, what tortments square
With thy defects, which so ill-shapen are?

Thou still dost wake, fawn, wait, to fill thy gorge,
But sleepest still, while I toll at my forge.

The Morall.

*Those lazy knaves a sharp reproof deserve,
Who live on us, for which they do not serve.*

F A B. 164.

FAB. 164.

The pampered Mule.

A Pamper'd Mule, through fat and ease grew proud
 And wanton, boasting to her self aloud,
 How like the gallant steed, her fire, she was
 In worth and swiftnesse: but, it came to passe,
 Soon after this the Mule was forc'd to runne
 A tedious way: now when her course was done,
 Well tir'd and out of breath, ah wretch I quoth she,
 I thought my fire a horse, but now I see,
 Some dull Ass me begat upon a mare,
 My feet and breath, so slow, so shortned are.

The Morall.

Fools, in prosperity, daigne not to know
 Themselves, but see their errors, once brought low.

FAB. 165

F A B. 165.

The Physician and Dead man.



A Leech, of whom, and pain, his patient di'd,
Thus, to the bearers of the corps, repli'd:
This man had liv'd yet, had he glister us'd,
And wine refrain'd; both which since he refus'd,
He now is dead: one of the standers-by
Thus twist'd the Physician wittily;
This counsell had been fit for you to give,
When your unhappy Patient yet did live:
For your advice and Recipe's are vain
Now he is dead; nay worse, they bring no gain.

The Morall:

Who lets occasion slip, and then pretends,
To love, by after-Counsell, mocks his friends.

F A B. 166.

FAB. 166.

The Wolf and the Dog.

Sleeping without a doore a Dog did ly,
 On whom the *Wolf* did scife unwarily,
 And would have slain him, till with speeches fair
 The *Dog* intreats him yet his life to spare,
 Till he could fatter grow, as yet he saw
 His skin stuck to his ribs, his flesh but raw,
 And little worth, but if he pleas'd to stay
 A while for him; his Master the next day
 His Nuptialls kept, providing sumptuous feasts
 For entertainment of invited Guests,
 And there should he have happy time to feed,
 And gather flesh; then if the *Wolf* had need,
 His life he would into his hands commit,
 And he at pleasure should dispose of it.
 Whereat the *Wolf* dismiss him; Homeward stalks
 The *Dog*; the *Wolf* into the Forrest walks.
 But ere long time was spent the *Wolf* retires,
 And full performance of the *Dog* requires
 Of his last promis; but the *Dog* within,
 Then sleeping safe enough, repli d agin;

Yea,

Yea, Wolf, when next I nod without the door,
Take me, and trust to Nuptials no more.

The Morall.

'Tis wisdom, when you once a danger shun,
Never again in the like hazard run.

F A B. 167.

The Lyon and Bull.



A *Lyon*, loth to enter a pitch'd field,
To take a mighty *Bull*, about him wheel'd
Some while at distance; then approaching neer
Invites the *Bull* to Supper, for whose cheer
He said, he kill'd a *Sheep*: the *Bull* agrees,
Attends him to his Denne, but when he sees
There many *Spits* and many *Caldrons* deep
And *Pots* good store, yet can descry no *Sheep*,
He rusheth out in haste, and gets away:
And when his *Hosie* ask'd why he would not stay?
Because, quoth he, your tools more fit do seem
To dresse a *Bull* then *Sheep* in my esteem.

The Morall.

*Pretences are transparent to the wise,
Who kenn the drift of gilded subtilties.*

F A B. 168.

F A B. 168.

The Lyon in Love.



A Lyon, once, a Country-Lasse did love,
 Whom to obtain, he did resolve to move
 The Clown her Father, that he would give way
 Unto their Marriage: the Clown sayes nay,
 Jugg shall not wed a Beast, *tebec* now; but when
 He saw, how sterne the Lyon look't him, then
 Having bethought him better, hee's content,
 But that his Daughter's fearefull to be rent
 In pieces by his claws & teeth; if he
 Will quit himself of those, his daughter's free,
 And wed her when he please; the Lover then
 Sticks not to quit his claws and teeth; but when
 Unarm'd his Sweet-heart he demands, the Clown
 Pursues him with a Club to knock him down.

The Morall.

Love fools his captives: they with ease are ta'n,
 Who in their foe confide, and brought to bane.

F A B. 169.

The Lyonesse and the Fox.



A Lyonesse and Reynard strove a vye
Which of them twayne, were by their progeny
Ennobled most. The Fox her self did brag
I'th number of her Cubs, and doth decyde
The Lyonesse, cause she but one brought forth,
The Lyonesse replies — her off-spring's worth
Accrowes not from their number, their renown
Springs from their noblenesse, where to the Crown
And Empire of the other Beutes was due;
That she produc'd but one at once, 'twas true,
But he a Lyon is, and shall command
And rule o're all the Reynards in the Land.

The Morall

The worth of things, not in their numerous list
But, in their nobler Vertues doth consist.

The Wolf and the Lamb.



A Wolf surpris'd a stragling Lamb, and yet
 Would not use open force; but sought to get
 Occasion 'gainst the Lamb, that it might die
 Not as by wrong, but as deservedly.
 Then doth he charge the Lamb, that she had long
 Heaped upon him Injuries and wrong,
 Devour'd his pasture, drank his waters dry.
 The Harm- less trembling Lamb doth then reply
 Shee but new-yeaned was, so could not eat
 His grasse, nor drink his waters; all her meat
 And drink was her Damme's milk; the Wolf at this:
 In rage replies: Sweet Lamb, although I misse
 To solve your *Sophismes*, I'll not fail to feed
 On you; and so he ate the Lamb with speed.

The Morall.

*Thus Innocence is still oppress'd by force,
 Mens cruell minds b'ing deaf to all remorse.*

FAB. 171.

The fighting Cocks.



Two Cocks long fought; at length who had the worst,
 For shame, into a bevil runnes, nor durst
 Come forth again to fight; the *Victor* proud
 Flyes to the houses top, and crows aloud
 In token of his Victory, mean while
 A rav'ning Eagle doth his crowing spoil,
 Who stooping the triumphant *Victor* teares,
 And to her nest, him to her *Eaglets* bears.
 Which when the *Crowes* spies, he marcheth out,
 And *Lords* it o're the *Hens* as *Victor* stow.

The Morall.

They oft are crost, and fall, to quell their pride,
 Who in prosperity too much confide.

FAB. 172.



A Deer, more swift of foot, and large of size,
 And better arm'd with horns against surprise
 Then were the Dogs, was ask'd a reason why,
 By a Young Dog, he did so dread the cry
 of Hounds: the Deer replies, the reason's all
 That cause my fear, I must confesse, are small,
 Yet though I be so quality'd as now
 You have declar'd, my heart, I know not how,
 Is on a sudden so possess'd with fear,
 I cannot choose but run, when I them hear.

The Morall.

Naturall cowards by no Rhetorick can
 Be beighn'd to the Valour of a man.

F A B. 173.

173

Jupiter and the Bee.



O Nce on a time, a Bee to Jove did bring
A dole of Honey for an offering:
Wherefore the pleased god bid her demand
Her list, and she should have it out of hand.
Quoth she then, to thy hand-maid grain, great King
And god of gods, that whoso'er I sting,
For rifling of my Hive, may forthwith die;
Jove troubled at her strange request, is shy
And loth to grant it: then replies, Oh Bee
Let it suffice, that I do grant to thee,
That if thou sting such riflers, and there leave
Thy sting, that sting shall thee of life bereave.

The Morall.

Gods just decrees doth oft heap on us those
Ills, which we pray, may fall upon our foes.

174

FAB. 174.

The unfortunate File.

A *File* of flesh being seething on the fire,
A File by chance into the same did fall ;
 The heat and steam whereof made her expire ;
 At which the *File*, seeing no help at all
 For her escape, thus speaks, Why should I grieve
 At such a noble death ? for if I die,
 I do not starv'd and pin'd my fate receive,
 Wanting relieve my need to satisfy.

The Morall.

*Death unresisted Wise men never fear,
 But with an equall mind all sufferings bear.*

FAB. 175.

The young Man and the Swallow.



A Youthfull Spendthrift that had wasted all
 His Fathers Legacy, which was not small,
 (His cloathes alone excepted) chanc'd to set
 Eyes on a Swallow flying, (when as yet,
 Mid-winter scarce was past ;) whence he doth think
 Summer at hand, and pawns his cloaths for drink.
 Soon after this, half starv'd with cold, he sees
 That very Swallow, ready for to freeze
 To death, to whom, Unlucky Bird quoth he,
 Thou hast, alike, undone thy self and me.

The Morall.

Unseasonable acts not long endure ;
 And wanton levisness brings want, be sure.

F A B. 176.

Mercury and the Carpenter



Close by a River side a Coppice stood,
 In which a Carpenter was hewing wood
 T' erect a Temple; but in labour cross,
 His Ax flew from his hand, and quite was lost
 And buried in the flood, the Man sits down,
 Calls on the Gods, and sadly making moan
 For his mischance, at length kind Mercury
 Hears his request, presenting to his eye
 A golden Ax, demanding if the same
 Belong'd to him; but he doth it disclaim:
 The God the next a silver one did shew;
 But the poor honest man denies that too:
 The third time Mercury produc'd his own,
 At sight whereof the poor Man joyfull grown,
 He gladly takes; which justice when the God
 In him beheld, he not alone bestow'd
 What was his own, but gave him both the other.
 The Man, who such good fortune could not smother,
 Relates all to his fellows: 'mongst which one,
 Hoping the like, with all his speed did run,

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

And being arrived at that happy place,
Throws in his *Ax*, and mourning his sad case,
He calls on *Mercury*, who hears his prayer,
And straight-way comes, presenting to him there
A golden *Ax*, demanding if the same
Were his, the Man falsely to it lays claim,
And answers yea; whose false delusion when
The God perceives, he flies from him again,
And leaves the silly Counsellor all alone,
Without restoring so much as his own.
The Morall.

Gods Justice here is shown, who as he affects
The Righteous, so the wicked he rejects.

F 4 B. 177.

The Man and the Serpent.



Serpent that did near a house reside,
So bit a Child that struck her, that he di'd
with him dies his parents hopes and joy;
The sad Father, to revenge his Boy,
Takes the Serpent, with a forest-Bill;
And wielding it with full intent to kill,

M

Lope

Lops off her tail a piece : this done, he meant
To make peace with the *Serpent*, and so went,
With water, honey, salt, and meal, to see,
If the *SNAKE* will embrace his amitie.

But the *SNAKE*, lurking in her hole, hiss'd thus:
In vain you labour for a league 'twixt us :

For while you misse your *child* and I my *tail*,
To keep us quiet friends, no leagues avail.

The Morall.

When injuries are fresh in mind, 'tis hard
For men from hostile acts to be debarr'd.

F A B. 178.

The Hen and the Fox.



A Fox crept in a *Henroost* there doth spie,
A sick *Hen* cowering on her nest on high,
Then in great seeming love, but reall hate,
Bemoans his *cater-couzen*'s weak estate,
And asks her, how she did & the *Hen*, with speed,
With thanks replies, that she was sick indeed,
But his sick *Sib* should mend without delay,
If that her *Couzen Reinard* were away.

'Tis b
Such a

The Morall.

*Their very presence is too great a sore,
That are our Foes, although we aile no more*

F A B. 179.

The Fox and Grapes.



R Einard walks through a Vineyard, where he spies
Large clusters of fair Grapes, whose greedy eyes,
Fixt full on them, inflame his strong desire
To gather some; but when too low t'aspire
That height, poore Reynard saw his reach to be,
And that by no means he could get them, he,
Departs in peace, and onely this did say,
Tush, they are green and tarr, not worth my stay.

The Morall.

*'Tis better slight, then earnestly desire
Such things as are impossible t'acquire.*



Once on a time, a *Sunshine summers day*
 Invires a *Child* into the *Field* to play,
 Where his low-pitcht delight set him on work
 To catch *Grasshoppers*, that now leap, now lurk
 Beneath the grasse, as if to find him play;
 Following his game, he came at length where lay
 A little *Scorpion* lurking, which he thought
 A *Grasshopper*, and stooping down he sought
 To take it: but the *Scorpion*, that foresaw
 The *Childe's* simplicity, bids him withdraw
 His hand, and live at quiet, lest he be
 Slain by an unexpected destiny.

The Morall.

Men after pleasures, like to children, runne,
 Not knowing what to follow, what to shunne.

F A B. 18.

The Falconer and Partridge.

A Partridge taken, and at point to die,
 Bespake the Falconer with piteous cry,
 That if he let her free, she will seduce
 More Partridges into his nets, and use
 Her best endeavour, during life, to give
 Him due requitall, if he let her live.

Nay now, quoth he, the rather I'll thee slay,
 Because thou wouldst thy Friends to death betray.

The Morall.

*They that by treachery would harm their Friends,
 Come, justly, oft to sudden evill ends.*

F A B. 182.

The Hare and Snail.



A Hare derides a *Snail* for her slow feet,
 Who answers, that, the *Hare* shall know how fleet
 The *Snail* is, if she will but runne a race
 And point an *Umpire* to appoint the place,
 And meet it out, and the race runne decide
 Whether hath wonne. Then *Wat*, in scorn repli'd,
 Thou dost not know my speed, but since you dare
 Challenge, we'll try : a match : done : then the *Hare*
 Points *Reinard* for their Judge, the wisest *Brute*.
 The *Snail* (the lists appointed) to confute
Watts jeering confidence, sets out with speed
 And marcheth forward with industrious heed
 And diligence, sans ceasing, till at last
 At the race end : *Wat* loytereth as fast,
 Confiding in her swiftnesse. Sleeps, and then,
 Awaking, runnes, to the race end : but when
 She sees the *Snail* there first, with shame *Wat* quits
 Her vain conceit and vainer bragging fits.

The Morall.

Mean parts with pains and diligence effect
 Things sooner, then great parts with like neglect.

F A B. 183.

FAB. 183.

The Willow tree and the Ax.

ONE that would cleave a *Willow* he had fell'd,
 Made *wedges* of it ; which when it beheld,
 Presaging wherefore they wete made, it groan'd,
 And thus it's grievous usages bemoan'd :
 The (stranger) *Ax* I do not grieve alone,
 Wherewith men fell me, but my grief and moan
 Imbitter'd is, because out of my side
Wedges are made my body to divide.

The Morall.

*In mens adversity more grievous blows
 Are given by false friends, then profest foes.*

M

FAB. 184.

F A B. 184.

The Pomegranate, and Pippin-tree.

THe *Pomegranate* and *Pippin-trees* contend
 For excellence long time, but in the end
 After much contest, when the greater trees
 Had sought, in vain, to settle their stirr'd lees,
 And to compose their difference, a *Bush*
 From the near hedge among them in doth rush,
 And hearing their debate enough, quoth he,
 Ye have already strove, be rul'd by me,
 Be Friends and your contention surcease,
 Now ye both pine, but both shall thrive in peace.
 This moves the trees :

The Morall.

*thus mean folks oft compose
 The differences of more potent Foes.*

F A B. 185.

FAB. 185.

The Mole and his Damme.



THe Mole, a creature blind by Nature is,
 Yet thus he spake once to his Damme ; I wis.
 Some strange strong-scenting odour I resent ;
 And by and by, ere they much ground had went,
 He sees a mighty Furnace ; then he hears
 A Noise of Anvils drumming in his ears
 To whom his Damme in merriment replies,
 He wanted nose and ears as well as eyes.

The Morall.

Great talkers and great boasters, most of all,
 Professing great things, are convinc'd in small.

F. A. B. 186.

The Wasps, Partridges, and Husbandman.

Once on a time the *Partridges* and *Wasps*,
 So pestered with thirst, that each one gasps
 As well for life, as water, jointly tend.
 To beg it of a *Farmer*, where they blend,
 And mix their begging with large proffers, say,
 They for his water will due thanks repay.
 The *Partridges* to dig his *Vineyards* proffer,
 That th' *Vines* may bear full clusters: the *Wasps* offer
 As largely, they by compassing it round,
 Secure from thieves, will guard the *Farmers* ground,
 To whom, quoth he, my yoke of *Oxen* see
 That till my ground, sans promising, for me.
 Wherefore, is it not fitter, do ye think,
 That they, that earn their waters, then you, drink?

The Morall.

*Wise mens benevolence should never flow
 To uselss idle drones; 'tis wisdom so.*

F. A. B. 187

FAB. 187.

Jupiter and the Serpent.



Jove solemnizing with a sumptuous feast
 His nuptials, was presented by each Beast,
 All Brutes, according to their powers, bring,
 Thereto in duty bound, an offering.
 The Serpent 'mong the rest a rose-bud crops,
 And bearing it in his invenom'd chops,
 Presents Jove with it : which when Jove beheld
 With great aversness he the gift repell'd,
 Adding, that though he pleased to accept
 Presents from all, the Serpent is except.

The Morall.

Wise men are well perswaded that the gifts
 Of wicked men have still some evil drifts.

FAB. 188.

FAB. 188.

The fondling Ape.

THe Ape brings forth *two young ones*, but affects
 And nurseth onely one, some say, neglects
 And leaves the other to his shifts and hates;
 But see the ruling power of the *Fates*:
 The *Brat*, wherein the *Damme* did so delight,
 Is strangled by her in her sleep at night,
 Or overlai'd: and so the *Brat* she hates
 Her darling proves, and thrives, so will the *Fates*.

The Morall.

Mens forecast and devices, oft to nought,
By Gods o're-ruling providence, are brought.

FAB. 189.

F A B. 139.
The Man and the Flea.

THe little *Flea*, whose onely food
 Is gain'd by sucking of the bloud,
 With eager thirst had seiz'd upon
 Ones flesh, and stuck so fast thereon,
 That ere escape by her was made,
 The man his hand upon her laid;
 And she his prisoner became.
 The *Flea* affrighted at the same,
 Intreats the man he would forgive
 This first offence, and let her live,
 Since she but little harm could do;
 Besides by nature prone thereto:
 To whom the man this answer gave,
 By so much lesse ought I to save
 Your life, as prone to mischief, you
 Can no deed of virtue shew;
 But if your strength could equallize
 Your will, in hourly villanies
 Would still persist: which to prevent,
 'Tis fit a sudden punishment
 Should cut you off, lest other men
 Receive like hurt from you agen,

The

The Morall.

Or great or smallst' offence, the Pow'r of Law
 And Justice with severity must awe
 Offenders, future mischiefs to prevent,
 Lest by too frequent pardon, insolent
 Presumptuous malefactours, flout in crimes,
 With villanous examples fill the times.

F A B. 190.

The Man and the Gnat.



A Gnat, in wonted manner, flies about,
 And lighting on the bare foot of a *Lowt*,
 So smartly kiss'd, that he, enrag'd with pain,
 Would, with his nails, the captive Gnat have slain;
 But the Gnat skipping from between his hands,
 Avoids her doom: the *Lowt* then thus demands,
 Oh Hercules, that wont to death to bring (thing?
 Things harmfull, wouldst not aid me 'gainst this

The Morall.

They do prophane Gods name that on him call,
 In ev'ry triviall happe, and worthlesse thrall.

F A B. 191.

The Old man and his two Wives.



One full o' years, but yet so lusty growne,
 With one wife could not rest content alone,
 But he must wed again, Contention grew
 Betwixt his *Wives*, his old one, and his new,
 Which he should most affect : His first kind *wife*
 Thus plots to gain his love, and end the strife ;
 She from his grissled head and beard doth cull
 All the black hairs ; his Second gray doth pull ;
 That he, or old or youthfull, might appear,
 And whom he most resembled, so to steer
 His love to them ; but they so often striv'd.
 That through their emulation they depriv'd
 The poor man of his ornament in hair,
 And make his head quite bald, his face quite bare.

The Morall.

This shows that Wedlock equal years doth crave,
 And not when thou hast one foot in the grave,
 To wed with Venus, lest grown bald, in stead
 Of hair, some other thing adorne thine head.

F A B. 192.

The Promiser.



ONe desperately sick and given o're
 By his *Physicians* now begin's t'implore
 His *God* for help ; and if *God* send him health
 Promiseth (though he scanty were in wealth)
 An *Hecatomb* of *Oxen* at his rise .
 To offer up, a thankfull *Sacrifice*,
 But, where are th' hundred *Oxen*, (quoth his wife,)
 To offer, if thy *God* should spare thy life ? -
 To whom her husband made this weak reply,
 God will not ask them, for behold I die.

The Morall.

Read, and abhorre their vanities, who use
 To make their tongues to idle talk, a sluce ;
 Who to their promises give such a scope,
 That to perform them they themselves not hope.

F A B. 193.

F A B. 193.

The Froggs.



A Brace of Froggs liv'd once upon a time
 Within a pool, till drought had bak'd the slime
 And spent the water; then these Mates leap on
 To seek another pool; and having gone
 Some *parasangs*, they find a pit, with steep
 Descent, well watred, being very deep;
 At sight of which, Quoth one, *Come Mate*, behold
 Let's jump in hither, where we may be bold;
 The *Sunne* our envious parent, cannot drie
 Our envy'd store: her *Mate* made this reply,
 If this store also fail us, how shall we
 Ascend from this so vast profunditie?

The Morall.

Look ere you leap; remembering this sad truth,
 That Rash attempts are waited on by ruin.

F A B. 194.

F A B. 154.

The Cock and Dog.



When Brutes could speak, a *Cock* and *Dog* agreed
 To take a walk, and for their better speed,
 A league offensive and defensive 'plight;
 Strengthen'd with that, they travell; and when Night
 (The earth's shade) stay'd them, *Chansicleere* ascends
 A hollow tree, the *Dog* at th' root defends
 The fort, between them keeping watch and ward:
 The *Cock* of course doth crow, and is or'e-heard
 By *Reynard* passing by, who forthwith bends
 His course that way, and there arriv'd pretends
 That he would fain embrace him, and desires
 The *Cock* would thence descend: the *Cock* requires
 The *Fox* to wake the Porter to give way:
 Which done, the *Dog* the coz'ned *Fox* doth slay.

The Morall.

*Wise men make use of their more potent Friends,
 Against a Foe that treacherie intend.*

F A B. 195.

The Lyon and the Bear.the
ends

A Bear and Lyon, for a Fawn long fought,
 Til with expence of blood, they both were brought
 To giddinesse, that weary down they lie
 To breath themselves : But Reynard passing by,
 And seeing them so weary, and the Fawn
 Between them, he resolv'd to keep the pawn
 Till they agree'd, and seized on the prey,
 And drew it to his den hard-by, but they
 Unable to resist and rise, deplore
 Their fruitlesse double pains, and wounds so sore,
 And that they toyled for the Foxes mawe.

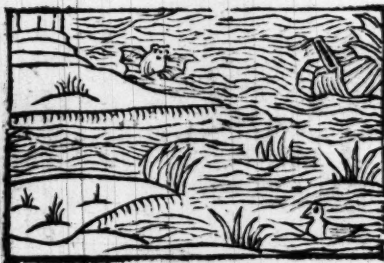
The Morall.

*See here the Exit of great suites in Law,
 When potent purses wrangle, till the stealth
 Of pickpurse Lawyers rob them of their wealth.*

97.

F A B. 195.

The Bush, the Bat and Cormorant.



THe *Bush*, the *Bat*, the *Cormorant* agree,
 To joine together, and will Merchants be;
 The *Bush* provideth Clothes, the *Bat* doth lade
 The Ship with silver, and the *Corm'rant* made
 Brasse his adventure, so to Sea they go:
 But a storm rising, tossed to and fro
 Their roling Vessell, 'till the swelling Seas
 Devour both Ship and their Commodities.
 Wherefore to save their lives, the Merchants flie
 To th' land, to shun the Oceans tyrannie.
 Being arriv'd, the *Cormorant* no more
 Daring be seen, lurks closely by the shore.
 Fearing her Creditours, the *Bat*, by night
 (Foraking day) dares onely take her flight,
 The *Bush* no longer daring to be seen
 In its own clothing, or his wonted green;
 Shakes off her leaves, that so unknown she may
 Remain, t' her Creditors that passe that way.

The

The Morall.

The Corm'rant, Bush, and Bat to us descry
 The rashnesse of those men, who wilfully
 Hazard their fortunes by attempting all
 Their fancie prompt; and into ruine fall,
 Scarcely escaping with their lives, when they
 Might have foreseen that eminent decay,
 So to avoid, and not so headlong run
 On danger; which approaching, none can shun.

F A B. 161.

The Fox and Rhinocerete.



Rhinoceros his dulled teeth did whet
 Upon a hard'ned tree, thereon to set
 A keener edge. But Reynard passing by
 Askes the Rhinocerete a reason, why
 He whet his teeth confronted by no Foe
 Nor any danger, why then did he so?
 The Brute replies, good reason why, for when
 Dangers assault me, sure I ought not then
 Be to set edge upon my teeth, imploy'd,
 But use their sharpnesse, least I be annoy'd.

The Morall.

*Men must be arm'd 'gainst ills that may ensue,
And future dangers, else they soon may rue.*

F A B. 198.

The snared Lark.



A Snared Lark bewayl'd his captive state,
Bemoaning most the odnesse of his Fate.
He no man rob'd of silver or of gold,
Nor any thing of moment. yet, behold
His sinister odde Fate, for one poor grain
Of wheat, poor Lark is snared to be slain.

The Morall.

*Their crosses, justly, make those men complain
Who hazard much, a little pelfe to gain.*

F A B. 199.

F A B. 199.
The Covetous Man.

A Covetous rich Man when he had sold
All he was worth, and turned all to gold,
Went out into his field, and digg'd a pit,
A grave, to hold his mind, and soul, and it;
Whither he still on daily visits went
To see his gold, his soul, his sole content.
At last a Slave of his observ'd the wretch,
And markt the place, and the next night did fetch
Away the golden Glebe. The Miser then
Walks next day forth to see his gold; but when
He mist it, he most strangely raketh on,
And tears his hair; his soul, his gold is gone.
This, one descrying, jeer'd out this reply,
Be cheary man; there's nothing lost; for why?
Thou may'st conceive thy gold here still, and have
Joy of it, as when it lay in that grave.

Thou never hadst it when thou didst it keep,
Let not its absence then cause thee to weep.

The Morall.

He that possesseth wealth and doth not use
The same, ne're had it, yet doth it abuse.

F A B. 164.

The One-eyed Doe.

AN one-ey'd Doe that neer the Sea did graze,
 To Sea-ward turn'd the blind side of her face,
 Suspecting thence no harm; but tother side
 Wherewith she saw, she to the land apply'd
 Expecting thence, what ever men could do
 To bring her mischief, and to work her wo.
 But some sly Ladds had notice of her plot,
 And went to Sea by boat; from whence they shot
 The Sea-secure Doe unto death, who bray'd
 Her last breath, thus, ah! wo is me betray'd
 Thence, whence I thought no ill to me could come,
 Yet thence untoucht, whence I did dread my doom.

The Morall.

*Of things are harmlesse, which yet hurtfull seem
 To men; and hurtfull which they harmlesse deem.*

F A B. 165.



AN hunted Deer a Cave farre off descends,
Whither, in hope to rest her self, she hies,
But entering the Cave, a Lion there
Lurking arrests her, ready her to tear.

Then dying thus she sigh'd: did I then thus
Men, by the fiercest Beast to be undone?

The Morall.

Unwary men and fearfull often shall,
Shunning some peevish harms together fall.

The Deer and the Vine.



Under the Covert of a *Vine*, a *Deer*
 Lay close to shun some *Archers* that were near,
 Who hardly past by, but the *Deer* began
 To browse the *Vine*-leaves: then the *Archers* scan
 The noise and shaking of the leaves, and why
 May nor, sayes one, some *Deer* there lurking ly?
 And so it was; then they with arrows keen,
 Thick shot, do wound to death the *Deer* unseen;
 Who, dying, justifies her doom, 'cause she
 Offer'd, the *Vine*, that sav'd her, injurie.

The Morall.

Who wrong their Benefactors often rue,
 Justice Divine repaying them their due.

F A B. 203.

The Cock the Lion, and the Ass.

THe *Cock* and *Ass* together feed ;
 Tow'rd's whom a *Lion* making speed,
 The *Cock* first sees him ; and to warn
 The *Ass* to shun ensuing harm,
 He crows aloud ; at whose shrill voice
 The *Lion* back retires (no noise
 More terrifying him then that)
 Which when the *Ass* perceiv'd ; thereat
 Insults, and thinks from him he flew :
 Seeming with fury to pursue
 The *Lion* : but ere farre th' had gone
 Beyond the noise of *Cocks* : where none
 Was present but the *Ass* and he,
 The *Lion* longer scorns to flee.
 But turns, and unresisted slow
 The *Ass*, that did but now pursue.
 Who thus laments, alas, that I
 Of cow'rdly parents born, must die I
 Not able in this fatall strife
 Return a stroke to save my life I

N 2

Nor

Not when in safety feeding, sit,
But follow such an enemy!

The Morall.

As foolish Cowards brand thee with disgrace,
From equall enemies to turn thy face;
So proves it rather folly, to pursue
A foe that politically flies from you,
Till he have drawn thee under his command,
Where no resistance can his force withstand.

F. A. B. 204.

The Gardener and his Dog.



A Gardners Dog was tumbling by his Well,
And at the last into the same he fell:
The Gardener, beholding how he strove
To get out thence, and could not, in pure love
Descends to help him out: the Dog, for dread,
Left he would thrust him further in, makes head,
And biting him compells him thence to part.
His Master, out, replies, I justly smart,

That would a Felon to himself reprieve ;
There shall he drown, ere I will him relieve.

The Morall.

Ingratefull men requite good turns so still,
If not with euill deeds, with euill will.

F A B. 205.

The Dog and Swine.



A Swine, at variance with a Dog, did swear
By *Venus*, certes, he the Dog will tear
To pieces with his tusks : the Dog puts off
Those threats with fltering semblance and a scoff;
'Tis well, quoth he, that you by *Venus* swear ;
For well you intimate thereby how dear
You are to *Venus*, who allows no seat
About her *Tholes* to those that *Swineflesh* eat,
A food impure: the Swine replies, therefore
The Goddess shews, that she affects me more,
Abhorring those that hurt me ; but, for thee,
Thy stinck, alive and dead, 's unfavoury,

The Morall.

'Tis wisdom to conuert that to ones praise,
Which ones Detraction to disgrace one sayes.

N 3

F A B. 206.

FAB. 106.

The Wolf and Kid.

A Tender Kid her Damme b'ing by
 To guard her from the tyranny
 Of the insulting Wolf grows bold,
 With him a conference to hold,
 And with ill words the Wolf upbraid.
 To whom the Wolf this answer made,
 Fond Kid it is thy Guard and place,
 Not thou, that doth me thus disgrace:
 For know weak fool wert thou but here,
 Alone, and shouldst so domineer,
 My courage should suppress thy vip'rous tongue,
 From utt'ring such insufferable wrong.

The Morall.

*The Valiant so abuses take,
 From Cowards, nor resistance make:
 The place or presence of some other
 Forcing them their ill words to smother.*

FAB. 107.

F A B. 207.

The Fox and the Wolf.



POOR *Reinard* by unhappy fortune fell
 Into the bottome of a dang'rous Well,
 Fearfull of sudden death: at length he spies
 A *wolf* upon the brink, to whom he cries
 With lamentable voice; Assist, dear friend,
 My miseries, some speedy succour lend,
 And help me to a cord, that so I may
 Escape with life, and I'll to thee repay
 A thousand thanks, and by engagement stand
 Ready to act what thou shalt me command;
 To whom the grieved *Wolf* sadly replies,
 Alasse, poor *Fox*, whence did thy sorrows rise?
 Tell me what dire mischance, what sudden fate
 Lead thee thy fortunes thus to ruinate.
 The half-drown'd *Fox*, makes answer; friend no more
 Stand to demand the reason, lest before
 Our talk have end, my vitall parts expire
 And thou in vain accomplish my desire.

The Morall.

*A sudden wound expects a sudden cure :
Nor will prolixity of time endure ;
Lest, while prolong'd in tedious delay,
The slow Physician with fond questions play
Upon the wounded Patient, vainly be
Produce a slight and friv'lous remèdie.*

F A B. 208.

The Cock and the Fox.



THe rav'nous Fox, that often did imbrue
His paws in blood, and harmlesse Pullen slew,
Is by the crafty Country-man insnar'd
Within a trap to that intent prepar'd ;
Whom the much wronged Cock perceiving, he
(Not daring else approach his enemy)
Draws near to Reinar'd ; who with mild intreats,
(For need enforced him to lay by threats)
Begg of the Cock to help him to a knife,
And cut the cord so to prolong his life,
Which now he fear'd to lose ; or else to prove
So faithfull to him, that he would not move

His

His masters rage against him, but forbear
 Complaints, till he the cords asunder tear
 With his sharp teeth; the *Cock* with gentle words,
 And seeming smiles to th' *Foxes* will accords,
 But inwardly resolveth otherwise,
 And with all speed to call his Master flies;
 Who joyfull at the news, with equall haste
 Provides a club; so while the *Fox* was fast
 To take revenge; at sight of whom, the *Fox*
 Exclaims at his credulity, the mocks
 Of the deceitfull *Cock* to build on; when
 He knew that wrongs would be return'd agen
 By such who had sustain'd them; and requite
 With losse of life those who in bloud delight.

The Morall.

*'Tis sottish folly credit to impose
 Of secrecie upon professed foes.*

The end of the Fables.

N. 5.

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The Life of ÆSOP.

CHAP. I.

A Description of the Birth, shape and Qualities of ÆSOP.



ÆSOP; a Man of Birth but mean; at first
 Was to a slavish bondage long accurt;
 Disdain'd by all, and seeming to all eyes
 Made up of NATURES worst Deformities:
 Whose Head was great, his Visage black of hue,
 Huge rolling Eyes, his Nose beneath them grew.
 Flat to his Face; his hanging Lips likewise,
 And yellow Teeth had like deformed size;
 His Back was crooked, and his Belly large:
 His knotty Knees, and bow-Legs could discharge
 (According to our Proverb) able strength:
 His Splayd-feet thick, and of unseemly length;

His

His voice inarticulate; Gesture rude;
 Presaging badges of plain servitude.
 But to delineate his more noble Parts,
 (Th' Endowments of his mind, and skill in Arts)
 Let them that read his works, hereafter, guesse;
 While I his Lifes whole passages expresse.

CHAP. II.

ÆSOP clears an accusation falsely laid upon him by
 his fellow-servant for eating the Figs.



NOW **ÆSOP** being drunk, and b' outward show
 Not fit for other use; to th' Field must go,
 Amongst the daily Labourers to toil,
 To dig the Earth, and till the fruitful Soile;
 Untill the gratefull Harvest drawing near,
 Yields her first fruits to the glad Labourer;
 Which being gath' red, to his Master he
 With gladness them presents, who joyfully
 The same accepts, and wills his Servant straight
 Nam'd *Agathopus* (who did on him wait)
 To keep them safe; but *Agathopus* mind
 How to deceive his Master, b'ing inclin'd,

Thus

Thus with his fellow plots : Wea'l eat (quoth he)
 The Figgs, and *Æsop* our excuse shall be ;
 He shall sustain our fault ; nor will our Lord
 Belief to one, against us two, affor'd.
 And so they both agreed ; the Figgs were gone ;
 Which when the Master missed (coming home)
 He calls for *Agastopus*, and demands
 The Figgs which were de'iv' red to his hands :
 Who answer'd ; he but laid them down, and ere
 His back was turn'd, from him convey'd they were
 By *Æsop's* craft ; which (crediting) his Lord
 In anger threatens *Æsop*, till implor'd,
 And by his piteous signes, somewhat appeas'd,
Æsop warm wine craves, which (drinking) eas'd
 His stomach quite, from whence there issued
 Nothing, but that wherewith they saw he fed.
 Whereat a while they all in doubting stand,
 Lest *Æsop* might be wron'gd ; who (out of hand)
 Urging his host Accusers now to taste
 The self same drink ; upon the ground they tast
 The undigested Figgs ; whereby appear'd
 Their guilt, and *Æsop's* Accusation clear'd,
 So shall all false Accusers (though conceal'd
 A while) by their own plottings be reveal'd :
 For falshood never so securely slepe,
 But Justice her Deceits can intercept.

CHAP. III.

CHAP. III.

How ÆSOP was indued with perfect understanding and use of his Tongue, by the Goddess D I A N A, for his kind and affable nature to the two Priests.



NEXT day approaching early in the Morn,
 Æsop again must to the field return ;
 Where (hot with labour) to a cooling shade
 (Which by a goodly spreading Beech was made)
 He goes to take repose ; whom drowsie Sleep
 Seizing, his mind in pleasant dreams did keep ;
 Midst which appears D I A N A in a fair
 White silken Robe, with long disbevel'd hair,
 Crownd with a wreath of Lawrell ; in her hand
 Bearing a long white silver tipped wand ;
 Which waving thus she speaks ; Hence all prophane.
 Let no dull thoughts of Folly here remain ;
 But for thy kindnesse to our Priests, when thou
 Supply'st their wants, and didst relieve allow ;
 Directing them the perfect way to tread
 Unto their Home, who n error had misted.
 For this thy Hospitality, possesse
 Thy Tongue's cleer use, and Wisemens happinesse ;

A brain inspir'd with wisdom, which shall give
Thy Countrey aid, and make thee truly live.
This said, the vanished; and Æsop now,
(Rising from sleep) did the true Nature know
Of every thing, and could his Language frame
To call each Creature by it's proper Name:
And to the field again retires; where he
Zenas the Steward saw, injuriously
Beating the Servants; Æsop him reproves
For unjust cruelty; which Zenas moves
(When he deformed Æsops threatnings saw)
To fear, lest he might peradventure draw
His Masters love from him by just complaints,
Which, to prevent, he straight his Lord acquaints
How Æsop now could speak, and did upbraid
His Worship with foul language; who thus said,
(With anger in his looks:) Lo, Zenas I
Commit the Villain to thy custodie:
Take him, and sell the slave; or else him lose;
Or him to any greater harm expose,
So he be from my sight. Thus Innocence
Is oftentimes betray'd, without offence.



When Zenas by this false report had gain'd
 His will, and Æsops servitude obtain'd;
 A Merchant which from Ephesus repairs,
 Himself to furnish with some needfull wares,
 And Servants to transport them; forthwith came
 To Zenas to be furnisht with the same:
 Who answers, he had no Commodities,
 Onely a Servant for three-half-pence price,
 If it please him he should buy, and Æsop have
 At such an easie rate to be his Slave:
 But when the Merchant eyes his ugly form,
 He 'gan reject his Merchandise with scorn,
 Replying thus to Zenas, Thinkst thou I
 Came hither such mi-shapen Slaves to buy?
 And so (half angry) parted: But at last
 Æsop unto the Merchant making haste,
 Thus fairly promiseth; if he would free
 And take him from proud Zenas slavery,
 He soon should see with what obedience still
 He would subject himself to please his will;

Not

Nor grudge at any labour hee'd impose,
 But faithfull prove what way so ere he goes:
 By which intreaties, witty *Æsop* gain'd
 The Merchants love, and his good will obtain'd.
 So, (having bought him for the foresaid rate)
 To *Ephesus* he doth conduct him straight,
 And 'mongst his other Servants plac'd him there
 To labour, and like heavy burthens bear:
 At length from *Zenas* yoke (being free) he went
 To *Ephesus*, with more then small content.

CHAP. V.

ÆSOP is in choosing the lightest burthen which
 his fellowes thought to be the heaviest.



THe Merchant and his Servants all prepare
 For *Ephesus*, each one to bear his share
 Of such Commodities as he had bought.
Æsop first takes the bread; for which they thought
 Him but a fool, the heaviest to choose,
 Who might have tane the lightest, and refuse
 What ever him dislik'd; but by the way
 When at their Innes they for refreshment stay
 To rest and ease themselves, at every meal,
 When as their Master did to each man deal

His

His share of bread from Æsop's Basket, they
 Perceiv'd his burthen lighter every day ;
 And (ere they came to *Ephesus*) to bear
 Scarce any waight, when they still loaden were :
 Thus Politic oft-times prevaiileth, when
 Fools think they have outreached wiser men.

CHAP VI.
 The second sale of ÆSOP.



THE Merchant now with his Commodities
 Arrives at *Ephesus*, whose Merchandize
 With profit sold, excepting his three men,
 Æsop and other two, with whom he then
 To *Samos* goes, and at a Market there
 Sets forth his Men for sale, who different were
 In stature, two being of proportion strait,
 But Æsop crooked ; whose unseemly gate
 To them appear'd most ugly ; yet now came
Xanthus a great Philosopher, whose fame
 Was through that Country spread ; so, viewing these,
 He ask'd the first what he could do to please,
 His Master that should buy him, who replies
 All things he can command him, or devise,
 The which made Æsop laugh : to'th other then
 The self same question he propounds agen,

Who

Who gave him the like answer ; and thereby
 Made witty *Æsop* laugh more heartily.
Xanthus demandeth then their price, but found
 The value farre beyond their worth abound,
 And so departs ; but *Xanthus* Schollers, well
 Perceiving *Æsop* standing there to sell,
 Thus to their Master spake ; Sir, pray you buy
 That other Slave, whose foul deformity
 Shall bring us mirth, his price wee'l 'mongst us pay ;
 Then *Xanthus* back returns, and thus did say,
 Asking of *Æsop* what he was ; who gave
 This answer, he was a deformed Slave :
 Quoth *Xanthus*, that I know ; but I demand
 (If thou my question canst but understand)
 From whence thou diddest unto *Samas* come ?
Æsop replies, Out of my Mothers wombe.
Xanthus again, nor ask I that of thee ;
 But from what place if thou canst answer me ?
 Quoth *Æsop* then, troth Sir, I do not know
 Where I was born, above or else below,
 My Mother never told me ; *Xanthus* thus
 Deluded, saw he was ingenious.
 And now proceeding in his questions still,
 Demandeth in what Science he had skill ?
 Who sayes, in nothing ; Hol quoth *Xanthus* then,
 Why ? Quoth *Æsop*, if your two other men
 Can all things do, as they professe to you,
 They then for me will nothing leave to do.
 The Schollers, hearing *Æsop* answer so,
 Applauded him ; for none can all things know.
 So *Xanthus* now agrees for threescore pence
 To buy poor *Æsop*, and conveys him thence,
 Esteeming nerethelesse the value dear,
 Because he did so much deform'd appear :
 To whom thus *Æsop*, VVise men will not scan,
 Th'externall shape, but the internall man.

C H A P. VII.

ÆSOP goes home with *Xanthus* to his Wife.



ÆSOP becoming *Xanthus* servant now,
 Must to his house repair, and humbly show
 His service to his Wife, who long desir'd,
 And of her Husband earnestly requir'd
 That he would buy a servant, which should be
 In shape from all deformed members free,
 And luttie, strait and fair; but when her eyes
 Were fixt on *Æsop's* soul deformities,
 Reader imagine what an angry look
 A woman darts, whose strong desires can brook
 No foul displeasing object, if her will
 Be bent her expectation to fulfill;
 And such expect from *Xanthus* wife, who bends
 Her browes, and frownes in stead of smiling sends
 Against her aged Husband, when she lost
 Her will, and of her longing now was crost;
 But he (kind man) more willing her to please,
 And to a Womans peevishnesse give ease,
 First seems t'excuse, and then his fault deplore,
 The which incens'd her yet more, and more.

Whereat

Whereat 'gan Æſop laugh, with this reply,
I now a grave Philoſopher eſpie
Yeeld conqueſt to a Woman; which did make
Xanthus his mildeſt humour to forſake;
And (angry) ſpake to Æſop: Slave, you ſee
For you your Miſter is diſpleas'd with me;
'Twere beſt you ſeek to pleaſe her ſtraight again;
But Æſop answers him, no greater pain
Can you impoſe, or any mortall finde,
Then to appeaſe an angry Womans mind.

CHAP. VIII.

ÆSOP resolves the Gardener of a question which Xanthus could not.



Xanthus now calls for Æſop; he doth ſtraight
Obey, and at his Maſters elbow wait;
Who leads him to his Garden, thence to bear
Such herbs as for his practice uſfull were.
Æſop laden departs: the Gardener then
Doth call his Maſter Xanthus back again,
And prayes that he his answer would afford
One Queſtion to reſolve; He doth accord:

The Gard'ner thus beginnes ; unfold (I pray)
 How, and from what strange cause proceed it may,
 As by experience I have often found,
 In herbs all of one kind upon the ground,
 That there a difference growes, and these appear
 More fresh, and farre more early blossomes bear,
 VVhich naturally grow, then those that are
 Manur'd and dunged with our chiefeſt care ?
 By Divine providence, *Xanthus* replies,
 From which in them a vertue hidden lies.
 VVhich answer lik'd not *Æſop* ; wherefore he
 Thus to his Maſter ; This reply can be
 No perfect resolution : but give ear
 And I will make the question plain appear.
 As when a Woman, whose firſt Husband dies,
 And leaves her many Children, once more ties
 The Nuptiall knot, and with a man is joyn'd,
 VVhoſe VVife deccas'd, as many left behind :
 But when together in one houſe they live,
 She to her own all tender love doth give,
 But proves to his a Step-mother ; and they
 Scarce thrive ſo well as her own Children may :
 Ev'n ſo in Nature oftentimes we ſee
 Betwixt two Plants the like Antipathie : -
 That thrives the beſt, and makes the faireſt ſhew,
 VVhich Natures ſelf manureth, and not you.
 Thus *Æſops* witty resolution lent
 The Gard'ners doubtfull fancie full content.

CHAP. IX.

ÆSOP bears the Present, which **Xanthus** commands to be delivered to her that lov'd him best.



XANTHUS prepares a Banquet, and invites
 Friends to participate of such delights ;
 For their welcome he provid'd had ;
 But his crosse Wife disdainfull still and sad,
 Pouts in a corner : nor will present
 To welcome his invited Company
 Seeking to vex her Husbands humour still :
 Yet **Xanthus** striving how to please her will,
 Curs off the best, and **Æsop** thus commands,
 That Present to deliver to the hands
 Of her that lov'd him best ; who seeing well
 How much she did in wrath and hate excell,
 Towards her Husband, studied now to trie
 Her angry passions worst extremitie,
 And thus relates his message : here you see
 (Mistris) the Present was deliver'd me
 For her, who most respect to **Xanthus** shoves :
 With that, the meat unto a Bitch he throwes ;

This

This with new rage incenseth Xanthus wife,
 And sets her love and anger both at strife,
 Which way to take revenge : at last resolv'd
 She is, while vengefull thoughts her mind involv'd,
 To leave her husband quite ; and so retires
 Home to her friends ; but Xanthus (whose desires
 Her absence could not brook) inquires the cause
 That she 'gainst modesty and Marriage-laws
 Should thus forsake his bed : but when he found
 How *Aesop* gave the present to his Hound,
 Not to his Wife ; inrag'd against him thus :
 Villain (quoth he) that sow'st debate twixt us,
 Thy life shall answer it, unless thou find
 A way t'appease her discontented mind,
 And call her home again : but *Aesop* said,
 Thou for thy dotage now art well apaid,
 For now thou seest who lov'd thee best ; since she
 Is gone, thy hound abideth still with thee.
 Yet Xanthus writes, and sues for her return,
 But his affection she requites with scorn,
 And while he strives her presence to regain
 The more she doth reject him with disdain.

So pious men (might they have their will)
 Would use their husbands at their pleasure still.

CHAP. X.

ÆSOP (by a witty invention) causeth Xanthus Wife
to return again.



X *Xanthus* enraged still no rest can take,
Since his discourteous Wife did him forsake:
Which *Æsop* well perceiving, he invents
This wife to cure his Master's discontent:
Loaden with Foul and such like costly fare,
Which he seems for a Banquet to prepare,
Against his Masters wedding; doth relate
His errand thus to *Xanthus* Wife: Your hate,
And sudden parting doth my Mistr move
From you to sue divorce and seek the love
Of one that shall with him more quiet live,
And not such causes of dissention give;
To morrow is the day: So *Æsop* goes,
Leaving his Mistress besome full of woes;
Till she 'twixt hope and fear resolves to try
The truth, and home returneth speedily;
And with a mind more humble then before,
With sighs and tears, her Husband doth implore

O

Her

Her errours to forgive, and she will prove
More mild to him, and constant in her love.

From whence let all men learn what will prevail
To curb a Shrew, whenas intreaties fail.

CHAP. XI.

ÆSOP, 'commanded to serve the best meat, serveth
Xanthus at his Table with nothing but tongues.



Xanthus intends a Feast, invites home friends,
And therefore Æsop to the Market sends
The choicest dishes to provide; but he
(Still full of craft and witty subtiltie)
Buyes nothing else but Tongues; no other meat
Provided he at all for them to eat:
The first Course Tongues, and at the second came
No other fare, and at the third the same.
Villain (quoth Xanthus then) I bad thee buy
The choicest dishes that thou couldst espie,
And not course Tongues alone; wherefore did you
Thus crosse, and not my just commandment do?
But Æsop answers: Sir, the Tongue's the best
Of Dishes to present at any Feast;

By that, Discourse and Traffick still is held,
Twixt man and man ; by that is right upheld :
What but the *Tongue* unfolds the mind, and gives
A light to Knowledge? by it Learning lives;
And grave Divines our stragling thoughts controll
Conducting in the paths of truth the Soul.
When neighbours Jarre, the Lawyers fluent *Tongue*
Disputes the Cause, and punisheth the wrong
By a just Sentence, that example may
Instruct Offenders, Justice to obey.
The hidden Secrets of Philosophie
By *Tongues* of learned Doctors we describe.
A thousand other benefits beside
The *Tongue* affords ; then can it be deny'd
But that a *Tongue* 's the best Dish to prefer
Upon the Board of a Philosopher?

CHAP. XII.

A S O P, commanded by Xanthus to buy the worst of
meats for Supper, provides *Tongues* again.



His answer pleas'd them all, and Xanthus then
Invites them all to sup with him agen ;

Commanding *Æsop* now not to prepare
 Such curious Dishes, and such costly fare,
 But to seek out the worst, and that to buy,
 Which *Æsop* apprehendeth craftily,
 And *Tongues* makes ready still: night drawing nie
 The Guests to Supper unto *Xanthus*, he;
 But find no fare but *Tongues*; whereat they deem'd
 Their welcome base, and some half angry seem'd:
 To whom thus *Æsop*; Sirs, my Masters will
 I never yet was backward to fulfill,
 Nor have I done it now; for lo, he said
 Go buy the worst of meats, and I obeyd.
 For if abus'd, the *Tongue*'s the worst of all,
 That sows sedition, making neighbours fall
 At variance 'twixt themselves; by that 'tis known
 Cities have been betrayd, Towns overthrownd,
 And too too often Children have revild
 Their aged Parents, Parents curst their Child,
 Besides, no man more mischief can expresse,
 Then he that doth an evil *Tongue* possesse.
 And thus you see the *Tongue*'s the worst and best
 For mortall use, as 'tis in usage blest.

CHAP. XIII.

XANTHUS commandeth ÆSOP to seek a man
that regarded nothing.



When Xanthus Æsops cunning did perceive,
How craftily his answers he did weave,
To save himself from blame; at length doth lay
A task on him (which Æsop must obey)
To seek a man whose care was fixt on nought,
That nothing begg'd, no earthly pleasure sought,
Save what he did possesse: Æsop anon
Beholds a lusty Countrey-Clown alone,
Who walking to him, as the Clown he meets,
Him at first salutation thus he greets;
Xanthus invites thee home; the Clown doth need
No greater invitation, but with speed
Along with Æsop walks; when Xanthus saw
The Clown approach, and near unto him draw,
Asks Æsop what he was? quoth he, a man
That cares for nothing: Xanthus then began
To frown at Æsop; but at length in mind
Revolving his command, he proves more kind.

Who lovingly now entertains the Clown,
And with himself at Table sets him down ;
Till questions passing upon either side,
When *Xanthus* the Clowns ignorance espide,
He seems to chide his Cook, not having dress'd
The Dinner worthy such a welcome Guest :
But the Cook studying himself t' excuse ,
Doth with the fault his Mist'ris there accuse.
Xanthus the better then the Clown to prove
In his affection what he best did love ;
Seems angry with his Wife, and threatens her
That she shall burn alive before she stir.
The Clown supposing *Xanthus* angry grow,
And that his Wife should to the fire go,
Shews all his wit at once) replies, O stay
A while, till I from hence but go away
To fetch my Wife, and then they both shall be
Within one Fier burnt for companie.
At which fond answer *Xanthus* did confesse,
Æsop the greater knowledge to expresse ;
For since the Clown so little lov'd his Wife,
He nothing else regarded in this life.

CHAP. XIV.

ÆSOP'S answer to the Judge.



THree dayes b'ing past, Æsop employed is
 Upon another message, which was this :
 Xanthus would go to th' Bath, and sent to know
 (That he more privately might thither go)
 What company was in it ; Æsop now
 That nere to do his Masters will was slow,
 Makes all the speed he can ; but by the way,
 He meets a Judge, who to him thus did say,
 Now Loggerhead where go'st thou ? Æsop then
 Troth Sir, I know not, cries to him agen :
 But when the Judge did his crosse answer hear,
 He calls two men, and will'd them Æsop bear
 To prison straight ; to whom thus Æsop cri'd
 For this first fault good Sir be pacifi'd :
 Knew I that you would me to prison send !
 How could I truly then an answer lend
 Which way I had to go ? the Judge (who smiles
 At Æsops answer and his crafty wiles)
 Bids, let the Knave go free. So, Æsop makes
 All speed away, and his quick journey takes

Towards the Bath, where being entered, he
 Espies there bathing a great companie :
 But at the entry seeing there a Stone,
 Whereat most stumbled saving onely one,
 Who (wiser then the rest) remov'd the same.
 When Æsop therefore back, t' his Master came,
 Who asketh him how many bathing were,
 Æsop replies, he saw but one man there.
 Xanthus was pleas'd at this, and thither hies,
 But b'ing arriv'd, a multitude he spies,
 Of strangers altogether in the Bath ;
 Who thus to Æsop (b'ing incens'd with wrath)
 Villain, thou saidst here were no more then one,
 And he himself was bathing all alone.
 'Tis true quoth Æsop, for behold where lies
 A Stone before the Bath, yet none so wise
 To move the same, all stumbled save this man,
 And therefore him so stile I onely can ;



But deem the rest like senselesse Idiots all,
 Who rather then they'd stoop, would stumbling fall;
 Thus Xanthus though displeas'd, no way could blame
 (Hearing his answer) Æsop for the same

CHAP. XV.

XANTHUS foolishly in his Cups made a bargain to drink all the water in the Sea: But Æsop wisely taught him how to dissolve the wager.



IT chanc'd 'mongst his acquaintance on a time,
Xanthus o'recome with lib'ral cups of Wine,
 Midst their discourse one of them doth demand,
 If it with possibility might stand
 For one to drink the water in the Sea,
Xanthus replies, it possible might be,
 And he could do it: wagers then were laid
 On either side, and stakes by either made,
 An hundred Crowns to **Xanthus** house: but now
 When **Xanthus** well had slept, and hearing how
 He had himself ore-reach'd, began repent
 His foolish bargain, full of discontent;
 To whom thus Æsop spake, if you will please
 To free my bondage, and my bonds release,
 I shall invent and eas'ly find the way
 VVhereby your bargain soon dissolve you may.

Xanthus agrees : And *Æsop* thus began ;
 Master, you know the boundlesse Ocean
 Which worketh still with an inconstant tide
 Doth not alone within it self abide,
 But purging ev'ry minute, when it flows,
 What ebbs receiv'd, again to Rivers throws :
 VVhose Currents if your opposites can keep,
 From back returning to th' unfadom'd Deep ;
 Bear you the losse : this *Æsop* *Xanthus* taught ;
 VVho next day, when his Adversaries thought
 To win what he had laid, all ready were
 To see him drink the Sea : but first forbear
 A while (quoth *Xanthus*) seeing yesterday
 I did this bargain make, and wager lay.
 I must perform it ; but (the Sea) you know
 'Tis onely I must drink, no Brooks that flow
 Into the same ; Therefore if you can stop
 Their currents thence, I soon shall drink it up :
 The which did seem a task as great as his,
 As well for them as for himself to misse :
 VVhich both the Parties seeing, they agree
 To break the Bargain, and each other free.

CHAP. XVI.

XANTHUS his Ingratitude to ÆSOP.



WHen *Xanthus* had receiv'd the benefit,
 And freed his *VV*ager by his *Servant*'s wit,
Æsop his Masters promises expects,
 But *Xanthus* most ingratelully re,ects
 His just demand, studying more and more
 To use him harsher then he did before,
 And mingle stripes with threats ; but *Æsop* still
 So well conform'd him to his Masters will
 In all things to obey, that *Xanthus* hate
 Could find no just ground (though inveterate)
 To punish *Æsop* : yet as quenchlesse fire
 The more suppress'd, doth with more force aspire,
 Consuming all it meets ; so *Xanthus* rage
Æsops best duty no way can assuage :
 Being resolv'd, although (without a cause)
 Now to burst forth, and not one minutes pause
 Admit to keep it in ; for which intent
 He on a foolish errand *Æsop* sent

To seek about the field, if haply he
 Could find two Crows perching upon one tree,
 And so to bring him word ; for two (quoth he)
 Portend good luck ; but one a Prodigie.
 Æsop walks forth and finds them ; back doth run
 To Xanthus, ere who got out, one was gone :
 VWhich he perceiving ; Crook-backt slave (quoth he)
 Thy daily custome is to flout at me,
 And now I'll take revenge, and bang thee well :
 But Æsop cry'd, Sir, while I came to tell
 The news to you, one of them fled away :
 Yet Xanthus slights th' excuse, and stripes doth lay
 More thick on him, till dinner-time drew on,
 And Xanthus to his meat was call'd upon :
 VWhen Æsop murmur'd thus ; Alas, how curst
 My fortune is ! I'm sure to have the worst :
 Two Crows portend good luck, one onely Crow
 My Master sayes misfortune doth foreshew,
 But I spide two, and he but onely one,
 Yet have I stripes ; he to good cheer is gone :
 If men by Birds no better can divine,
 Let them foretell their own good luck, not mine.

CHAP. XVII

CHAP. XVII.

ÆSOP waggishly discovereth the nakednesse of his
Mistress.



X Ambus again to Market Æsop sends
To buy provision & entertain some friends
V Which he invites to Dinner ; Æsops care
Not backward is all ready to prepare :
V When Dinner time approach'd, he brings the meats,
And on the Board each dish in order sets ;
But on a velvet Couch which stood thereby
He sees his Mistress sleeping soundly lie ;
To whom he calls ; Mistress, awake I pray,
And look the Dogs snatch not the meat away :
But she b'ing angry that he wak'd her, cries
Villain be quiet, my back-side hath eyes.
Now Æsop who his Mistress answer took
In way of course derision, could not brook
Longer delay, till he might back retort
So grosse a frump, (though by a knavish sport :)
And therefore, in his mind conceiv'd it best
To thwart her humour with an equall Jest.

Mean while (ere he the Project could effect)
 His Masters charge he held in first respect ;
 So goes back to the Kirchen to fetch more
 Which brought, he finds his Mistris as before,
 Still fast asleep ; with that he walks to her,
 And softly doth her smock and coats prefer
 To hide her face, and to himself replies,
 Mistris, if your Posteriors have eyes,
 Pray let them be unmask'd : by this time home
 Xanthus with his invited Guests is come ;
 Who entring now the Hall, and seeing there
 His Wife to lie with both her Buttocks bare ;
 Of Æsop asks the cause ; Æsop doth tell
 His Master all : Reader, think thou how well
 Xanthus was pleas'd ; I more forbear to say
 Lest I too much the Womans shame display

CHAP. XVIII.

Xanthus commands Æsop to admit of none to enter at
 his Gate, but Wiscmen and Philosophers.



ÆSOP, who must supply all Offices,
 And all his Master Xanthus humours please,
 Must

Must now become his Porter, and must wait
 To see that no man enter at the Gate
 But such as he appoints, and those to be
 Wise-men, not Fools, else none must *Xambus* see.
 At length one comes demanding entrance there;
 But *Æsop* still / whose answers rugged were /
 Thus unto him doth say; Thou Dog come in;
 The Wiseman angry grown goes back again;
 In brief, thus *Æsop* answers all that came,
 And all return with anger at the same;
 Untill amongst the rest one wiser grows,
 Not minding *Æsops* words, and in he goes;
 The next day, those who were repulst, relate
Æsops rude answer to them at the Gate
 Unto his Master, who doth *Æsop* call,
 And harshly chide with him before them all:
 Who thus to quit himself (Good Sir) replies
 You bad me let in none but who were wise;
 Nor did I disobey; for no wise man
 Will ev'ry foolish word or answer scan,
 And anger shew at every fool, lest they
 The greater folly in themselves display:
 Therefore I him who entred hold to be
 The onely Wise-man of the Companie.

CHAP. XIX.

ÆSOP finding a treasure, Xanthus proves ingrate full.



AS Æsop grew in years, his wisdom so
Increased still, and did exacter grow :
VVho with his Master walking to behold
Decayed Sepulchres with age growne old ;
Amongst the rest a Monument appears,
VVhereon engraven were strange Characters,
VVhich the prefixed Emblem here displays :
Æsop demands the meaning : Xanthus sayes
The meaning seem'd much difficult, and he
Could not unfold so great a Myserie.
Quoth Æsop then, My Lord, what benefit
Shall I receive, if I resolve you it ?
Xanthus his freedom promiseth ; to whom
Thus Æsop then, Behold this aged Tomb
A golden Treasure in it doth contain,
As these engraven Characters explain :
VVhich we shall find by digging ; for to us
In Latine so it answers :

Recedens,

*Recedens, Passus Quatuor, Fodiens, Invenies,
Theſaurum aureum :*

Engliſhed thus :

*Deſcend four ſteps, then digge, and there
A golden treaſure ſhall appear.*

So digging there, they find what was foretold,
The Treafure rich, and all of Maſſie gold :
Which having got, poor Æſop now doth crave
His Maſters promiſe, and his ſhawe to have :
But Xanthus doth ingratefully denie,
Not onely ſhawe, but Æſops libertie ;
Retaining all himſelf. Then Æſop (thus
Defrauded) cries, King Dionyſus
This treafure claims, it is not due to thee ;
For ſo the following Letters ſignifie
In Latine thus :

*Redde Regi Dionyſio, Quem invenisti
Theſaurum ;*

In Engliſh thus expreſt :

*The treaſure you diſcovered, bring
To Dionyſius your King.*

This laſt expounding troubled ſore the breaſt
Of wretched Xanthus, Doubtfull what to do,
But yet the greater miſchief to eſchew,
He is contented now with all his heart
Rather then all to loſe, give Æſop part ;
For ſo the latter claule again implies,
In Latine thus :

*Acceptum Euntis Dividite Quem Invenisti
Theſaurum Aureum :*

Thus Engliſh ſpecifics.

*The Golden Treafure, which you are
Poſſeſſed of, betwixt you ſhare:*

Yet Xanthus home returning, big with hate,
And envying his ſervants proſp'rous ſtate,

Seeks more to do him wrong, then gratefull be,
 And, honest as his word, to set him free;
 But that he might the treasure all possesse
 As old men most are giv'n to covetousnesse,
 Fearing lest Æsop by his talking would
 That mighty treasure's massy summe unfold,
 Thinks best to lay him fast; which he effects;
 And 'gainst all gratitude, or due respects
 Sends him to loathsome prison; there to lie
 And adde more griefs to former miserie.
 Till Æsop thus, too sensible of wrong,
 And injuries which he had suffer'd long,
 In's Masters service: Thanklesse man (quoth he)
 Is this the Freedome once you promis'd me?
 Is this the recompence, and must I still
 Be thus rewarded for my good with ill?
 You Gods assist my just complaint! at this
 Xanthus was somewhat mov'd, and did release
 Æsop from prison: but by no intreat
 From bondage could he his enlargement get,
 Untill resolv'd, he boldly thus did speak;
 Now do thy worst, ere long my bonds shall break,
 And spite of thy oppression, or disdain,
 Ere few dayes passe, I shall my freedom gain:
 The which as he fore-told, effected was,
 And in the following Chapter comes to passe.



NOr many dayes expired, there befell
 An accident in *Samos*, strange to tell,
 Where *Xanthus* dwelt : Behold an Eagle ore
 The City flies, and the chief Signet bore
 Away with her, while as the *Samiens* all
 Were solemnizing a great Festivall :
 Whereas (amaz'd) they unto *Xanthus* send
 To be resolved what it might portend ;
 But *Xanthus* grew perplexed in his mind,
 Because he could not the true meaning find :
 Æsop perceiving now his Masters grief,
 Requests the cause, with promise of relief
 To his content ; *Xanthus* relates the same,
 With that before the *Samiens* Æsop came,
 Whose crooked limbs did more derision raise,
 Then hope to be resolv'd ; till Æsop sayes
 Thus unto them : Sirs, wherefore laugh ye so ?
 'Tis not the form, nor the externall show
 That makes the man ; but wisdom, and a mind,
 That can close Natures deepest secrets find ;

Nor

Nor should a wise man 'cause a Vessel's new,
 Reject an old one of a blacker hue;
 For older Vessels may perchance contain
 Farr richer Wine then doth in new remain:
 Which learned answer made them all admire,
 And with intreaties Æsops ayd require,
 T'exound the meaning of that strange event;
 But Æsop of his wisdom confident,
 Fortune (quoth he) hath some sedition sowne
 Betwixt a Lord and Servant of his own;
 But if the Lord the victory do gain,
 The Servant shall no liberty obtain,
 Nor his just right; if therefore you would see
 A true solution, give me liberty;
 That so I may unfold with boldnesse all
 Which you demand, or may to you befall:
 Then all resolv'd that Xanthus should release
 The bonds of Æsop, and his slav'ry cease;
 Which (though against his Masters humour) they
 Effect; nor durst old Xanthus but obey.
 Remembring now what lately Æsop spoke,
 In spite of thee I shall cast off the yoke:
 Then Æsop straight was plac'd before the sear,
 Where all the Samians were in Counsell met:
 Who (silence b'ing proclaim'd) doth thus begin
 My Lords, the Eagle over birds is King,
 Which having bore your Seat away with her
 (The State and Power of your Governour)
 Inferres thus much, A King by conquest shall
 Overtrow your Laws, and liberties inthrall.
 According to which saying, lo there came
 Embassadors from Lydia, who proclaim
 Their Lydian Kings command, and do relate
 To them of Samas who in Councell sate,
 How that great Monarch homage did expect
 From those of Samas, and to that effect

Demands

Demands a yearly tribute : else that he
 Will ruinate their City speedily.
 A time for answer given, AEsop then
 Is call'd to give them Councell once agen :
 Who thus ; My Lords, I would not you dissuade
 But that the King of Lydia be obey'd :
 Nor 'gainst the publique profit would I break
 Silence, or else against the Citie speak :
 Yet bear two things, which in this mortall age,
 Fortune presents upon this earthly Stage :
 The one is liberty, which to procure
 At first seems hard ; the end is sweet and sure :
 Bondage the other, whose beginning seems
 Sweet at the first, the end more sower grows.
 The Samians hearing this, and knowing that
 It tended to the good of publike state,
 This answer to th' Embassadors did give,
 Go tell your lord, that Samos will not live
 Subject to any man : but still possesse
 Her ancient libertie and happinesse.
 With that the Lydian King did angry grow,
 Intends to raise an Army, and o'rethrow
 Their City, till the Embassadour spoke,
 Sir, 'tis in vain to bring them to the yoke,
 Unlesse thou AEsop from their Councell call,
 And then into thy hands they soon will fall :
 So straight Embassadors provided be,
 And sent again to Samos speedily,
 Bearing this message ; Lords, our Masters will,
 Though onco deny'd, at last you must fulfill :
 Which is, that to his Court you AEsop send,
 And then 'gainst you his anger shall have end.
 But AEsop hearing this did let them know,
 He was not backward to the King to go :
 Yet to the Samians do's a Fable tell,
 Which long ago (when Beasts could speak) befell.

The

The FABLE.

THe Wolves intended warre against the Sheep,
 But they (too weak their fury to withstand)
 Sent to the Dogs, desiring ayd to keep
 The Wolves from quite destroying of their Land :
 The Dogs send ayd, and in full many fore
 And dreadfull fights did the Wolves Army gore.

The Wolves then seeing force could not prevail
 To curb their foes which had so powerfull ayd,
 Consults with politic them to assail,
 If possibly the sheep might be betrayd :
 And with fair words, and promises at large,
 Intreat the Sheep the Mastives to discharge.

The Sheep believing, what the Wolves did say,
 Not dreaming of the treach'ry of their foes,
 Resolved are to send the Dogs away,
 Hoping to live at quiet without blows :
 And so rewards for what the Dogs had done,
 Being bestow'd, they leave the Sheep alone.

But when the wolves perceiv'd their stoutest foes
 Had left the Sheep, and to their home were gone,
 Perfideously they with redoubled blows
 The Sheep (harme not mistrusting) set upon,
 And overthrew them. Since which, still we see
 Continuall discord 'twixt them two to be.

So, when the Samians had this Fable heard,
 They in his absence their destruction feard,
 And by all means they could, sought him to stay,
 But could not him by their intreaties sway.

CHAP. XXI.

ÆSOP's successfull entertainments with the Lydian King, in the behalf of the Samians.



ÆSOP according to the Kings request,
 To Lydia goes ; the King provides a Feast
 To entertain the Stranger ; but when he
 B:holdeth *Æsops* foul deformitie,
 He vents his anger thus : Is this the man
 Whose Counsell made the *Samians* us withstand ?
 Can wisdome lurk in such an ugly form ?
 And thus inrag'd he furiously doth storm.
 But *Æsop* whose invention nere was slack,
 (A ready answer unto all to make)
 Reply'd : Great King, thy power forc'd not me,
 But my desire t' attend thy Majestic,
 Caus'd my arrivall, who with hope depend
 That thou some audience to my words wilt lend.
 The King attends, and *Æsop* thus replies
 The other day a man was chasing Flies,
 But caught a Nightingale: the tim'rous Bird
 (Without deserts now to be slain afraid)
 Cries to the Faulkner, Master, thee I pray
 That me without offence thou wilt not slay,

I do no harm, nor any thing annoy,
 Nor do I corn or fruits of earth destroy,
 Like other Birds, but with my warbling Song,
 Make glad the hearts of those that passe along.
 Neither canst thou reap benefit at all,
 By killing me, my Carcasse is so small.
 Which lamentation mov'd the Faulkner so,
 That he the harmlesse Nightingale let go.
 Therefore, (great Sir) consider my weak state,
 I will none harme, then hasten not my fate,
 By death or violence : for if I die,
 My body profits none : but (living) I
 Unto the World may by my wisdom lend
 Things usefull for her till her latest end.
 This Fable moralliz'd the King did please,
 And rage 'gainst Æsops crookednesse appease.
 Who answers thus, Lo, Æsop unto thee
 I give not life : 'tis fortunes gift from me :
 But if within my power thou ought request,
 As soon as asked thou shalt be possesst.
 Thus Æsops mind rejoyced, who (as soon
 As he had promis'd) thus demands a boon :
 Great King, I render thanks, and since your Grace
 Is pleas'd such favours upon me to place
 without desert, if so you daigne to grant,
 (For I my self no earthly treasure want)
 The Samians Tribute onely to be free,
 Your Highnesse hath enough rewarded me :
 The King consents. And Æsop now began,
 While he doth in the Lydian Court remain,
 To write these Fables which hereafter do
 Present themselves to each ingenuous vew.
 But some time past, Æsop doth now desire
 Unto forsaken Samos to retire,

The newes of their releas'd tax to bring,
 So freely granted by the Lydian King.



ÆSOP returns to Samos ; b'ing arriv'd,
 The people with all gladnesse him receiv'd
 Shewing all signes of joy ; some few dayes gone
 Æsop makes open Proclamation
 How Lydia's King their tribute did remit ;
 The Samians (joyfull of this benefit)
 More thankfulness to learned Æsop gave,
 And nothing thought too dear that he would have ;
 All honours seem'd too mean they could bestow,
 Such gratitude did joyfull Samos show,
 Æsop at last again to travell bent,
 To see some other forraigne Region went
 His knowledge to increase, and now he came
 To Babylon, a City of great fame,
 This was the Seat of King Ligerus, who
 Hearing of Æsop, entertainment due
 To him did give, and other gifts confer
 Worthy so famous a Philosopher.
 Æsop now having spent some few dayes there,
 The custome of the bordering Princes were

Problems obscure oft mutually to send,
 And Riddles, which their learnedst men had pend,
 To try the judgements of the wisest men;
 Who if they could not answers send agen,
 And rightly them explain; that King must claim
 Tribute from him to whom he sent the same.

CHAP. XXIII.

*ÆSOP unfolds all Secrets whatsoever, and by his
 wisdom much enricheth the Babylonian King.*



WHile Æsop with Lycerm did remain,
 Divers wise men in forraigne parts did faign
 Strange Fables; and dark Mysteries invent,
 Which to the Babylonian King were sent,
 To unfold the meaning; each Philosopher
 His verdict gave, but none did true appear;
 Till Æsop (being call'd) the perfect way
 Found out the closest Secrets to display,
 And other Fables penned; to which none
 Of other parts could give solution.
 By which Lycerm full of Riches grew,
 Which by that means from forreign Kings he drew.

And therefore now in shew of thankfulnesse
 For *Æsops* learning, and his love t' expresse,
 He doth to greater Honours *Æsop* raise,
 Whose wisdom almost the whole Countrey sways.
 Till *Ennus* young, well manured, and fair,
 (By *Æsop* b'ing adopted for his Heire,
 And rais'd to ample fortunes) fell in love
 With *Æsops* Concubine, and suits did move
 To bring her to his will. To his desire
 (Burning with lustfull and unquenched fire)
 Shee yields ; And *Ennus* by her looks is wonne
 To rivall who adopted him his Sonne.
 But as alone one mischief seldome falls,
 But to the wronged part, another calls ;
 So *Æsop* now not dreaming of the wrong,
 Already acted, but remaining strong
 In love to *Ennus*, *Ennus* to requir
 His love, doth in ingratitude delight ;
 And fearing lest that by successe of time
Æsop would vindicate his loathed crime,
 And cast him out of favour, (big with hate)
 He plots which way to hasten *Æsops* fate ;
 And therefore him of treason doth accuse ;
 Then with false Letters *Æsops* truth abuse :
 Which do incense the King, that *Æsop* had
 His Majestie to other Kings betrayd,
 By faigned Fables, the which here and there
 He had divulg'd and scatter'd every where.
 Thus Lust oft-times at first which pleasant show
 'Twixt dearest friendship most sedition sows.

The Life of ÆSOP.
CHAP. XXIV.

ÆSOP commanded to be put to death upon Ennius his false accusation, and how he is saved.



THE King too easie Ennius to believe,
And to false accusations credit give,
Thinks all gainst Æsop true; and with command
(Whose will doth fixed as the Center stand)
Dooms Æsop straight to death. But as the Sun
(In spite of clouds) his wonted course doth run,
And they (being chased quite away) appear
More full of lustre, radiant, and cleare;
So Æsop now by kind Hermippus aid,
(Who in an obscure Sepulcher him laid,
To hide him from the wrath of th' angry King,
Knowing the Letters which his Son did bring,
Against his Father, false; and sent him there
All things for sustenance that needfull were)
Some few weeks past, his honour doth obtain,
And in his former glory seat again:
Occasion'd by this means: Nere-silent Fame
This news in joyfull Egypt did proclaim

Unto the King, that Æsop now was dead,
 Whereby he thought from Babylon was fled
 All hope t' oppose him more; and therefore straight
 Frames Letters which these Riddles did relate:
 That Nestebann lately did project
 I th' aire a stately tower to erect,
 To touch not Heaven nor Earth; and did intreat
 That King Lycerus would the Masons get,
 And send them to effect it; and beside,
 If for his use such men he could provide,
 The Letters likewise thus much did display,
 He of his Land would the tenth Tribute pay.
 But no wise-man of Babylon had wit
 Enough to answer, or accomplish it:
 Whereat their King Lycerus (with a brow
 Whereon dwelt anger, which could terrour throw
 'Gainst any which displeas'd him) curses all
 That were the cause of Æsops wrongfull fall.
 Which when Hermippus well perceiv'd, in haste
 He goes, and on the ground his body cast
 Before the King; to whom he thus did say,
 Great Sir, let no sad thoughts your passion sway
 To grow irrag'd with me, and I shall bring
 Æsop alive, and safe before the King:
 For I preserv'd whom thou didst doom to death,
 Well knowing that the losse of Æsops breath
 Could bring no profit; but his life might be,
 (Though basefull then) some benefit to thee.

Æsop is brought before the King again, and re-obtains his former credit.



THe King b'ing full of joy that Æsop lives,
 Desires to see him, and commandment gives
 That he before his presence straight be brought,
 Who (as before to kill him) now his thought
 Wholly was bent how to requite the wrong
 That Æsop in the Dung'on suffer'd long:
 And therefore doth to him his wealth restore,
 And gives him greater honour then before.
 Then shews what Letters late from Egypt came,
 And Æsop having well perus'd the same,
 Thus will's the King to answer; That when as
 The Winter's past hee'l bring the same to passe:
 And so Embassiadours dispatched are,
 Lycerns will in Egypt to declare.
 Return we now to Ennus, whose sad brest
 With envy swoln, that Æsop is possiest
 Of wealth, and into favour call'd again,
 No rest can take; but full of foul disdain

Runnes

Runnes up and down with discontented looks,
And no society or comfort brooks,
But Deserts and wild places, like a man,
Whose senses lost, no reason bridle can.

And thus by base ingratitude we see
How *ENNUS* brought himself to misery.

CHAP. XXVI.

Æsops mildnesse to Ennus, and Ennus his untimely Death.



Behold a gentle nature ! *Æsops* love
From *ENNUS* all his former wrongs remove,
He doth affect him still, (although he may
A heavy and severe chastisement lay
With justice upon *ENNUS*) and with mild
And gentle words instructs him as a child :
Then takes him home agen ; (there hath not been
In any Age scarce half such kindnesse seen)
Respects him still, and (as he first begun)
Gives him the right of an adopted Sonne.
But this contents not *ENNUS*, still his mind
Is troubled and doth new *Chimera's* find,

Which freshly do his vexed soul suggest,
 That Æsops wrongs can never be redrest :
 And now with horreur and distraction flies,
 Seeking a place to end his miseries,
 Runnes up and down, at length a mountain steep,
 Whose hanging head ore-looks th' unfadom'd deep,
 Nimble ascends, thrust on by rash despair,
 Falls headlong through a steep descent of aire ;
 Till the all-swallowing waves a grave do lend,
 And to his most unthankfull breath give end.

(Thus though a while ungrateful men may flourish)
 Those crimes orethrow them w^{ch} themselves do nourish

CHAP. XXVII.

Æsop resolves the former Question of the King of Egypt, who had projected to build a Tower in the Aire.



BY this time Winter's past ; the time drew on,
 That Æsop now must give solution
 To th' King of Egypt's question : he provides,
 And with all winged speed to Egypt rides,

Bearing

Bearing four Eagles with him, which he had
 Brought up, and for his purpose usefull made,
 Unto whose feet four children fastned were
 In baskets; that at th' Eagles mount the aire,
 They might support the children: being arriv'd,
 Th' Egyptian King him joyfully receiv'd.
 The entertainment past, he asks the King
 Where he shall now erect this wondrous thing?
 So straight into a spacious field they go,
 Which *Nessebanus* did to *Æsop* show,
 And told him that's the place: *Æsop* survaies
 The ground; and at each severall corner layes
 An Eagle and a Child: The Eagles lie,
 And with them bear the children up on high;
 Till *Æsop* cries; Send up some Lab'ers King,
 That thither may your stones and mortar bring,
 Before they go too high; and quickly they
 Shall to thy Tower the foundation lay:
 But when the King perceived *Æsop*'s wit,
 He was with admiration struck at it;
 And yields his tribute lost; but yet to try
 Once more ingenious *Æsop*'s subtilty,
 He now propounds a question, which was this,
 A stately Temple in a place there is,
 Wherein a Colume stands, that Colume rears
 Twelve other, each of them a City bears;
 And ore each City thirty sails are spread,
 Upon the which two Women hourly tread.
Æsop replies, the Temple Heaven call,
 The Colume Earth, the which supporteth all
 The twelve great Cities; and those Cities may
 Be term'd the Months; the thirty sails display
 The dayes of every month; the Day and Night
 The Women are, one black, the other white.
 Thus *Æsop* by his wisdom could foresee,
 And soon unfold the closest Mysterie;

Whom now the King with farre more great regard
 Doth entertain, and bount'ously reward :
 And after many Disputations past,
 'Twixt him and the Philosophers, with haste
 Æsop returns to Babylon, to bring
 The Tributes paid by the Egyptian King.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ÆSOP comes again to Babylon.



ÆSOP arrives at Babylon, whom all
 The Sages meet, and bring to th' Kings great Hall,
 Where he presents the Tribute, and doth tell
 His Disputations, and what else befell ;
 Which b'ing related, feasting was prepar'd,
 No sumptuous cost for entertainment spar'd ;
 So highly Æsop was esteem'd, that when
 The King had seen him but return agen,
 He thinks him 'bove a man, his wit was so,
 That from a mortall brain it could not flow ;
 And to expresse his admiration more,
 And shew his noble gratitude, before
 In publick Market he a Statue rears,
 Which Æsops Portraicture and Imagt bears,

That

That after times might not unmindfull be,
Of Æsops wisdom and true industrie.
But Æsop now, whose ever-working mind,
Though much he knew, more knowledge seeks to find,
Once more resolves to travell; which intent
Dislik'd the King, unwilling to consent:
Till Æsop, by a faithfull promise made
Soon to return, do's th' easie King perswade,
And so for Greece departs; that Region he
Of all the rest desirous is to see;
Where, in what place soever he remains,
By affabilitie kind usage gains:
(So court'ous wise, and affable was he
That good behaviour hid deformitie)
Thus through all Greece he travells; every place
Making him welcome with respective grace,
Till he arriv'd at Delphos, whose crosse fate
We in the following Chapter shall relate.

CHAP. XXIX.

ÆSOP coming to Delphos, is betrayed, and relates
the Fable of the Rat and the Frog.



ÆSOP in Greece such love now having found,
And with such good respect his wisdom crown'd
He

He next intends for *Delpbos* to prepare,
 Where stands *Apollo's* Temple, hoping there
 To find most welcome; but (as in a fair
 And pleasant Meadow Serpents hidden are,
 And in the longest grasse do lurking lye,
 To sting th' unwary travellers paffe by,
 While heedlessly they on them tread:) so here
 While *Æsop* wisemen seeks, most clowns appear;
 Who (envious at his knowledge) plot and strive
Æsop of life and fortunes to deprive:
 Yet without cause produc'd, or publike shew
 Of just proceedings, durst not seem to sow
 Their open malice gainst him, wherefore one
 More subtile then the rest; while to be gone,
 From *Delpbos* *Æsop* with all speed doth hie,
 Conveighs into his Cloak-bag secretly
 A golden Cup, which from *Apollo's* fane,
 The Priest accuseth *Æsop* to have tane:
 So hue and cry is after *Æsop* sent
 And apprehends him although innocent;
 Taxing him of high Sacriledge, and so
 They search his Male, and do the Goblet show
 Before a Judge; then back they *Æsop* force
 To *Delpbos* where arraign'd, without remorse
 The Judge him dooms to die, though each one knew
 The accusation false, and *Æsop* true.
 But *Æsop* now (his Sentence being past)
 As richest Pearls among the Swine, b'ing cast,
 Regardlesse quite are lost) to them doth tell
 A witty *Fable*; trying to expell
 Their malice against him, which thus begun;

The FABLE.

BETWEEN the Rat and Frog great love is grown;
 The Rat invites the Frog with him to dine,
 Great delicates provided were and Wine,

No cost was spar'd : past Dinner to requite
 The *Rat* ; the *Frog* inviteth her at night,
 To sup with her ; but twist their houses was
 A Brook, and dang'rous for the *Rat* to passe :
 Yet that the *Rat* might o're more safely go,
 It is decreed, the *Frog* unto her toe
 A string should fasten, and the nimble *Rat*
 Taking fast hold, and hanging upon that,
 Should so be haled over : but as they
 The *Frog*, (the *Rats* death plotting) struggling lay
 I'th' midst o'th' Brook ; a *Kite* (viewing the fray)
 Stoops, and both of them seiseth for her prey.
 Thus while the *Frog* unjustly drew the *Rat*
 To sudden death, she hastens her own Fate.

So you, whose most untrue complaints do draw
 The heavy judgements of the *Grecian* Law
 Against my innocence ; the Gods shall take
 Due vengeance on your Country for my sake.

CHAP. XXX.

CHAP. XXX.

ÆSOP is led to execution, where he relateth the Fable of the Countrey-Clowne, and unjustly receiveth his death, being violently cast down from a steep Rock by the Executioner.



While thus the *Delphian* slighting *Æsops* wo,
 Along with him to execution go,
 No just crime laid against him; but the hate
 Of his accusers, to pursue his fate:
 Envie so much prevail'd, that when he strove
 By witty *Fables*, and intreats to move
 Some pity from them; all his foes appear
 More deaf then Adders ever-stopped ear.
 And all poor *Æsops* sighes and tears were vain,
 His wisdom now could no remorse obtain;
 But (like a Malefactor) hal'd to death,
 Hath scarcely time to speak or draw his breath
 Till at the fatall place arriving, when
Æsop the spectacle of death did ken;
 Some time of respite gain'd, he thus did say.

The FABLE.

A Countrey Clowne there was, which from the day
 Of his first birth had ne're the City seen,
 But led a Rustick life, and scarce had been
 Four miles from home: at last he doth require
 Leave of his Lord, (who yielding his desire)
 He for a Waggon asses doth provide,
 And so in pompe will to the City ride :
 But as he goes, a storme arising drives
 The Asses from the way, and quite deprives
 The silly Clowne of sense,) unskilfull how
 To guid them, being taken from the Plough)
 Till wandring up and down, at last they came
 To a steep Mountain, and ascend the same :
 But at the top for want of guiders skill,
 The Cart turns over sumbling down the hill :
 While thus the Clowne cries out, great Jove, must I
 For no offences die thus wretchedly ?

My death by Asses me far worse doth grieve,
 Then if I it did from the Horse receive.

Ev'n so cries Æsop fares it now with me,
 For I by Asses die most wrongfully :
 But if I were by wise and just men try'd,
 I thus unjustly should not now have dy'd.
 This being hardly utter'd Æsop straight
 From th' Executioner receives his Fate,
 And head-long from a Rock is thrown ; whose end
 Unjustly wrought, mov'd juster Heav'n to send
 A Pestilence through Delphos, and to take
 Vengeance on them for wronged Æsops sake.
 And thus the wisest of his times did fall ;
 Whose death may be a warning unto all,
 That guiltlesse blood revenged still shall be
 On them and theirs that shed it wrongfully.

The end of ÆSOPS Life in verse.

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The Life of ÆSOP,
Exactly translated out of the
Originall Greek.

CHAP. I.

SOME there have been, who have heretofore diligently enquired into humane affairs, and commended them to posterity: But *Æsop* seems to me, as it were, a God by a divine intelligence, especially for morall discipline, far to surpass the greater number of them: not only in describing the nature of things, and rationall discourse, but also for history, was there scarcely any age which produc'd a man comparable unto him; but his art of instructing by Fables was such, that he gain'd the affections of his auditors; and shew'd even reasonable creatures, who would act, or think, that which neither birds nor foxes would; refusing to employ themselves in such things, which the most brute animals (as occasion served) are wittily fabulized to do: in consideration whereof many prevented sundry eminent dangers; and others opportunely gained fair advantages.

Æsop therefore setting himself to advance the republick philosophicall, seems to play the Philosopher in his works rather then his words. His Originall rise was from *Ammonius* a town in *Phrygia* the great, by his fortunes a servant, whereupon that seems to be very well and truly spoken by *Plato* in *Gorgia*, for the most part (saith he) these two seem to be contrary, Nature and Law, for Nature had gratified *Æsop* with an ingenuous

gentious mind, but the Law had enslaved his body: But thus the ingenuity of his mind could not be depraved, for although his body was hurried into severall places upon manifold occasions, yet nothing could remove his soul from its proper center.

He was not onely a slave, but amongst the men of his age the most deformed, for he was of a sharp head, flat nose, crooked back, lips pendant, black, from which he had his name (*Æsopus* is the same with *Æthiops*) large belly, crooked bowlegges, *Thersites* in *Homer* was not so hardfavoured and mishapen as he.

But of all, he was most infortunate in this, his speech was slow, inarticulate and very obscure; all which, made *Æsop* fit for nothing but servitude; for a man so extraordinarily ill-shapen could scarcely avoid that kind of life: Such was his body, howbeit Nature endowed him with a most accomplished mind, for the most sublime contemplations.

CHAP. II.

FOR as much as his Master saw him uselesse for any domestick businesse, he sent him into the fields to dig, *Æsop* falls merrily to his work; at a certain time as his master walked in the fields, one of his labourers presented him with excellent figs, he being much taken with the pleasantnesse of them, gave them to *Agathopodus* (for this was the servants name) charging him to keep them till his return from bath: It fell out that *Æsop*, upon some occasion coming home, *Agathopodus* (which kept the figs) said to one of his fellow-servants, if thou wilt, come, let us fill our selves with figs, and if our Master shall require them of us, we both of us will testifie, that *Æsop* came home and secretly ate them up; and this we can say upon a true ground, for upon his coming home we shall make our tale

tale good : and one is nothing to two , especially when
 he shall gain-say without proof : This being determi-
 ned, they eat up all the figs, and laughing in themselves
 said, Alas for thee unfortunate Æsop ! Now when as
 his Master returned from bath, and asked for the figs,
 he understood that Æsop had devoured them ; in a fury
 he commanded him to be called for: To whom he thus
 said, Tell me thou cursed villain, how is it that thou
 hast thus slighted me, and going into my Cellar hast
 eaten up the figs, that were served for me? Æsop indeed
 heard, and understood all his Master said, but by rea-
 son of the slownesse of his speech could not return him
 answer : But when he was about to be beaten, and his
 accusers very eager to have it so, he fell down at his Ma-
 sters feet, beseeching him to have a little patience with
 him : whereupon Æsop ran hastily, and brought warm
 water, and drinking it off, put his finger into his mouth,
 vomited up the water onely, for as yet that day he was
 fasting : And he besought his Master that his accusers,
 as he had done , might drink likewise of the water,
 whereby it might appear who had eaten the figs : the
 master admiring the ingenuity of the man, command-
 ed his accusers to drink the water, as Æsop had
 done : they willingly drank the water, but loth to put
 their fingers into their throats, no sooner had they
 drunk the water, but presently up come the figs : with-
 out any more ado the Master commanded them to be
 lashed upon their bare skins, clearly perceiving the en-
 vy and villenenesse of his servants : who by this came
 to know the truth of that saying : *He that plots mis-
 chief, usually (when he least thinks) is falls upon
 himself.*

C H A P. III.

Upon the day following, his Master returns to the City, he as he was cammanded, to his labour. The Priests of D i a n a, looking their way, found A E s o p by chance, and adjured him by J o v n, to guide them into the City: Who setting them under a shade, sealed them, and then conducted them into the way, which they enquired for: They therefore, as well for his hospitality, as for his courteous guidance of them into the way, lifting up their hands to heaven, with their hearty wishes rewarded him for these favours. A E s o p returning back, being wearied with hard labour, and the vehement heat of the Sunne, dreamed that he saw Fortune stand by him, gratifying of him with nimbleness of tongue and language, even the elegancy of fabulizing. Forthwith starting up, O wonderfull, saith he, how sweetly have I slept, and how pleasantly have I dreamed; for behold I speak readily, and as the gods would have it, by whose favour thus it is, I can call all creatures by their names; Because of my devotion to Strangers, his propitious successe is fallen to me: Then A E s o p overjoyed with what was done, returns to his labour and digging. But the overseer of the field, whose name was Zenas, coming to the labourers, for some error in his work, smote him with his wand, A E s o p cryes out, saying, you are alwayes crowing over, and constantly smiting him that offends you not: verily I will let our Master know how it is. Zenas hearing A E s o p thus speaking, did not a little wonder, and said with himself, Now A E s o p begins to speak, it will be no advantage to me; I will prevent him therefore, and accuse him to his Master before he shall have the opportunity, least I be put out of my stewardship. Having thus said, he returns home to his Master; but when he came, seemed to be troubled in himself; Master, God save you, saith he; What is it that troubles you, saith his

his Master? Zenas replied, A wonderful thing hath happened in the field: The Master enquires, whether some tree had brought forth fruit untimely, or some beast had brought forth any thing monstrous: Not so my Lord, but *Aseop*, who formerly was dumb, now begins to speak: His Master answers, this will be no way a lucky star for thee, who thoughtest him a monster: yea indeed Master, what he hath contumeliously spoken against me I passe it by, but against the gods, and thee, he hath intollerably rayled. With this, his Master in an anger sake to Zenas, he is in thy hand, sell him, give him away, do anything with him.

C H A P. IIIL

WHen Zenas had thus got *Aseop* into his hands, and had related to him what power he had over him, do your pleasure saith *Aseop*: Now whereas by chance a certain man enquired to buy some cattell, and to this end, journeyed through that field, and asked Zenas; Cattell (saith he) I have none to sell, but a man-slave, whom if you have a mind to buy, here he is. When the Merchant heard him speak of a servant, Zenas called for *Aseop*, whom the Merchant seeing, loudly laughed, saying to Zenas, where had you this pot? Is he the stock of a tree or a man? This but for his voice is like a blown bladder. Why did you stop my journey for the sight of such a tun-belly? Having thus said, away he went, *Aseop* following of him, intreats him to stay a little; The Merchant looking behind him; He gon thou fleshy curre, saith he; *Aseop* desires to know of him the cause of his coming thither: Thou villain, quoth he, to buy something that was good; I want no such worthless, and unprofitable fellow as thou art. But *Aseop*, buy me, quoth he, and if there be any trust in man, I am able to do you good service. Wherein I pray you, quoth the Merchant, can you do me any service?

vice, you loathsome beast? Have you not at home, quoth Æsop, crying and froward children? let one be set to tend them, I will be a bugbear to them. The Merchant laughing hereat, thus saith to Zenas; what will you ask for this filthy vessell? Three half-pence, quoth he, The Merchant forthwith laid him down three half-pence, saying, I have laid out nothing, and nothing have I bought: Now when as they took their journey and came home, two children, (which were brought up by their mother,) seeing Æsop, were affrighted and cryed out: by and by saith Æsop to the Merchant, you see the proof of my promise; wherest smiling, he goes in, and commands him to salute his fellow-servants, whom so soon as they saw; they said, what mischief is this which is happened to my Master, that he hath bought such an ill-favoured slave? But as it should seem, he hath bought him a witch for his house.

C H A P. V.

NOt long after the Merchant commanded all things to be made ready for his journey, which on the morrow he was to take into Asia: His servants forthwith divided amongst them their burthens; But Æsop desired that he might have the lightest, being he was but newly bought, and not yet inured to such service: which they seemed indifferent to, but he replied, that whilest they all endured such sore labour, he alone ought not to be idle: whereupon they permitted him to take what burthen pleased him, when he had looked about him, and had gathered several carriages together, desired that such a basket of bread which was a burthen designed for two, might be laid upon him: but they laughing, thought that there
could

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could not be a more dull fool in the world, which before desired the lightest burthen; and now had made choice of the heaviest, but to fulfill his desire, they laid the greatest burthen upon him: When he had his load he reeled this way and that way: which when the Merchant beheld, wondred, saying, sith that *Æsop* is so able to labour, he is worth my money, for he carries a burthen like an horse. When dinner time came, *Æsop* was commanded to set down his basket, and distribute his bread, which when they had eaten, half emptied his basket: so that after dinner his basket being lightened, he went on with more alacrity. But at evening when they went to supper, so soon as the bread was divided to every one his share, the basket was quite empty, and *Æsop* march'd in the front; Thereupon grows a question among the servants, what this fellow should be, and wondred much that such a motly villain, should deal more cunningly then all they: for whereas they took up such goods as would not waste by the way, he made choice of the basket of bread, which he knew would not last to his journeys end.

C H A P. VI.

WHereas the Merchant was now at *Ephesus*, he made good profit by selling his slaves, three onely at present remain with him unfold, *Grammaticus*, *Cantor*, and *Æsop*: Now one of his familiar acquaintance advised him to sail unto *Samos*, where he might put off his slaves to his greater advantage. The Merchant being come to *Samos* set *Grammaticus* and *Cantor* (both new cloth'd) in the Market-place. But *Æsop* was set in the midst of them, with a garment of sackcloth, for no art with the best apparrell could make him handsome; Whom when the amazed market-people saw, cryed out, whence is this hideous fellow? *Æsop* all this while

While stood boldly, notwithstanding many a biting scoffe. *Xanthus* the Philosopher at that time dwelling at *Samos*, went into the market, where he saw two Lads dress'd for sale, and betwixt these two he spied *Æsop*, wondering much at the Merchants conceit, that he plac'd the worst in the midst, whereby the other two might appear the fairer. *Xanthus* drawing neer, asked *Cæsar*, what country man he was, he answered a *Cappadocian*; what canst thou do, saith *Xanthus*? All things quoth he. Whereat *Æsop* laughed, but the Schollars which were with *Xanthus*, seeing *Æsop* laugh, and shew his teeth, they presently imagined him to be a monster. They desirous to know wherefore he laughed, to that end one of them asked him the question. Be gone about your businesse, you sea-sheep, quoth *Æsop*, which answer confounded the Schollar quite. *Xanthus* desired to know of the Merchant what he would take for *Cæsar*, a thousand half pence, quoth he: but hearing his extraordinary rate, he went from this to the other, whom the Philosopher asked what country-man he was? he made answer that he was a *Lydian*; *Xanthus* demand'd of him what he could do? All things, quoth he: Again *Æsop* fell a laughing. One of the Schollars wondering to see him laugh again, another said to him, if you will be called sea-goat, ask him. The Philosopher asked what price for *Grammaticus*, three thousand half pence quoth the Merchant; The Philosopher disliking those prices, departed. The Schollars desired to know of him, whether he did not like those servants. No verily quoth he, I am determin'd to buy no servants so deare: One of them said, buy this filthy fellow, he may do your work, and we will pay for him: That's not fitting quoth *Xanthus*, that you lay down the money and buy him, but indeed you know my wife is given to handsome, and will not endure to be served by such an ill-shap'd servant. We have somewhat else to do then ob-

serve

serve a woman said the Schollers. But let us try whether he have any skill or no; and coming to Æsop, be of good chear quoth he: was I ever sad, quoth Æsop? what countreyman are you, said Xanthus? A Negro, saith Æsop. I do not ask you this, but where were you born, said Xanthus, he answers, of my mothers belly. This I ask you not, but what place were you born in, said Xanthus? My mother never told me, said Æsop, whether aloft or below. What canst thou do, said the Philosopher? Nothing, quoth Æsop. How is that, said Xanthus? These whom you have examined already can do all, whereupon nothing remains for me to do: The Schollers wondering much hereat, concluded his answers to be, by a divine providence. Again, quoth Xanthus, art willing I should buy thee? See you to that, quoth Æsop, must you needs have my advice herein? If you have a mind, open the doore of your purse, and down with your money, if not, make no more words. Whereupon the Schollers said amongst themselves, he hath got the better of our Master: If I buy thee, saith Xanthus, thou wilt runne away. If I ever do, I shall not come to you for counsell as you do to me: thou sayest well, quoth Xanthus, but thou art ill-favoured; quoth Æsop, good Mr. Philosopher look upon a mans mind, not his face: at this Xanthus goes to the Merchant, and asked him the price: thou art come, saith the Merchant to disparage my commodities, for thou hast passed by the best, and makest choise of this ill-shaped one: Buy one of these, and take this fellow in to the bargain.

Xanthus desirous of Æsop, asked his price, so soon as the Merchant had told it, the Schollers presently laid down the money, and Xanthus took him into his possession. Whereupon the publicans came, enquiring who had sold; every one was ashamed to speak, the bargain was so worthlesse, Æsop standing in the midst, cries
 Q out,

one, I am he that am sold, this is the buyer, and that the seller: if they say nothing to it, I am thereupon free: The publicans ready to burst with laughing, away they went: Aesop followed his Master Xanthus home; and it being about high noon, Xanthus by the way lift up his coat to piss, which Aesop seeing caught him by the clothes, saying, sell me presently, otherwise I run away: why so quoth Xanthus? Because I shall never be able to serve such a kind of master, saith, Aesop, who will not spare time to ease nature, but pisseth as thou goest: if such a chance shall happen to me your servant, when you send me of any business, of necessity I must stink as I stie. Doth this so much move you, quoth Xanthus? To avoid three evils I piss as I go: for had I stood still, the Sun had beat hot upon my head, and the hot ground had burnt my feet, and the smell of the piss had offended me. Passe on Sir, I am satisfied, quoth Aesop.

CHAP. VII.

After they came home. Xanthus commands Aesop to tarry in the porch before the doore, because he knew his wife was something dainty, and it was not fit on the sudden to present her with such a deformed piece; Xanthus enters, saying, Mistris, thou shalt have no occasion of discontent hereafter, for I have bought thee a lad, wherein thou shalt see as much comeliness as ever eye beheld, he stands at the doore: the maids thinking all this true, had no little contention amongst themselves, which of them should have him to her husband. Xanthus wife commanded some one to call this new servant in a doors; who no sooner heard, but I come quoth Aesop: the maid that called him being amazed, art thou he, quoth she? Yes indeed said Aesop. Of no hand come in to the house, unlesse thou intends we shall all runne away, quoth the maid; He came in and stood before his Mistris, which when she saw, turned her eye

away

away to her husband, saying, what monster have you brought / Carry him away; In this *Xanthus* thou seemest to exorcise much ill-will towards me, and that which I never thought to do, I must do it; give me the portion I brought you, and I will be gone. Upon this *Xanthus* chides *Æsop*, who was so witty by the way, but had nothing to say before his wife. Throw her into hell, quoth *Æsop*, away you villain, wot you not that I love her as well as my self? Do you love a woman, quoth *Æsop*? O extremely quoth *Xanthus*. At this *Æsop* gave a stamp with his foot, crying out, that *Xanthus* was wishful, and turning to his Mistress he said, you would have had the philosopher have bought you a young servant, well clad, lively, which might have looked on you naked, when you went into the bath, and might play with you, to the shame of philosophy. O Golden-mouth'd *Euripides*, how well hast thou said; great is the force of the Seas swelling waves, and the flames of scorching fire, poverty is an hard condition, and there are infinite things intollerable; but nothing in comparison to a shrewd woman. You being the wife of a Philosopher, should not desire to be attended with such beautifull lads, lest by any means you bring an ill report upon philosophy. She hearing this, no wife able to contradict, husband, quoth she, where had you this beauty? though he is ill-favoured, yet he is very witty, I will be friends with him. Your Mistress is friends with you, quoth *Xanthus* to *Æsop*. Ironically answers he, its a great matter sure, to appease a woman. Hereafter be silent, quoth *Xanthus*, I bought you to serve, not to contradict.

CHAP. VIII.

THE day after *Xanthus* going to the garden to buy herbes, commanded *Æsop* to follow him; when the gardener had gathered them, he gave them to *Æsop*.

Now *Xanthus* paying for them; Master, said the Gardener, I pray you resolve me one question. What is that, quoth *Xanthus*? what is the reason that the herbs which I plant, do not grow so fast, as those which the earth of her own accord brings forth? *Xanthus*, although it was a question in philosophy, when he knew not how to say any thing else, said, this amongst the rest is ordered, quoth he, by divine providence. *Æsop* hereupon (for he was by) laughed. Do you laugh, or deride me, quoth the Philosopher? I laugh at you, and not you but him that taught you: Let me resolve this doubt: whereupon *Xanthus*, turning to the Gardener, said, it's not fit for me who have disputed in famous auditories, to resolve questions in a garden: If you propound your question to this my lad, he will presently give you satisfaction. This sordid fellow, hath he any learning, quoth the gardener? O unfortunate, but good Sir, answer me this question, if you know how? A woman, quoth *Æsop*, when she comes to marry the second time, the children which she hath by her first husband she is the mother to, but those which she finds with her second husband at the time of marriage she is step-mother to. She makes a great deal of difference betwixt these two: those of her own she loves dearly, but the other she neglects, these as her own properly by nature she loves, but undervalues those to whom she is a step-mother. In like manner the earth is mother to what it brings forth of it self, but to that which thou plantest, it is a step-mother: with this the Gardener was much taken, and believe me, quoth he, you have eased my thoughts, and pleased my phantasia. Take your herbs freely and as oft as you shall have occasion, come, as into your own garden, and take what you please.

C H A P. I X.

AFTER certain dayes, *Xanthus* being gone to Bath, (where he met some friends;) commanded *Æsop* to run home, and presently boyle some Lentils in the pot; he went and boyled onely one corn: When *Xanthus* had now done bathing with his friends, he desired them to go and dine with him; apologizing that he had but slender provision, namely Lentils; and he hoped they would measure their welcome by his good will, not any good cheer. They all coming into his house. *Xanthus* commanded *Æsop* to bring forth some drink to them now coming from Bath, and *Æsop* taking up water from the stream of the Bath, gave it to *Xanthus*, who apprehending the strength of the water, cryed out to *Æsop*, what's this? from the Bath, quoth he; *Xanthus* before his friends suppressed his anger, & calling for a bason, which *Æsop* having set, stood over against him: *Xanthus* asked him, do you not wash? he answered, Its fit for me to do those things I am commanded; for you did not bid me put water into the bason. *Xanthus* speaking to his friends, asked them whether they thought he had not bought a servant, no said they a Master. When as now they were set down to supper, *Xanthus* asked *Æsop* whether the Lentill were boyled; he takes the grain of Lentill in a cockle-shell and brings it to his Master, who took it thinking to taste and try whether it was enough or not: Its well boyled, quoth he, bring them away, *Æsop* put all the water into saucers, and brought it in; *Xanthus* asked where the Lentils were; you have had it already quoth *Æsop*: did you boyle but one grain quoth *Xanthus*? No more Sir, for you commanded me to boyle a Lentrill, saith *Æsop*, and not Lentils in the plurall: *Xanthus* stormed at this, saying, this fellow would make one mad. But that I abuse not my good friends whom I have invited, go quickly and buy me four hoggs feet, and boyle them presently

presently. This he cheerfully goes about, but while the feet were boyling, *Xanthus* willing to take some occasion to beat *Æsop*, when he was busie about somewhat else, stole away one of the feet out of the pot, and hid it. By and by *Æsop* came and found but three feet in the pot, he suspected some trick; presently runs he to the hoggs-fly and cut off a foot from a fatting hogg, which he singed the hair off, and boyled in the pot; *Xanthus* fearing least *Æsop* not finding all the feet should run away, he threw the foot he had taken, into the pot again. *Æsop* finding five when he took them out, *Xanthus* asked, how is there five? he reply'd, how many feet have two hoggs? Eight quoth *Xanthus*; Here then are five saith *Æsop*, and the fatting hogg hath but three feet. Whereupon *Xanthus* chafes, did I not say quoth he, that this fellow will make me mad? but finding no just cause to beat him all this while he pacified himself again.

CHAP. X.

The day after one of the Schollars invites his companions, and amongst the rest *Xanthus* to supper: while they were at banquet, *Xanthus* gave some choise dish to *Æsop*, and commanded him to carry it to her that loved him best, while *Æsop* was upon the message he thought with himself, now I have an opportunity to be avenged of my Mistress, for her cavilling with me when I newly came. Coming to the house he fate him down in the entry, and calling for his Mistress, he set the messe which he brought before her: Mistress, quoth he, my Master sent this to her that loves him best, not to thee: whereupon calling the bitch, said to her, come *Lycena* eat this which my Master hath sent thee, and so he cast it all to her. Afterward coming to his Master, he was asked whether he had given the meat to her that loved him best, all of it quoth he, and she

eat up every bit before my face. *Xanthus* asked what she said while she was eating. Nothing to me but to thee, she sent thanks quoth *Aesop*. *Xanthus* wife took this very heavily, and dolefully moaned her self in her closet, vowing she would forsake his house. Now at supper the cup going round, one propounds a question, when shall be the greatest confusion amongst mortalls? *Aesop* standing behind, when the dead arise quoth he, and shall enquire for their ancient possessions. The Schollars laughed saying, this is a witty fellow. Another asked why the Sheep dyed so quietly; and the Sow with such an hideous outcry? the Sheep, quoth he, uses to be milked and shorne, and so is silent, wherefore seeing the knife expects nothing dreadfull, onely what was usuall: but the Sow which is neither milk'd nor shorne, whose flesh and nothing else is good for use, makes an horrid noyse at her slaughter. Upon these answers, the Schollers fell into excessive mirth. After supper *Xanthus* coming home, and according to his manner discoursing with his wife: she turned aside, saying, come not near me, give me what I brought, and fare you well; go you your way and make much of your bitch, to whom you sent your dainties. *Xanthus* amazed at this, asks his wife to whom he sent the dish of meat, if not to her? By Jove you sent them not to me, but your bitch, quoth his wife: *Xanthus* calling *Aesop* asked him to whom he gave the meate, that was sent: to your beloved, quoth he: Whereupon calling the bitch, this is she that bears you most good will; Beat her, turn her out of doors, yet she will not forsake you, presently she forgets all, and faunes upon you again; You ought to have said, carry these dainties to my wife, and not to my beloved: Thou seest *Missris*, quoth *Xanthus*, it was not my fault but his, that I sent: take it patiently this time, I shall have a good occasion suddenly to pay him for all. His wife believing nothing

thing of this, went privately away from him to her own friends. Now Master, quoth Æsop, did not I say the truth, when I told you that your bitch bore more respect and good will to you, then my Mistress.

CHAP. XI.

SOME certain dayes after, *Xanthus* wife not being reconciled, he sent some of his kindred to intreat her return, she refusing, *Xanthus* grows very melancholy and sad: Æsop coming to him, said, do not thus perplex and trouble thy self, for to morrow I will make her come quickly, and willingly: Æsop taking his money, into the market he goes, and having bought geese and hens, and other fitting things for the banquet, he came with these at his back, by the house where his Mistress was, pretending not to know that it was her fathers house. When as he met with one of the servants, he enquired whether they had any thing to sell, that might be fitting for a wedding: The servant desired to know who was to be married, *Xanthus* the Philosopher, quoth Æsop: to morrow he is to be married: the servant of the house ranne up stairs, and told this to *Xanthus* wife, as soon as she had heard it, away she went with all speed back again to *Xanthus*, and exclaimed against him after this manner; You could not Mr. *Xanthus*, be married to another while I am alive: And so Æsop who was the cause of her departure, was an occasion also of her return.

CHAP. XII.

AGAIN after a while, *Xanthus* inviting the Schollers to dinner, gave command to Æsop, to buy the best and the choicest provision: while he was upon his way, he said to himself I will teach my Master, to command such fooleries. When as therefore he had laid out his money in hogs tongues, he brought them in with sauce

to dinner. The Schollers highly commended the dish, & ministring occasion to use their tongues for discourse: the second and third courses *Æsop* brought in, and all was tongues: the guesse a little moved to see nothing but tongues, *Xanthus* asked, what nothing but tongues? Nothing else Sir, quoth *Æsop*. Thou ill-favoured rascal, I bad thee buy the best and choicest dainties: I thank you Sir, quoth *Æsop*, for this chiding, before Philosophers; for what in the world is better then the tongue? all manner of exquisite learning and Philosophy is shewed, and given out by the tongue: by the tongue givings, receivings; salutations, commendations; marriages are celebrated, cities built, and briefly, the tongue is the totall preservation of a mans life, therefore nothing better then tongue. Upon this, the Schollers, thinking *Æsop* wiser then his Master, took their leaves, and departed.

CHAP. XIII.

A While after the Schollers twitted *Xanthus* with his chear, he answered, it was not his mind, but the will of his perverse servant; to day I will change your diet, and you shall hear what command I will give him: who calling *Æsop* commanded him to buy the worst meat he could lay his hand on: But he not moved from his purpose, went & bought tongues again, & when they were ready set them before them. The Schollers a little discontented to see nothing but swines tongues, *Æsop* brought in the second and third course of nothing else. *Xanthus* much moved hereat, said to *Æsop* did I now charge you to buy the best meat, and not rather the worst you could get? He answered, and I pray your Master, what is worse then tongue? Is it not the ruine of Cities? the death of many a man? are not all lies and evil speeches and perjuries produced from her? are not marriages, and principalities, and kingdomes over-

turned by her ! In brief, is not the whole life, by her stuff with infinite errors ? *Æsop* having thus replied, the Schollers said, as is his body so are his manners, and unless you have a care, he will make you mad. Good Sir, quoth *Æsop*, you seem to be ill-disposed, and too much a medler, to provoke the master against his servant.

CHAP. XIV.

X*anthus* upon the former businessse desirous to find occasion to beat *Æsop* ; Thus said to him, you runaway villain, seeing you have accused my friend of too much curiosity, see you find me a man that lives without care at all : The day after *Æsop* goes into the streets, and looking about him, saw a man sitting long in a place, whom he supposed to be simple and careless, called to him ; Ho, you, my Master desires your company to dinner : the Rustick asking no questions who it was that invited him, followed *Æsop*, and sate him down all in his dirty habit : *Xanthus* asks, who is this ? a careless man, quoth *Æsop*. *Xanthus* whispers in his wifes ear, to do what he desired her, that he might have a fair occasion to be avenged of *Æsop*. Whereupon in the presence of them all, he said, Wife, pray thee get some water in a bason, and wash the strangers feet, for he thought the stranger would have been idle and refused it : She therefore taking the bason of water, and about to wash his feet ; which the careless clown seeing, said, she will honour me much, to wash my feet, seeing there are maids enough in the house, whom she might command ; but stretching out his feet, wash Mistris, quoth he, and so sate down to meat. *Xanthus* commanded to bring him wine, the clown thought they should have drunk first, but being it was their pleasure, he drank it off. When his messie was brought him at dinner, *Xanthus* complained, the meat was

was not seasoned, and thereupon beat his cook; the clown said to himself, the meat is seasoned well enough, and it wants nothing; if the master will beat his servant for nothing, what is that to me? Xanthus much troubled to see his guest not troubled at any thing, commanded the chese-cakes to be brought in, the clown turned them about, and tossed them down like bread. Xanthus pettishly chafed at the baker, that he had not put in pepper and honey into the chese-cakes, the baker replies, if they be not baked, blame me; if they want seasoning, the fault is in my Mistress. Xanthus in a fury breaks forth, saying, if it be my wifes doing, I will burn her alive, he commands forthwith to make a good fire, and assaying to call his wife in, he looked about, thinking the rustick would have besurr'd him, so have prevented such a daring act, but he seeing no cause for all this chafing fury, stept in, saying, good Sir stay a while, and I will fetch my wife, that they may burn both together. Xanthus hearing this, and seeing the simplicity of the man, said to Esope, this man is verily a most careless fellow, thou hast got the better of me Esope: its enough, I will shortly make thee free.

CHAP. XV.

THe day after Xanthus commanded Esope to go to the bath, and see what company was there, for he had a mind to bath; while he was running by chance, he met the Pretor, who knowing him to be Xanthus his servant, asked him, whither away? who answered, he knew not, thinking the Pretor would not regard him, who commanded for his saucinesse, to have him away to prison; while they were carrying him away, Esope cried out, Thou feest, O Pretor, how rightly I answered, that which I looked not for, is befallen me, and I am dragged to prison. The Pretor amazed with the wisdom of his answer, dismissed him; so Esope running to the

the bath, saw much company, and withall a great stone laid, as one should enter into the bath, whereat many going in and coming out stumbled: One amongst the rest going in to wash, took the stone and laid it aside: *Æsop* returning, tells his Master, he saw one man in the bath: *Xanthus* coming and seeing a multitude, what is this, O *Æsop*, I see many here, and thou toldst me of one man? Sir there lay a great stone at the entry of the bath, whereat many stumbled, onely one man turned it aside; therefore I said I saw but one man, esteeming him more then all. You have your answers ready, quoth *Xanthus*. On a certain time *Xanthus* coming out of the privy, asked *Æsop* why men after they had done their easement, looked upon the excrements. He answers, in time past, a certain man living delicately, sate in the privy till he voyded his heart, from that time men have looked upon their excrements, for fear of the like, but Master take you no care for any such matter, for you have no heart at all.

C H A P. XVI.

A Feast on a certain day being appointed, by *Xanthus* and other Philosophers, the cup beginning to conquer, there arose certain questions: *Xanthus* began to chafe, *Æsop* said to him, Master *Bacchus* is commander of three temperaments, the first, of voluptuousnesse, the second of drunkennesse, the third of reproaching. You being now merry, and having well drunk have a care of the rest. *Xanthus* being now through drunk, one of the Schollers asked him, whether a man might not drink up the Ocean? Very easily, I can do it my self quoth *Xanthus*; I will wage all I am worth upon it: at present they bind the wager, with the mutuall deposition of their rings, and for that time departed. The next day *Xanthus* being early up, washing his face, perceived his ring was lost; he calls *Æsop* to an account for

for his ring ; I know not quoth he, whats become of it : but this I know, you must out of your house, for yesterday in a drunken fit you waged your house that you could drink up the Sea, and you bound the wager with your ring, *Xanthus* replied, and what could I wage lesse ? But canst thou tell me a way how I may either do it, or dissolve the bargain ? for doing it, its impossible, how thou shalt untie the wager I will tell thee. When you shall meet again to day, seem not to fear, but what you said drunk speak with as much confidence now you are sober. Command a table to be set upon the shore, and that lads be provided to reach thee the water out of the Sea in cups, and when the multitude shall meet to see this sight, ask them, with whom you have waged, what the bargain was ? it will be replied, that you should drink up the Sea. Turning thy self to all of them, say thus, ye men of *Samos*, you know that many rivers run into the Sea, and I bargained onely to drink up the Sea, and not the rivers that run into it, let any one stop the course of the waters which run into the Sea, and I am ready to drink up the Sea. *Xanthus* knowing this to be the onely way to dissolve the wager, rejoiced exceedingly : The people therefore coming to see the sight, *Xanthus* did and said as *Æsop* had taught him ; whereat the *Samians* admired, and highly commended him ; Upon this the Scholler fell at his feet, acknowledging himself overcome, intreated him to dissolve the bargain ; which *Xanthus* at the intreaty of the people did.

CHAP. XVII.

THEY departing to their houses, *Æsop* came to *Xanthus*, saying, I hope now I deserve my freedom : *Xanthus* reprov'd him with rebuke, saying, dost thou think I will not be as good as my word ? Go and stand before the door, and view, if thou canst see two crows

tell me, for it presages good luck; if but one ill luck is towards. *Æsop* return'd, and told him he saw two crows sit upon a tree. *Xanthus* coming out, one of them fled, and he could spie but one sitting still, and he said, thou cursed villain, didst not thou tell me thou sawest two? I thou takest delight to deride me, whereupon he commanded that *Æsop* should be soundly scourged: While he was beating, there came in one to sup with *Xanthus*, and *Æsop* cryed out, ah woe's me, I am beaten that saw two crows, and thou who sawest but one goest in to banquet, it was therefore an unhappy omen: *Xanthus* admiring his subtilty, commanded them to cease beating him.

C H A P. XVIII.

X*anthus* having invited some friends, sends *Æsop* to *Cater* for provisions, who very diligently performed his Masters commands and provided it. When dinner was ready and brought in, his Mistress was reported on a Palate in the room, and fast asleep, *Æsop* awaked her and prayed her to watch least the dogs carry the meat away: she being angry replies that she had eyes to see behinde to watch the provision. *Æsop* took this merrily, and watcht his opportunity to retort, (But first making an end of serving in the meat) at his return stole gently to the Couch, lifting up her garments, unvaild her posteriors. By this time *Xanthus* was come in with his guesse: At which sight whether he was pleased or ashamed, let the reader judge.

C H A P. XIX.

Some dayes after *Xanthus* inviting many Philosophers and Orators to dinner, commands *Æsop* to keep the gate, and to let in no illiterate dunce amongst them, but onely the grave Sophies. At dinner time, *Æsop* sitting in the portall, there comes one who was invited

invited and knocks at the gate, *Æsop* within, said; what stirs the dog? He thinking himself to be called dog, away he goes, so in brief every one that came, went back, not taking such an injury well: But at length when one of them came to the gate, and knockt, and heard the words, *what stirs the dog?* his ears and his tail, quoth he. *Æsop* judging his answer acute and proper gave him entrance, and brought him to his Master: saying, there's no Philosopher come to dinner, Master, save this one. *Xanthus* was very sorry hereat, that he should be so much deceived by them whom he had invited. The day after when they came to the Schools, they accused *Xanthus*, saying, Sir, as it should seem, you slighted us, and not onely so, but set that ugly fellow *Æsop* to abuse us at your gate, and to call us dogs. But Sirs, quoth *Xanthus*, are you in earnest, or jest? They replied, unlesse we are asleep, its true as we tell thee. *Æsop* presently was call'd for, and ask'd upon what ground he abused his friends? who answered, Master, did not you command me that I should not admit any unlearned, or vulgar fellow into your feast, but onely such as were wise men? and what are these sirrah, quoth *Xanthus*, are they not wise men? no wayes, quoth *Æsop*; for when they knockt at gate, I asked them, what the dog stirr'd? not one of them understood me: Therefore I gave entrance to none, but onely this man, who gave me a wise answer. When *Æsop* had this said, they all agreed that he was in the right.

C H A P. X X.

N Ot many dayes after *Xanthus*, *Æsop* following him, went to the monuments, and reading the epigrams, was much delighted. *Æsop* seeing these letters, *ſ. a, ß, 2, o, s, 3, x*, ingraven, shewed them to *Xanthus*, and enquired of him if he knew what they meant: who after diligent study was not able to find out what

they signified, plainly acknowledged himself dubious. Master, quoth *Esop*, if I shall find a treasure by this column, what reward shall I have? Thou shalt have thy liberty, be confident, said *Xanthus*, and half the gold. Then *Esop* four steps distant from the grave-stone, digging, found the treasure, and brought it to his Master; demanding, according to his promise, both freedom and gold; No sure, said *Xanthus*, untill I understand the letters, and the sense, for to be skill'd in that, I esteem above the treasure. *Esop*, to satisfy him, told him, that a wise man was the engraver of those letters, which, saith he, import thus much (according to the Greek) α going, β paces, δ foure, ϵ digging, ϵ thou shalt find, ζ a treasure, χ of gold. *Xanthus* replied, because thou art so cunning, thou shalt be no freeman; Then Sir, quoth *Esop*, I will declare that it belongs to the King of *Byzantium*, for its hid here for him; *Xanthus* replies, How know you this? from the inscription, quoth he: for thus much they intimate (in Greek) α restore, β to the King, δ *Dionysius*, ϵ which, ϵ thou hast found, ζ treasure, χ of gold. *Xanthus* understanding that the treasure belonged to the King, said to *Esop*, take half the treasure, and hold thy peace; Now I take not this as thy good will; but as his that hid the gold: But heare me Sir, thus speak the letters; α taking β go your way, δ divide, ϵ which, ϵ ye have found, ζ the treasure. Hereupon *Xanthus* replied, come your wayes, take half the money, and your liberty. Departing therefore together, *Xanthus* feared the prating of *Esop*, commanded him to be cast into prison. While they drew *Esop* away, alas, quoth he, are these the promises of philosophers? for I onely receive not my liberty, but thou givest command to throw me into prison. *Xanthus* therefore gave order for his liberty, saying to him, thou speakest truth, when thou hast got thy liberty, thou wilt stickle against me to some purpose: Then

Then saith *Æsop*, do your worst, whether you will or no I will have my freedome.

CHAP. XXI.

AT that season after this manner it fell out at *Samos*. A stately feast was kept publickly, an Eagle flew suddenly over, and snatch'd away the publick ring, and dropt it into the lap of a servant; The *Samians* affrighted at this accident, and wondring what it should portend, gathering together to consult, moved *Xambus*, being a chief citizen, and philosopher, desiring the meaning of this prodigy: He very dubious of the matter, enquired the time when this fell out, and going home, was very sad and pensive, because he could not resolve them. *Æsop* seeing *Xambus* so dejected, went to him, and enquired what made him so sorrowfull, reveal it I pray you to me, and farewell to your sadnesses. To morrow when you go into the market, tell the *Samians*, that you are not skill'd in untying knotty riddles, neither can you divine, but I have a lad who will resolve you this question; and although I shall resolve this, yet you shall have the honour of it, by keeping such a servant; if it fall out otherwise the disgrace will redound to me. *Xambus* thus perswaded, the next day came into the theatre, and stood in the midst, according to the advice of *Æsop*, declaring to them that met together, what he had counselled him to do. They presently desired that *Æsop* might be sent for, who when he came and stood amongst them, the *Samians*, looking on his face, derided him; will this countenance ever be able to resolve us? And they fell into loud laughing. *Æsop* stretching forth his hand, desired silence, and said, Men of *Samos*, why cavill ye at my face? you should not look upon my face but my mind; for oftentimes Nature hath covered an excellent mind, under a visage unseemly. Do you look upon the exteriour fashion.

of the vessel, and not attend the inward virtue of the wine? Hearing these things, they said, *Eso*, if thou hast any thing to say, speak it to the Citie. Then he boldly stood forth, saying, ye men of *Samos*, because fortune, which is desirous of contention, propounds the glory of victory to the master and servant, if the servant seem inferiour to his master, let him go away soundly beaten, but if the servant excell, let him escape free: then all the people cried out, *Xanthus* give *Eso* his freedome; in this observe the *Samians*, and gratifie them in their request: *Xanthus* refused not, indeed, but the Pretor said, *Xanthus* if thou hearken not to the people, I even in this hour will give *Eso* his freedome, and then he will be equall to thee, then *Xanthus* was constrained to give him his freedome: hereupon the Crier cried out, *Xanthus* the philosopher gives *Eso* his freedome; and in the mean time *Eso* ended his speech, saying to *Xanthus*, now against your will I shall be freed: Thus *Eso* being freed, stood in the midst of them, saying, ye men of *Samos*, the Eagle you know is queen of birds, and whereas she drops this imperiall ring into the lap of a servant, seems to intimate, that some there are of the Kings, who endeavour to bring your liberty into slavery, and to disannall your established Laws: The *Samians* hearing this, were exceeding sad: Not long after there came letters from *Crasus* King of the *Lydians*, to *Samos*, requiring tribute of them, if otherwise, that they prepare themselves for battel. Hereupon there was a generall consultation, and fear to become subjects unto *Crasus*; yet they thought it fitting to take *Eso*'s advice: He told them, I will inform you what is best: fortune hath shewn us a double way, one of liberty; which in the beginning is difficult, but the issue easie: another of thralldome, whose beginning is easie, but the end tedious: The *Samians* hearing this, cried out, seeing we are free-men, we will

will not, for nothing, become slaves, so they dismissed the Embassadour, without terms of peace. Which so soon as *Cresus* knew, determined to wage warre against the *Samians*, but the Embassadour told him, you cannot conquer the *Samians*, so long as *Æsop* is amongst them, and counsellis them. Rather, O King, send Embassadours, and desire *Æsop* of them, promising them many thanks, and a releasing of the required tribute; and then perhaps you may subdue them: These things prevailing with *Cresus*, he sent, desiring *Æsop* might come to him: The *Samians*, decreed to deliver him, who when he knew it, stood up in the midst of them, saying, ye men of *Samos*, I am very ready to prostrate my self at the feet of King *Cresus*, but I will relate to you one story. At what time the beasts spoke amongst themselves, the Wolves brought warre upon the Sheep, and the Dogs aiding them, sent for the Wolves, the Wolves sent an embassage to the Sheep, that if they would live in peace and quietnesse, they desired them to send them the Dogs; The foolish Sheep were perswaded hereto, and sent the Dogs; the Wolves forthwith tear the Dogs in pieces, and easily slew the Sheep. The *Samians* understanding the meaning of this fable, determined still to keep *Æsop* with them; But he suffered them not, but set forth with the Embassadour to *Cresus*.

CHAP. XXII.

THEY coming forthwith to *Lydia*, the King seeing *Æsop* before him, was angry to think that such a fellow should prevent the subduing of so famous an Island: *Æsop* answers, Mighty King, not of force or necessity am I come unto thee, but willingly and of my own accord, wherefore I humbly beg your patience. A certain man catching Locusts killed them, he took also the Grasshopper, and when he would have killed her, she

said thus, good Sir kill me not, for I am not injurious to the corn, nor any other way, but I chear up the weary traveller with my harmlesse musick, in me thou findest nothing but a sound. This he having heard dismissed her: Thus I, O King, humbly touching your feet, beseech you spare my life, for I cannot be injurious to any man, and in this squalid body you shall find a generous soul. The King wondring, and pitying him, said, *Æsop*, I will not onely give thee thy life, but a fortune also: therefore ask what thou wilt, and thou shalt have it: May it please thee, O King, to be reconciled to the *Samians*; and when the King answered, I am reconciled, he fell down to the ground, and gave him most humble thanks. After this he wrote his Fables, which to this very day are extant amongst the *Lydians*.

CHAP. XXIII.

ÆSOP having received letters from the King of *Lydia* which intimated the grant of peace, and releasing of a tribute to the *Samians*; the men of *Samos* seeing of him, came to meet him with garlands, and dancings; he reads the letters, and shews them that the King had freely granted them their liberty, whereupon *Æsop* was honoured the second time with the favour of freedom. Not long after this, he departed from this Island and travelled over the world, every where disputing with Philosophers, at length he came into *Babylon*, and there making his learning appear, was in great repute with King *Lycernus*, for in those dayes truce being between Kingdoms; there was great delight taken in mutuall sending philosophical questions one to another: which, whosoever could resolve, received a relaxation of tribute from him that sent him.

CHAP. XXIV.

C H A P. XXIV.

ÆSOP therefore understanding the problems which came to *Lycerus*, gave the meaning, and so made the King renowned: and he in the name of *Lycerus* sent to other Kings after the same manner: which questions unresolved, caused an exaction of a far greater tribute from those Kings who were not able to do it. Now *Æsop* seeing he had no children, adopted *Ennus* a certain noble-man, and commended him to the King; Not long after this *Ennus* had to do with *Æsops* concubine, which when *Æsop* knew of, he turned him out of doors; who being much offended with this act, fained letters from *Æsop*, to those who moved these philosophicall questions to *Lycerus*, which letters signified his readinesse to do them service rather then *Lycerus*, and these letters *Ennus* gave to the King sealed with *Æsops* ring.

C H A P. XXV.

The King giving credit to the ring, wonderfully moved with anger, he commands *Hermippus*, without any further examination to take away the traytors life. But *Hermippus* was *Æsops* friend and then he shewed it, for he hid him in a Sepulchre, and there nourished him; *Ennus* also by the Kings leave took possession of all *Æsops* goods: A certain space after *Nectenabo* King of *Egypt* hearing that *Æsop* was dead, sent a letter to *Lycerus*, requiring workmen that could build a tower, which should touch neither earth nor heaven, and one that could answer all that he should be asked: Which if he did, then he should exact tribute, if not he should pay. *Lycerus* having read this growes very pensive, seeing none of his friends could devise what the question concerning the tower meant: The King upon that cries out, *Æsop* the pillar of my kingdome is fallen and dead. *Hermippus* seeing the King so much dejected

dejected for *Æsops* losse, came to the King, and brought him word that *Æsop* was alive, adding that even for the Kings sake he had not put him to death, because he knew it would much grieve him afterwards

C H A P. XXVI

THe King not a little glad that *Æsop* was yet alive, was brought to him all dirty and bemired, whom when he saw, he was moved with much compassion towards him, and commanded that he should be washed and cleansed. After this *Æsop* easily confuted the grounds of his former accusation, whereupon when the King gave command that *Ennas* should be put to death, *Æsop* beg'd his pardon. Not long after a letter came from the King of *Egypt*, which the King gave *Æsop* to peruse, he forthwith knowing how to resolve the questions propounded, smiled, and desired an answer might be dispatcht, and after winter sent away, both who should build this tower, and also one that should answer all what should be demanded: The King thereupon sends the *Egyptian* Embassadors back, and gives to *Æsop* his former wealth, and *Ennas* also; whom he having received again, used him as his son, and with these or the like words admonished him: My son, in the first place worship God, honour the King, shew thy self terrible to thine enemies, that they despise thee not, facit and courteous to thy friends, that they may be enlarged in friendships towards thee: Also pray that thine enemies be poor, least they offend thee; wish thy friends in all things well. Cleave to thy Consort, that she make not tryall of another: Be not swift to speak but to hear, Envy not well-doers, for thereby thou shalt injure thy self most: be carefull of thy domestick affairs, that thou mayest not be lookt upon as a Master, but adored as a benefactor. Be not ashamed alwayes to learn the better things: Reveal

veal not thy secrets to a woman, for she is alwayes provided to domineere. Every day store up for to morrow, for its better after death to leave somewhat to thine enemy, then want while thou livest for thy friends: Gently salute all thou meet'st. Repent not that thou hast been honest. Turn a whisperer out of doors. Do that for which thou mayest not have cause to repent. Thus *Emus* being advised by *Æsop*, and struck as it were with an arrow in his Conscience, a little after his soul and body parted, and he dyed.

CHAP. XXVII.

ÆSOP after this sending for the Fowlers, commands them to catch him four young Eagles: which being caught, he brought up, and taught them to carry young children in baskets, and observe them in what they should command; The winter now being past, and spring coming on, he provides all things ready for his journey, taking the Eagles and the children departs into *Egypt*, to the great admiration of the people of that Countrey. *Nectanebo* hearing that *Æsop* was come, I am ensnared, quoth he to his friends, for I understood that *Æsop* was dead. The King commanded the day after that all the officers should come together, clad in white robes, and he himself put on his royall attire, and his Imperiall Diademe. When he was set upon his high Throne, commanded *Æsop* to be brought: To what do you liken me quoth he to *Æsop*, and those that are with me? Thee, quoth *Æsop*, I liken to the vernall sunne, and those with thee to a ripe herveft; the King admiring his answer, bestowed many favours upon him. The next day *Nectanebo* came clad in white, but commanded his friends to put on their purple, when *Æsop* came in he asked him the same questions; Thee, saith he, I compare to the sun, those that stand about thee to the sun-beams. *Nectanebo*

Nabo enquires what he thought concerning his Kingdom, whether it was not farre beyond that of *Lycerus*; do not think so quoth *Æsop*, for your Kingdom compared with his, though it shine like the sun-beams, yet if you compare it with his, the glory of it is palpable darknesse. *Necstenabo* admiring his answer, enquires where they were that should build the tower? They are ready, if you will shew us the place. The King going out of the City shews him a large plain: *Æsop* following him, brings the four Eagles, with the children hanged in baskets about them, and giving the children working instruments, bad them fly: they being carried aloft, cryed out bring us stones, mortar and timber fit for building; *Necstenabo* seeing the children, carried aloft, by the Eagles, sayes to *Æsop*, how should I do for flying men? he replyes, *Lycerus* hath such; thou being but a man, wilt thou contend with a King equall to the gods? *Necstenabo* confesses himself conquered: but let me enquire of thee, and do thou answer me further. I have here Mares, who when they hear the Horses of *Babylon* neigh, forthwith they conceive; if thou canst resolve me this, let me see it presently. I will give you an answer to morrow quoth he; Going thereupon to his lodging, commanded the boyes to take a Cat and drag her about the City; The *Egyptians* seeing, forthwith carry the report to the King, for they worship this animal; The King calling *Æsop* to him, asked him whether he did not know how that the *Egyptians* do worship to the cat. It did no small injury to *Lycerus* the King, quoth *Æsop*, for this cat the last night kill'd his fighting cock, which gave him intelligence how the tedious night passed. Art thou not ashamed to lie quoth the King? How could the cat in one night go from *Egypt* to *Babylon*? He smiling replied, and how, O King, can the mares of *Egypt* conceive upon the neighing of the horses in *Babylon*? The
King

King attending the wisdom of Æsop, admired at his fortunate genius. Not long after this he sent for men from *Heliopolis* to question with Æsop, with whom when they had disputed, he invites home to a banquet. When they were set, one of the *Heliopolitans* says to Æsop, I am sent from one of my gods to ask thee a question; Is false, quoth Æsop, the gods have no need to learn any thing, thou dost not only bewray thy own ignorance, but accusest one of thy gods. Another again replies, there is an huge Temple, and a Column bearing up twelve stately Cities, each of which are born up with thirty rafters, which two women constantly course about. To this Æsop answers, The Temple is this World, the Column the Year, the Cities the Months, the Rafters the dayes of the Month, the day and the night are two women interchangeably succeeding each other. The day following *Nesenebo* calling his friends about him, said, For this Æsop, we ow tribute to King *Lycerus*. One of them replied, we will command him to answer us to questions which we know not, nor ever heard of. To morrow, quoth Æsop, I will return you an answer. Departing therefore he made a writing, wherein was contained, *scil.* *Nesenebo* confesses he owes a thousand talents to *Lycerus*, in the morning he brought this to the King. The Kings friends, before the writing was opened, all cried out, we know this, and have heard of it already. I thank you for confessing, quoth Æsop, did you ever know or hear that the King of Egypt owed King *Lycerus* a thousand talents? *Nesenebo* concludes, saying, *Lycerus* is very happy, having so learned a man in his Kingdom; and thereupon gave him the tribute agreed to be paid, and most friendly dismissed him.

CHAP. XXVIII.

ÆSOP at length returning into *Babylon*, declares all that fell out in *Egypt*, and gave the tribute to King *Lyceus*, who commanded a famous statue to be erected to the renowned glory and memory of *Æsop*: Not long after he determined to sail into *Greece*, and so with the Kings leave departed, swearing he would return again into *Babylon*, and there end his dayes. After he had vewed all the Countreys of *Greece*, and made himself famously known for his wisdom, he arrived at last in *Delphos*.

CHAP. XXIX.

When he was arrived at *Delphos*, many very gladly gave ear to his eloquence, but gave him little respect. He therefore looking upon them, said, ye men of *Delphos*, I may fitly compare you to the wood which is carried upon the Sea, seeing it as farre off, we judge it of great value, when 'tis come near we slight it. So I, when I was farre from your Citle, did admire you, but coming amongst you, I find you the most uselesse amongst men, thus am I mistaken. When the *Delphians* heard this, fearing, lest he should disparage them in other places where he travelled, they determined craftily to make him away. And hereupon they took a golden cup out of *Apollo's* Temple, and cunningly put it amongst *Æsops* baggage. He not aware of their subtilty, went his way to *Phocide*, the *Delphians* after him, and charged him with sacrilodge. He denies the fact, they untie his baggage, and find the cup, which they shew to the Citle with no small uproar, *Æsop* seeing their subtilty, desired them to let him loose: they were so farre from that, that they cast him into prison, and passed sentence upon him. Now *Æsop* no wayes able to extricate himself from their wiles, bemoans himself in prison as he late; while he was lamenting himself,

himself, a familiar friend, *Demus* by name, came to him, and desired to know the cause of his grief: Thus he replies; A woman having newly buried her husband, wept daily at his grave: one plowing not farre off, fell in love with the woman, and leaving his oxen, went himself to the grave, and wept with her. She asked him, why do you lament thus? Because I have lately, quoth he, buried a good woman, and after I have lamented her, I find much ease. The very same hath happened to me, quoth the woman. If we are in the same case of mishap, why may we not make our selves happy in marrying together? for I love thee as well as my wife, and thou lovest me as well as thy husband: while this discourse held, a thief came and stole away his oxen. Returning home without his oxen, he determined to weep excessively. The woman meeting him, weep you still, quoth she? Now, saith he, I have cause to weep. So I, having avoided many dangers, have full cause to mourn, not knowing any wayes to escape this. After this came the *Delphians*, and drew him by force out of prison to a steep and craggy precipice. Whereupon he thus spake to them; when beasts spake, the mouse was a familiar friend to the frog, invited her to supper, carried her into the store house of a rich man, where there was good food. Bar, saith the mouse, my good friend. After this banquet was ended, the frog led the mouse to supper with her, but that you be not weary with swimming, quoth the frog, I will fasten with a small thred your leg to mine, this done, she leapt into the water, the mouse is drowned before they get half over; who dying, thus said, you are the cause of my death, but your betters will vindicate me. The Eagle seeing the mouse dead, and swimming in the pond, snatched at her, and carrying her away, finds the frog hanging by a string at her foot, and so makes an end of both. Thus I, who innocently am to die

by your hands, shall find an avenger ; for all *Babylon* and *Greece*, will require my life at your hands.

CHAP. XXX.

FOR all this the *Delphians* spared not *Æsop*, though he fled to *Apollas* temple, they drew him thence, and led him to an high precipice : Hear me, ye men of *Delphos*, quoth *Æsop*. The Hare being persued by the Eagle, fled into the nest of a Horner ; The Horner intreats the Eagle to spare the Hare, the Eagle slaps the Horner with her wing, and devoures the Hare ; The Horner observing where the Eagles nest was, flew into it and brake her eggs : the Eagle the next time builds her nest higher, the Horner serves her so again : The Eagle not knowing what to do, the third time flies up and layes her eggs between the knees of *Jove* (whose bird she is) intreating his preservation of them : The Horner making a ball of dirt flew into *Joves* lap and there drop't it, *Jupiter* arising to shake off the dirt, forgetting himself, lets the eggs fall, and brake them. But when he had learned of the Horner that this was done in revenge of a former injury not willing therefore that the Eagle should decay in her kind, desired that the Horner and the Eagle might be made friends : The Horner being averse, *Jupiter* defer'd the breeding of the Eagle till such a time that no Hornets stir. And you men of *Delphos*, despise not this God to whom I have made my refuge, though he have but a small temple. The *Delphians* little regarding what he said, hale him to execution. *Æsop* perceiving that nothing prevailed with them, cries out, ye cruell blood-thirsty-men give ear to me ; A certain Husband-man growing old, had never been out of the City, desired his servants to carry him thither to see it, while he was upon the way in his waggon there fell a storm, and it becoming very dark, the Asses lost their way, and led him to a steep hill,
and

and now ready to fall down, O *Jove*, quoth he, what injury have I done to thee? that I shall so unhappily be slain? especially when my dayes must end not by generous Horses, or good Mules, but by dull Asses! And that's my present misery, that I am to be slain, not by men of worth and honour, but by the most vile and baser sort. I now upon the brink to be cast down, related this *Fable*; A certain man dearly loving his daughter, sent his wife into the Countrey, and in the mean time violates the chastity of his daughter: But she cryed out, father, you do amisse, I had rather this were done from any but your self, though it proved my perpetuall disgrace. This I also say against you, O ye unjust men of *Delphos*, I had rather have fell into *Scylla* or *Charybdis*, or into the quick-sand of *Affrica* then into your hands, so unworthily to be put to death. I call the Gods to witnesse, that I dye wrongfully, who will revenge my unhappy fate; The *Delphians* upon that threw him off the rock, and so he dyed. Not long after a grievous Pestilence fell out amongst them, and the Oracle told them, that *Æsop's* wrongfull death was to be expiated. Whereof they being guilty, erected over him a famous Monument: But the heads of *Greece*, and the wisest Sages, when they understood what was done against *Æsop*, went into *Delphos*, discussed the matter with them, and became severe avengers of innocent *Æsop's* death.

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